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विषय संख्या

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August 1961
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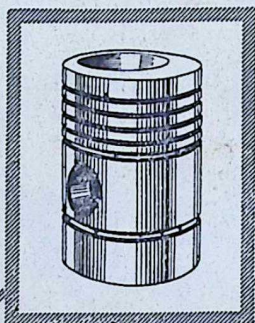
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BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

Vol. VIII.

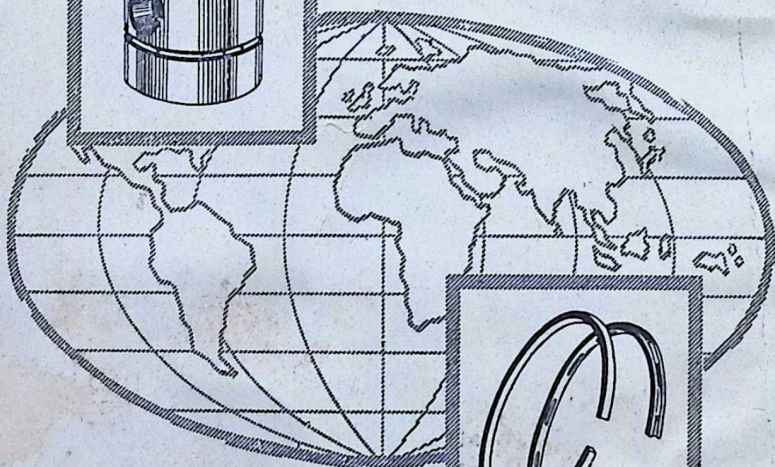


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FRONT COVER :

LORD VISHNU

Cont. desig. D. D. Neroy

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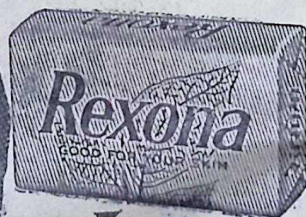
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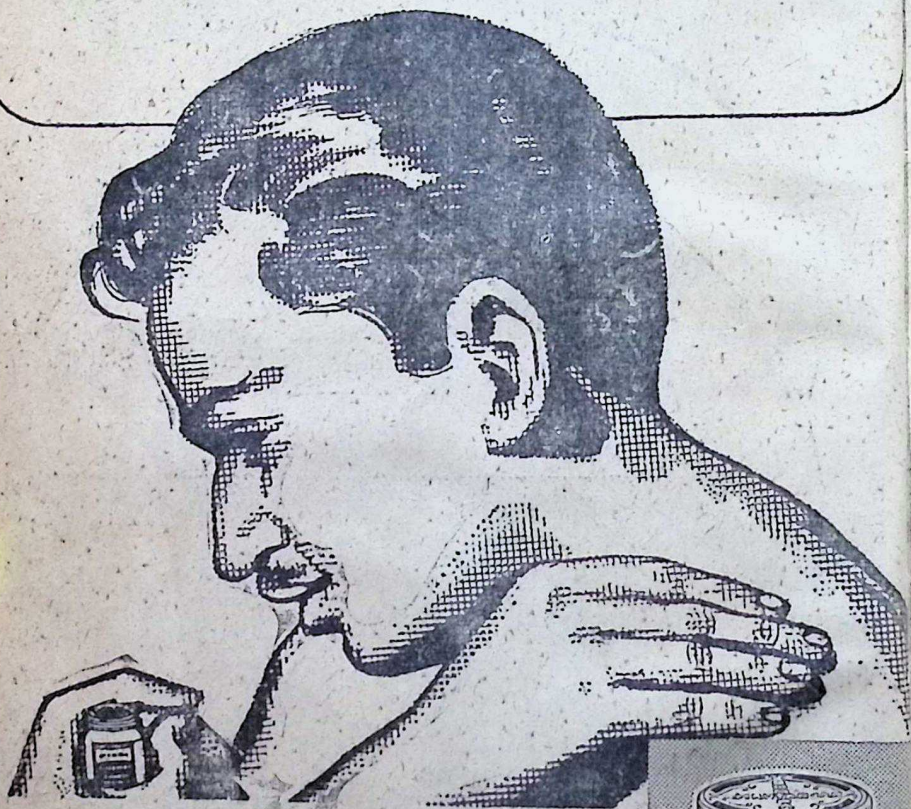
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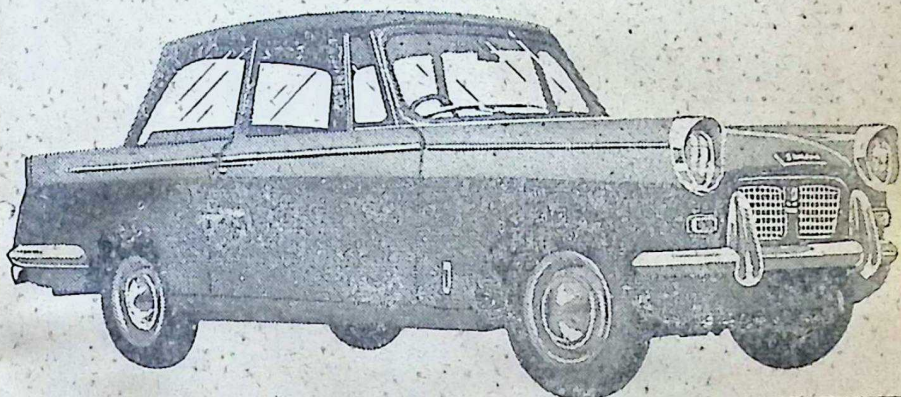
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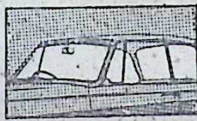


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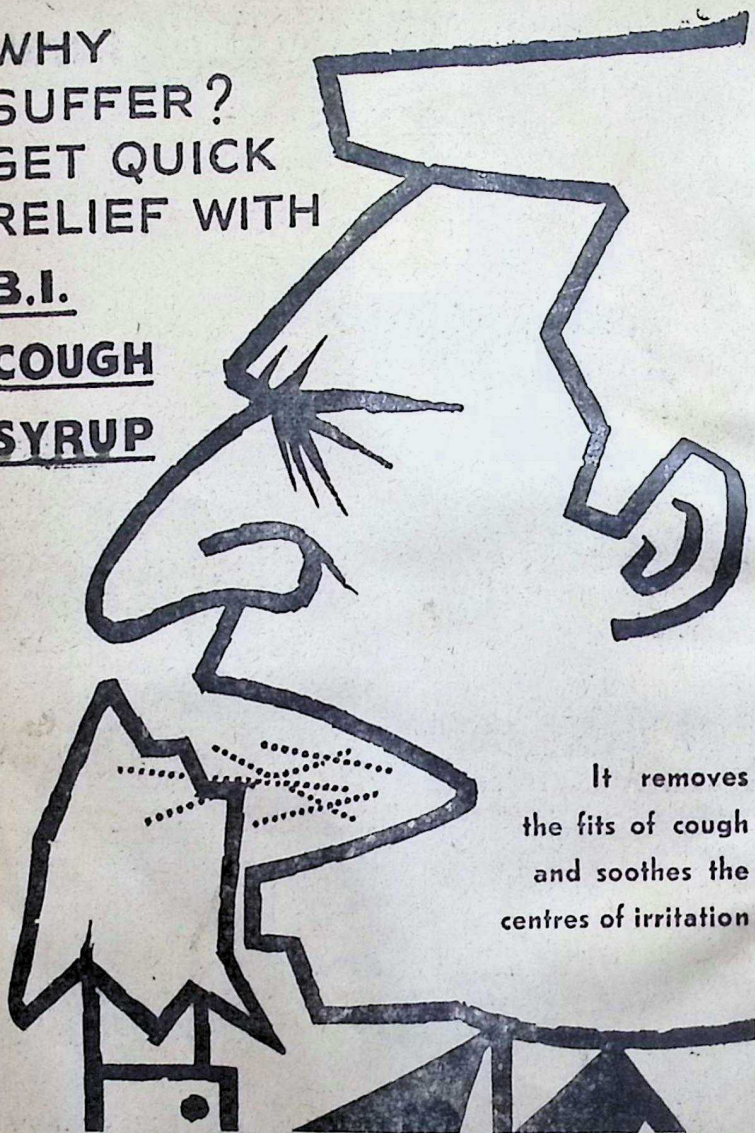
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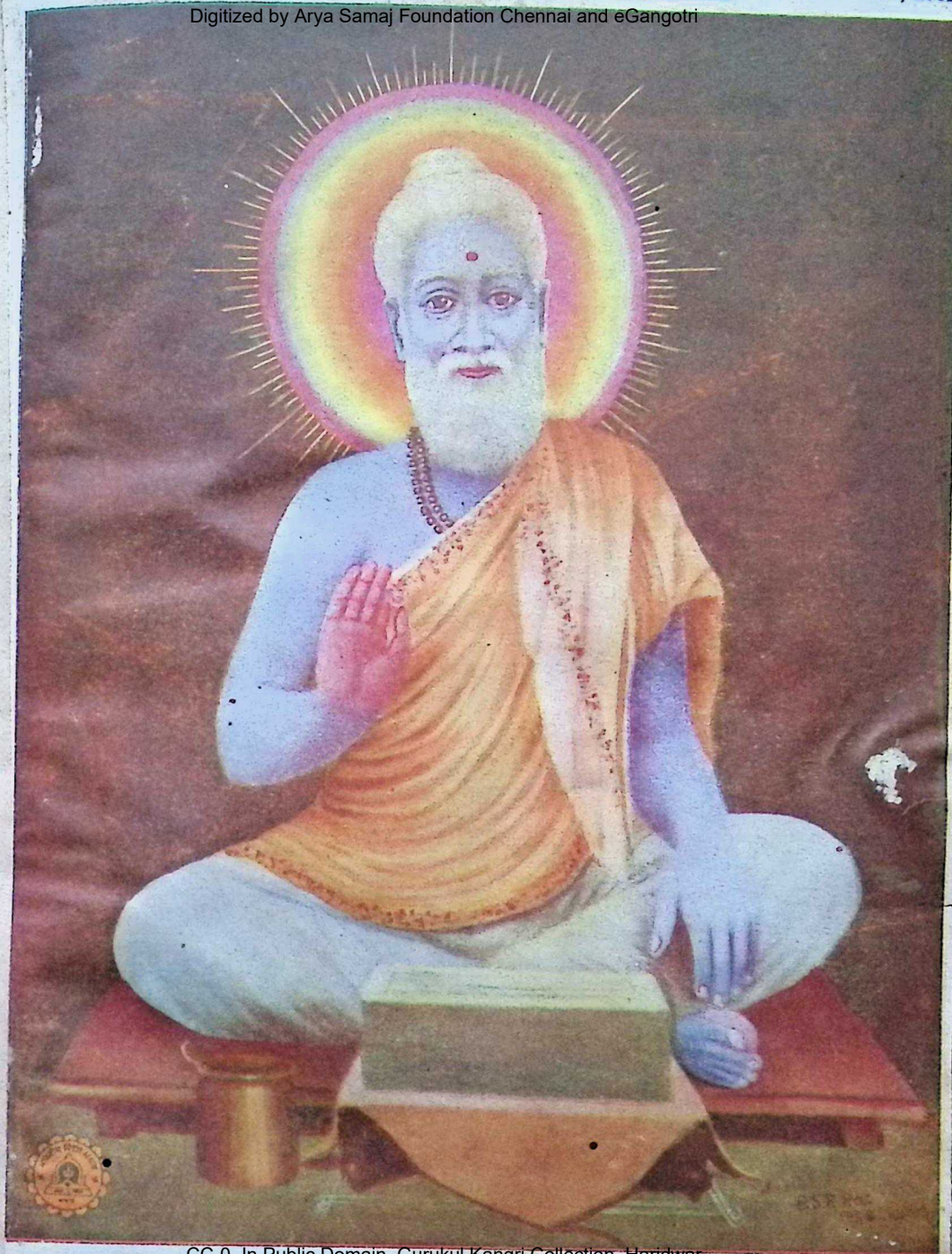
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BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः ।

Let noble thoughts come to us from every side

—Rigveda, I-89-i

LORD VISHNU

सशङ्खचक्रं सकिरीटकुण्डलं

सपीतवस्त्रं सरसीरुहेक्षणम् ।

सहारवक्षस्थलकौस्तुभश्रियं

नमामि विष्णुं शिरसा चतुर्भुजम् ॥

Prostrations unto Sri Maha Vishnu who is four-armed, who holds (in his upper hands) the Shankha and the Chakra, who is clad in *pitambar*, whose eyes are like lotus, on whose neck shine the *hara* and on the chest *Kaustubha* and *Lakshmi*.

—Sri Vishnu Sahasranama.



kulapati's message

TODAY the BHAVAN'S JOURNAL completes its seventh year. I greet it with my heartiest blessings.

Seven, you know, is a magic number, representing the Saptarshis, Fathers of our race, and recognized as auspicious and pregnant by seers, mystics and even by numerologists.

Seven years ago, we started the JOURNAL as a humble experiment in placing before the world the ideals for which the Bhavan stands. Today it has been filling, to some extent, the widespread hunger to know, feel and cherish the heritage of our land.

From the response which the JOURNAL receives from its large readership which besides all regions of India extends to Europe, the Americas, South-East Asia and some other parts of the world, one can measure the impact it has been making. Its print order has reached the 50,000 mark. And each copy passes through more than one hand. Its Hindi and Gujarati editions are also having a growing circulation.

Let me once more set forth the Bhavan's faith for which the JOURNAL stands: it stands for the re-integration of Indian culture. In a world falling to pieces under the impact of an amoral technological avalanche, it tries to hold fast to the fundamental values for which our culture stands—RITA, SATYA, YAGNA

AUGUST 6, 1961

3

and TAPAS: Faith in God Who in-forms the Cosmic Order; Truth which is accord between mind, word and deed; Dedication which offers all movements of life as an offering to God; Sublimation which purifies the body and mind and transmutes instincts, passions and emotions into things of beauty. This, regardless of forms and doctrines, is Dharma, the three-fold aspects of which are SATYAM, SHIVAM, SUNDARAM—Truth, Love and Beauty.

For these values, our forefathers lived and died. So did Sri Ramakrishna Paramahansa, Swami Dayananda, Swami Vivekananda, Gandhiji and Sri Aurobindo, among the moderns. They are embedded in our national outlook. We command the respect of the world because of them. We can look forward to the future with confidence only because they have the vitality which can give the power to vindicate their validity even in this fear-and-avarice-ridden age of ours.

Working humbly with this faith, we, the Bhavan's family, have reasons to be grateful to God Almighty that our puny efforts have been helpful, maybe in a little way, to restore an awareness of these values.

I thank all the readers, advertisers and news-agents and particularly my loyal and indefatigable co-workers, but for whom the JOURNAL would not have seen this day.

K. M. Misri





Rajaji's Message

C. RAJAGOPALACHARI

99, BAZLULLAH ROAD
TYAGARAYANAGAR
MADRAS 17

22-7, 61

A journal entirely devoted to Bharatiya culture and religion with no vulgar features to mar its main pattern has secured a circulation worthy of the character of the journal and vying with any sexy picture magazine and has thereby proved that there are enough people in India who have survived evil forces to save it from being wrecked. My best wishes to the Bhawan's Journal on the commencement of its eighth year

C. Rajagopalachari

Faith in Unseen God

श्रद्धयाग्निः समिध्यते श्रद्धया ह्यते हविः ।
श्रद्धां भगस्य मूर्धनि वचसा वेदयामसि ॥

Through faith in the Unseen God it is that the sacrificial fire is well kindled and if there is such faith, the oblation is properly offered into it. Hence, knowing a strong faith in the Supreme Being to be at the head of all great powers, we should teach all people to trust in God.

प्रियं श्रद्धे ददतः प्रियं श्रद्धे दिदासतः ।
प्रियं भोजेषु यज्वस्विदं म उदितं कृधि ॥

O Lord of Creation! Receptacle of our faith! Bless him or her with happiness who makes gifts with faith and him or her who sincerely wishes to give with faith but is unable to do so. Bless them that feed and those who do good works. Bless me that I may, with such faith in thee, advance.

यथा देवा असुरेषु श्रद्धामुश्रेषु चक्रिरे ।
एवं भोजेषु यज्वस्वस्माकमुदितं कृधि ॥

Even as the Devas, in the matter of Faith in Thee, were at one with the brave Asuras, so also may we advance forward, the wise with the heroic, together in faith.

श्रद्धां देवा यजमाना वायुगोपा उपासते ।
श्रद्धां हृदय्य याकूत्या श्रद्धया चिन्दते वसु ॥

The Devas, righteous people and Yogins are what they are through faith. A heart-felt and determined faith wins a firm hold on life.

श्रद्धां प्रातर्हवामहे श्रद्धां मध्यन्दिनं परि ।
श्रद्धां सूर्यस्य निम्रुचि श्रद्धे श्रद्धापयेह नः ॥

We invoke upon God with faith in the morning. We invoke upon God with faith at noon. We invoke upon God with faith at sun-set. O Lord! Give us faith.

[From Rigveda X]

Kulapati's Letter

ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 237

★ THE MORAL FIBRE ★ CINEMA—THE DESTROYING
AGENT ★ THE CULT OF SEX AND CRIME

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN,
BOMBAY,

AUGUST 6, 1961.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

IN my Kulapati's letters Nos. 234 and 235 I dealt with the increasing moral vacuum arising from the decay of the moral fibre as regards honesty. I shall now deal with the other aspect, the decay of the moral fibre in matters of truth and goodness.

The decay begins when the moral fibre is damaged beyond repair, and in the matter of the moral strength of a community, it is the fibre of its dominant minority that counts. Its active faith in honesty, truth and goodness only releases positive moral pressures on individuals and on the group-mind.

Positive pressures are created by several factors, among them, early home life based on mutual confidence and loyalty of our parents; the active goodness of our parents, brothers and sisters or friends towards each other and towards us; precepts repeatedly emphasised by those who are believ-

ed to be living up to them; and, lastly, examples of men who have lived or are living in truth and goodness at all cost being held up for admiration.

These factors contribute to the making of the collective mind of our group which when made up with vigour, develops positive 'atmospheric pressures'. These pressures are not coercive: they are formed of group approval and disapproval. They raise expectations to which we respond by fulfilling them.

In the same way, moral fibre is weakened or destroyed by the positive pressures losing their vitality. This is due to the dominant minority losing active faith in truth and goodness, as a result of negative pressures increasing in volume and strength.

At all times, negative pressures which favour lust, crime, selfishness and violence are found in operation in every community. But in a healthy community with a virile culture, dam-

age done to the moral fibre is repaired by the positive pressures as a continuing process. Sometimes, however, negative pressures become so powerful that a change comes over the group-mind of the dominant minority. Then the positive pressures lose their vitality. Moral decay begins.

In my earlier letters, I have already dealt with the negative pressure produced in our country by inflation and the sudden pumping in of large quantities of money out of all proportion to production. They have been responsible for destroying the moral fibre so far as honesty and austerity are concerned.

The second negative pressure is hedonism—the philosophy that pleasure is the highest good. Imported from the West, it is progressively changing our attitude towards lust, violence and fraud, which are coming to be looked upon as recognised norms of conduct, if not actually respectable.

The West, with the aid of technology, has produced two mighty instruments for releasing the negative pressure of hedonism. The first is the vast output of literature—books, journals and comics—mainly devoted to the portrayal of sex-lapses and violence. The second, far more potent in nullifying the effect of positive pressures, are the movies, most of which, unabashedly glorify the cult of lust and violence.

There are ennobling or inspiring movies too, both foreign and Indian. The bulk of the American and Indian movies, however, are of the sex-and-crime variety.

a negative pressure on the group-mind with a force unknown before. It is breaking up the moral fibre in the individual and the collective mind more than any other single factor. It is Satan's gift to this technological age.

Let us look at the powerful interests which stand for this cult as it really is. It is a huge business—both industry and trade—interlocked nationally and internationally. Its sole object is to make money by exploiting public hunger for entertainment.

First, there is the big financing business bent on making enormous profits; it is not concerned with the effect of the wares which it helps to produce. Then there is the production industry, again organized for profit; then, the gigantic exhibition trade which runs theatres.

On these business interests have come to depend the professions of technicians, singers, musicians, painters, sculptors, and, above all, the actors, particularly the 'stars', whose talents and glamour are traded by hard-headed businessmen for profits.

This business is most powerful—in a way more powerful than most other businesses. It runs newspapers. It dominates the advertisement market. It maintains an efficient public relations machinery. It can make or mar fortunes. Its glamour boys and girls constitute charming decoys to throw an attractive veneer over its shady operations. They are also used to secure respectability for the business by establishing contacts with public men and political leaders.

It has the power to attract large

audiences of men, women, adolescents and children through skilfully advertised faces and charms of its glamour boys and girls. As a mass media, therefore, it exercises a tremendous influence over the attitude of men for good or evil.

The movies do not merely afford entertainment as would a night-club or a strip-tease show. Its influence on outlook and action is immense. You read a book and throw it away; you attend a night-club and forget all about it, unless you are highly sex-obsessed. But, when you see a movie, you live through the experience of its characters. You participate in the motives and situations, which leave an indelible impression behind.

● ● ●

What then is the impress which the movies which portray sex and crime create?

Every industry has a purpose and an aim. For instance, the purpose of the soap industry is to manufacture and sell soap. Its aim is to maintain health and cleanliness through its products. If the products maintain health and cleanliness, the aim is healthy. If the soap produced by the industry does not cleanse but irritates or chafes the skin the aim is unhealthy.

So with the textile industry. Its aim is healthy if the cloth it produces protects and adorns. If the body is not protected nor adorned, the aim of the industry is unhealthy.

In the same way, the purpose of the cinema industry is to produce movies. Being a mass media, its aim is threefold: to entertain, to influence the outlook and to inspire conduct.

The entertainment may be ennobling or degrading. The influence may lead us to the good and the beautiful or the sordid and the ugly. The inspiration may pre-dispose a person to noble or unselfish end, or lead to selfish, cruel or hedonistic behaviour.

Anyone who knows anything about the art of advertising knows that tastes, needs and attitudes are influenced by advertisement. The influence becomes a hundred-fold more powerful when lust and crime are advertised through the movies in glamorous colours day after day to millions and millions of people.

Unlike newspapers and radio which exercise influence mostly on public issues, the movies influence vital issues which enter deeply into personal dignity and behaviour, domestic happiness and social relations. In the mind of the public they perpetuate the image of the house-breaker, the vagabond, the woman-chaser and the uninhibited woman; of men and women preoccupied with clinging to each other in shameless attitudes in defiance of the accepted notions of social decency.

These heighten sex pruriency, degrade the values of life and surround it with a sordid atmosphere which cannot but impair human dignity.

● ● ●

The American Hollywood in its crime-and-sex variety of production is the fountain-source of this vulgarity.

An examination of the subject-matters dealt with by the movies produced by Hollywood in 1960 reveals

its principal preoccupation with the breaking up of the moral fibre.

The list includes the following:

Sanctuary (prostitution); *Butter-fied 8* (Prostitution); *God Naked in the World* (Prostitution); *Girls of the Night* (Prostitution); *Suddenly Last Summer* (Homosexuality, Cannibalism); *Let No Man Write My Epitaph* (Narcotics); *The Apartment* (Free Love); *From the Terrace* (Adultery); *Psycho* (Incest, unnatural acts).

The following titles suggest the contents: "*College Confidential*"; "*Sappho*"; "*Venus of Lesbo*"; "*Sex Kittens Go To College*"; and "*Murder Inc.*"

Research in America has established that movies depicting violence, life and death, etc., create false values in children and distort their outlook.

In one study it was found that out of 200 boys under 12 years of age, 75 per cent attempted playing impersonation of film stories.

Fifty per cent out of 1,200 Chicago elementary school children confessed that their day-dreams were influenced by what they saw on the screen.

Of 70 boys in the 12-14 age-group, 60 per cent indulged in acting movie stories.

Young men and women on a close study were found to imitate the hair-style, mannerisms and the attitudes of their favourite 'stars'. Many of them are known to enact the love scenes which they spend their best hours in seeing on the screen.

The surprising part of it is that the intellectuals of U.S.A. are so honest, so decent with such a high sense

of dedication. Evidently they are helpless against the Frankenstein which they have raised—the Frankenstein of money power revelling in luxurious, ostentatious and amoral living!

What is true of this class of American movies is more true of the Indian products of this variety. They have less art and greater vulgarity than their American prototypes.

They are disgustingly un-Indian in tone, content and behaviour.

Most of them are base imitations of the lower class of American movies. The only Indian element they have is the touch of Indian vulgarity which, in view of the Indian sense of decency, is much more offensive to good taste.

All in all, the Indian movies of this class are ugly; inartistic in plot; vulgar in dances, songs and dialogues and disgusting in tone. Even our classical dances, so beautifully stylised as to be drained of sexiness, are vulgarised out of shape; the gestures and movements are not infrequently made suggestive.

The heroes of such movies are, more often than not, jobless vagabonds. Their main business in life is to sneak into respectable homes, behave with shameless effrontery, chase girls and sing love-songs.

In many such movies, life is invariably presented from the sordid angle. The movies of this class which refer to life in Bombay, for instance, depict it as if in this beautiful city none but unscrupulous tycoons and noble-hearted crooks reside; nothing happens in it except crimes, and none

but the vagabond like the knight-errant-of-old wins the hand of the princess in the end.

Many of the songs and dialogues carry double entendre which are highly suggestive and are sung or spoken in the contexts and on the backgrounds of lewd significance.

I have before me a selection of a hundred songs from different movies made by a researcher. All of them belong to the most vulgar type "*ishk*" poetry. They have only one theme—the lustful pursuit of man or woman in defiance of social bonds or moral obligations.

Imagine the impact of such songs upon the crowds of men, women, adolescents and children who hear them in the theatres or on street corners where raucous loud-speakers blare them out from almost every fifth restaurant.

I have also before me a report of a few specimen dialogues from such movies which, if anything, are more shameless than the songs.

I would not have cared to give specimens of such songs and dialogues had it not been for the impression sought to be created by the cinema interests that they are being unnecessarily harried by the wicked Censor Board.

However, I may warn you. The English language into which I have translated the songs and dialogues is of my bookish variety and through the very process of such translation, the vulgar significance of the original is toned down and the double meaning almost lost.

Here is a gem. A boy addressing a girl:

Oh! Madame Nancy, you are my fancy;

Whatever girl I make advance to says there is no vacancy.

Another boy dancing with two girls sings:

What can I do? My youth is bubbling over;

On all sides, the girls are lustful; Let's therefore go, swing round and round, up and down and

Let heart meet heart, Oh! Madame Nancy.

Here is another gem:

The world is wicked,
The girls are lusty, mad after money,
And they all want big goats.

Here is a woman addressing a man (not her husband):

I am fond of playing (at love) myself,

And yet, am myself a fine little toy to be played with,

I keep on playing the game of love with my lover,

The world may go to hell!

Another one:

Wherever I turned, I saw a hefty engine.

And I saw: 'Shunt on, Shunt on.'

Here is another dialogue song with suggestive double *entendre*:

Boy: Wherever there is the heat of beauty, there is sure to be the cool shade of tresses.

Girl: There will be heat and cold too. Understand that first, and then come, if you want to.

Boy: I know. After heat, there must be rains.

That is the way of the world...

Here are some select lines of the gutter:

I am a wonderful *rasagoola*,

Whoever comes to me tastes it and goes home.

I have made love seven times, though
married only once.

I always sleep making my lover my
pillow.

If men don't handle women, who
else will?

Will elephants and horses do it?

You are a grocer but you couldn't
corrupt even a woman pounder of
groceries.

Here is a smutty dialogue which
scarcely wears even the veil of double
entendre.

Girl: Please come down!

Boy: I don't know how to come
down.

Girl: Please, please, do something,
my dear Sir.

Boy: What can I do?

Girl: Don't you know even what to
do?

Boy: You show it to me.

Girl: It was best when I was below.

Boy: Yes, you were best when you
were below.

Girl: Why do you give a twist?

Boy: Oh! Where do I give a twist?

Girl: Then what are you doing? You
have broken my leg.

I am dying. Please come
down.

And the Censor Board is blamed
for cutting out these and like songs
and dialogues.

● ● ●

These movies are run under the
licences granted by Government in
theatres also licensed by Government.
But the Government which interferes
in every trade favours freedom in
the trade which undermines our
moral fibre.

The career of the Censor Board,
however, has been one long story of
importance, of how the cinema inter-

ests have succeeded in bullying it and
smothering the taste and conscience
of its members. In face of the vociferous
protests of the cinema inter-
ests, the Board develops cold feet
and the Minister becomes apologetic.

The tiger cub has now grown to ma-
turity. With deafening roars, it com-
plains that the innocent lambs are
coming in the way of its eating them
up!

Take the case of the sexy cinema
posters. Most of them are a disgrace
to our street corners, only displaying
men and women in amorous attitudes
which can scarcely be considered de-
cent if adopted by the people in pub-
lic. They have, besides, the effect of
vulgarising our sense of delicacy and
decorum and thus breaking down
Indian standards of behaviour.

Vinobaji and his workers have
rightly decided to take action against
such posters. The powerful cinema
interests, however, are fighting back in
defence of this vulgarity.

The protagonists of this nefarious
trade in the promotion of sex and
crime claim the fundamental right to
obscenity. They ask the question:
What is obscene and what is not?

This question necessarily involves a
host of other important questions.
What is decorous sex behaviour?
What is self-restraint and why? What
is loyalty and honour between man
and woman and why? What is the
sanctity of married life and why?

That these questions could be ask-
ed by intelligent men—though prompt-
ed by trade interests—imply a plea
that pleasures of the flesh should be
allowed to be enjoyed without re-

straint and without regard for social and moral good.

It is the demand that hedonism should be accepted as the ruling law of life—that the privilege of man and society to 'go to the devil' should be maintained at all costs!

• • •

If we look at the influence of movies dispassionately, unaffected by glamorous advertisements and skilful propaganda, we can see what they stand for. Their motive has been to attract publicity by exploiting vulgarity. Their influence has been to lead the public to favour, if not to admire, cruelty, selfishness, lust and indecency. Their aim has been to inspire uninhibited conduct in disregard of sex and crime.

These powerful interests are only releasing negative pressures to undermine active faith in truth and goodness.

That any civilized government or thinking section of the people can stand such activities only shows that they are under the collective hypnosis of Western hedonism leading us to moral decay.

I remember Gandhiji's saying somewhere: 'No nation which is not chaste can ever be great.' And purity of outlook and self-restraint in behaviour are the more important parts of chastity.

Yours sincerely,

K. M. M. K.



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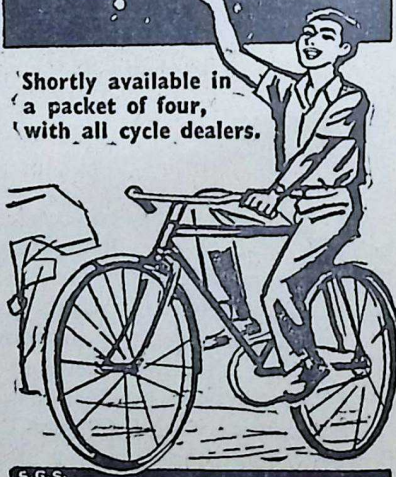
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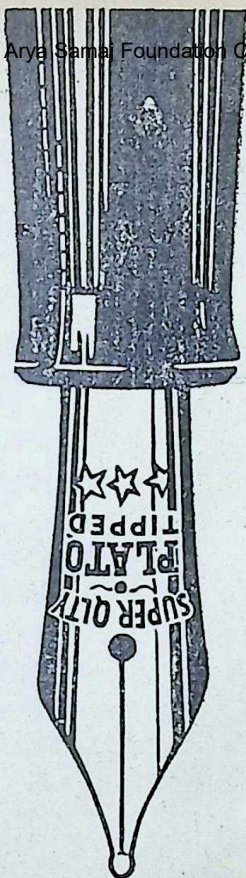
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Thirteen Modes of Truth

सत्यं च समता चैव दमश्चैव न संशयः ।
असात्सर्यं क्षमा चैव ह्यस्ति तत्क्षणसूयता ॥
त्यागो ध्यानमथार्थत्वं धृतिश्च संततं दया ।
अहिंसा चैव राजेन्द्र ! सत्याकारस्त्रयोदश ॥

It is well-known in all the worlds, O descendant of Bharata, that Truth has thirteen modes. They are: truth-speaking, equanimity, undoubtedly control of mind, freedom from jealousy, forgiveness, modesty, forbearance, freedom from malice, renunciation, contemplation, nobility of behaviour, courage, being always charitably disposed towards others, abstinence from injuring others (*ahimsa*), these, Oh Lord of Kings, are the thirteen modes of Truth.

Truth is imperishable and indeed, likewise beyond change. It is also in full harmony with all types of righteousness (*dharma*s) and can be attained only through spiritual discipline (*yoga*).

Equanimity (*samata*) is that attitude of the mind towards both what is desirable and what is undesirable to

one's self, as well as towards one's foe. It is also the state in which desire and hatred diminish and longing and anger wear away.

Control of mind (*dama*) consists in freedom from coveting what belongs to another, gravity, courage, freedom from vileness and suppression of anger, all of which are attainable only through right understanding or Jnana.

The wise say that freedom from jealousy consists in control of oneself both in acts of charity and righteousness. A man attains it when he becomes established in Truthfulness.

A virtuous person puts up (*kshama*) with all occurrences bearable or unbearable, agreeable or disagreeable and thence attains Truth.

A modest person (*Hri*) is intelligent and indefatigable in doing good. He is peaceful in speech and thought. This attitude is attainable through dutifulness (*dharma*).

Forbearance (*titiksha*) in the ac-

quisition of *dharma* and *artha* is the greatest virtue. When it is used for the welfare of the world, it is acquired by courage.

Freedom from malice (*anasuyata*) consists in gravity or depth of attitude and is attainable through charity.

Renunciation (*tyaga*) is that attitude which sheds all attachment to objects of the senses. This takes place only when a man becomes bereft of likes and dislikes and not otherwise.

Contemplation (*dhyana*) requires great skill and is attainable through silence.

Those who strive for doing good to others unselfconsciously and disinterestedly attain nobility (*aryata*).

That which is undisturbed by happiness as well as sorrow is called Dhriti. The wise man who desires glory should always be devoted to its pursuit.

A man should always be forgiving (*kshama*) and attached to Truth. He should be free from exultation, fear and anger for attaining firmness of mind.

Non-breach of faith towards all creatures in deed, thought and word, kindness and a disposition to help the needy—these are the time-honoured *dharma*s for the virtuous.

Each of these thirteen distinct modes is but a characteristic of Truth. They all centre round Truth, O descendant of Bharata, and advance it.

It is not possible to limit or exhaust the list of the modes of Truth, O King, and it is for this reason that Brahmins, *Pitrus* and *Devas* praise it.

There is no *dharma* surpassing Truthfulness and there is no greater sin than untruth. The basis of all *dharma* is Truth. Hence man must never violate Truth.

Through Truthfulness man acquires all the virtues of *dana*, *yajnas* with *dakshinas*, worship of the trifold-Agni, study of Vedas and all other proclaimed *dharma*s.

In conformity with Truth does the sun shine, the fire burn and the wind blow, for all of them are established in Truth.

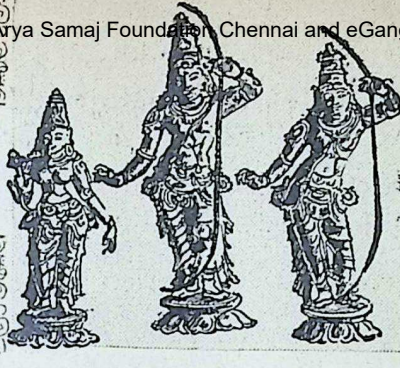
Truth is what prays in man, and a man is continually at prayer when he lives according to truth.

—Swedenborg.

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ADHYATMA



RAMAYANA

Jatayu-Stotra

Jatayu had the great good fortune of having his last rites performed by Sri Rama, at which he assumed a divine form and ascended heaven in a divine vimana. At that time he prayed before Sri Rama as follows:

अगणितगुणमप्रमेयमाद्यं
सकलजगस्थितिसंयमादिहेतुम् ।
उपरमपरं परात्मभूतं
सततमहं प्रणतोऽस्मि रामचन्द्रम् ॥

My unceasing adorations unto Sri Ramachandra, of innumerable virtues, immeasurable, primeval, prime cause of the birth, existence and annihilation of all creation, embodiment of peace and the Paramatman Himself.

निरवधिसुखमिन्दिराकटाक्षं
क्षपितसुरेन्द्रचतुर्मुखादिदुःखम् ।
नरवरमनिशं नतोऽस्मि रामं
वरदमहं धरचापबाणहस्तम् ॥

I bow to Rama who is the besto-

wer of unintermittent happiness and the grace of the Goddess Lakshmi, who alleviates the sorrows of Indra, Brahma, and others, a prince among men, bestowing with one hand boons and with the other holding the mighty bow and arrows (for protection).

त्रिभुवनकमनीयरूपमीड्यं
रविशतभासुरमीहितप्रदानम् ।
शरणदमनिशं सुरागमूले
कृतनिलयं रघुनन्दनं प्रपद्ये ॥

I seek eternal refuge in the son of Raghu whose form is the most charming and adorable in all the three worlds, who has the splendour of a hundred suns, who grants all the desires of his devotees and protects them and stays in their heart.

भवविपिनदध्वाग्निनामधेयं
भवमुखदधत्तदधत्तं दयालुम् ।
दनुजपतिसहस्रकोटिनाशं
रवितनयासदृशं हरिं प्रपद्ये ॥

I seek the shelter of Hari whose very name is a forest-fire to the woes of *samsara*; who is worshipped by all Gods including Shiva, and is merciful; who is the destroyer of a thousand-crore Rakshasa-kings and is bluish of hue like river Yamuna.

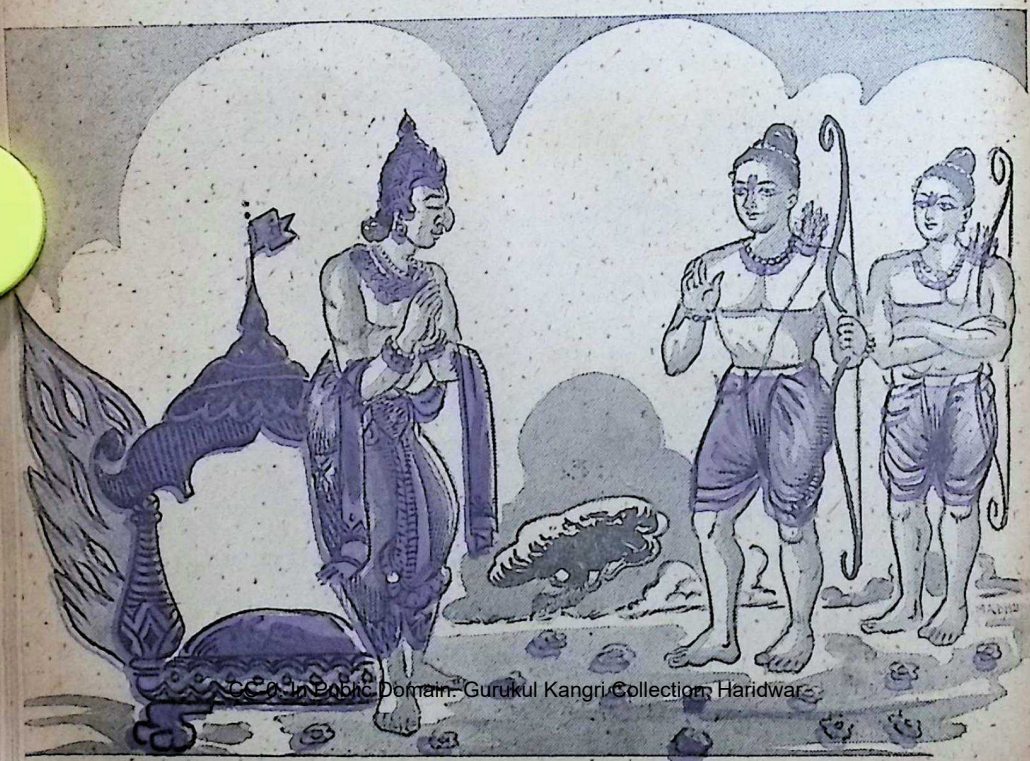
अत्रिरतभवभाषनातिदूरं
भवविमुखैर्मुनिभिः सदैव दृश्यम् ।
भवजलधिमुतारणाङ्घ्रिभोतं
शरणमहं रघुनन्दनं प्रपद्ये ॥

I seek refuge in the son of Raghu who is invisible to those who wallow in worldly affairs but is ever visible to the sages who have turned their backs on the world; and whose feet are the ferry to cross the ocean of metempsychosis.

गिरिशगिरिमुतामनोनिवासं
गिरिचरधारिणीहिताभिरासम् ।
सुरवरदनुजेन्द्रसेविताङ्घ्रिं
सुरवरदं रघुनायकं प्रपद्ये

I seek the shelter of the Lord of the Raghus who has made an abode of the minds of Shiva and Parvati, who (as Krishna) held the mountain aloft, whose entire life is delightful, and at whose feet worship (Indra) the best of Gods and (Mahabali) the best of Asuras and who bestows boons on Devas.

परधनपरदारवर्जितानां
परगुणभूतिषु लुप्तमानसानाम् ।
परहितनिरतात्मनां सुसेव्यं
रघुवरसम्बुजलोचनम् प्रपद्ये ॥



I seek refuge under the lotus-eyed Lord of the Raghus who is well adored by those who shun others' money and women and who delight in the accumulation of virtues in others and those who are engaged in doing good to others.

स्मितरुचिरविकासिताननाब्ज-
मतिमुलभं सुरराजनीलनीलम् ।
सितजलरुहचारुनेत्रशोभं
रघुपतिमीशपुरोगुरुं प्रपद्ये ॥

I seek refuge in the Lord of the Raghus whose smiling face resembles the full-blown lotus; who is easy of approach; who looks blue like Indraneela (sapphire) and whose eyes are lovely like white lotus blossoms and who is the Parama-guru of Lord Siva.

हरिकमलजशम्भुरूपभेदा-
त्वसि विभासि गुणत्रयानुवृत्तः ।

रविरिव जलवृत्तितोदपात्रे-

ध्वमरपतिस्तुतिपात्रमीशमीडे ॥

O Lord! You manifest yourself in your trifold *Gunas* as different forms like Vishnu, Brahma and Siva, even as different Suns shine in different pots filled with water. I worship you, the Supreme Lord, who is worshipped by Indra.

रतिपतिशतकोटिसुन्दराङ्गं

शतयथगोचरभाजनाद्बिद्वद् ॥

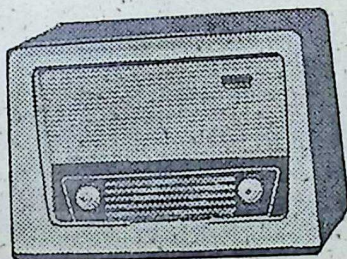
यतिपतिहृदये सदा विभातं

रघुपतिर्मातिहरं प्रभुं प्रपद्ये ॥

I seek refuge in the great Lord of the Raghus, who is as handsome as a hundred-crore Manmanas; who is attainable in the hundred ways alluded to in *Shastras*; ever shines in the heart of greatest of sages; the destroyer of afflictions and the Lord of all.

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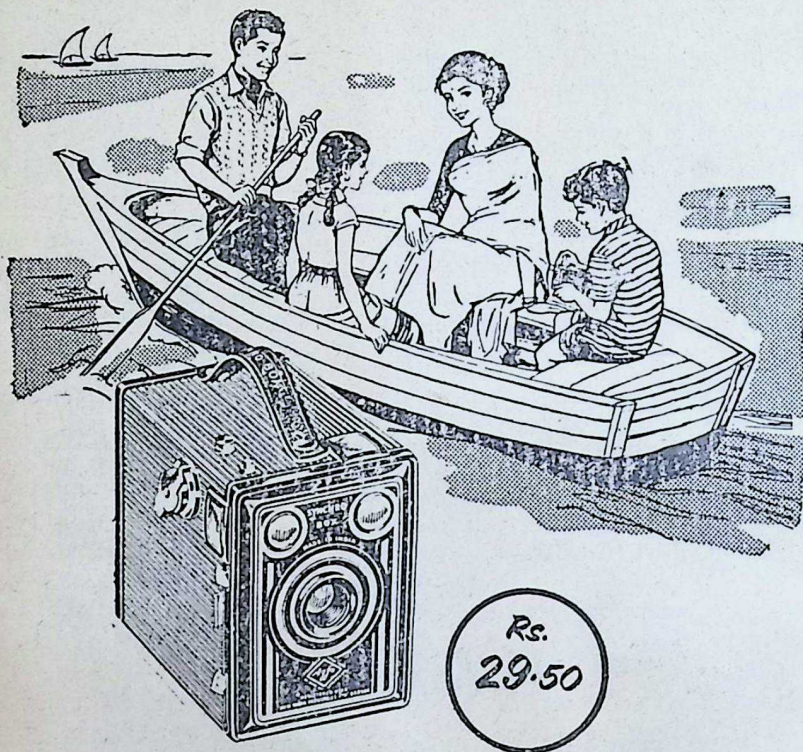
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PARA & APARA VIDYAS

Sri Sankara Bhagavatpada



द्वे विद्ये इत्यादि ।
परा च परमात्मविद्या ।
अपरा च धर्माधर्म-
साधनतत्फलविषया ।
अपरा हि विद्या अ-
विद्या । सा निरा-
कर्तव्या । तद्विषये हि
विदिते न किञ्चित्
तत्त्वतो विदितं स्यात् ।

There are two sorts of knowledge to be attended to. The one is Para (great), the knowledge of Paramatman, and the other is Apra (not great) which deals with the means and results of Dharma (duty) and Adharma (blameworthy act). The Apra Vidya is indeed ignorance. It ought to be discarded: when a knowledge of Apra Vidya is gained, nothing indeed relating to Truth is known (*Mun.* 1-4).

NOTE: By Apra Vidya is comprehended Rig Veda, Yajur Veda, Sama Veda and Atharva Veda, as also Siksha (phonetics), Kalpa (the code dealing with rituals), Grammar, Nirukta (science of etymology), Chandas (metre) and Astrology. The latter six are known as Vedangas, the limbs of the Vedas i.e. of the first four.

(१) उपनिषद्वेद्याक्षरविषयं हि विज्ञानं
इह परा विद्येति प्राधान्येन विवक्षितम् ।
न उपनिषच्छन्दराशिः । वेदशब्देन
तु सर्वत्र शब्दराशिः विवक्षितः ।

(२) वेदशब्दराश्यधिगमेऽपि यत्नान्तर-
मन्त्रेण, गुर्वभिगमनादि लक्षणं
वैराग्यं च न अक्षराधिगमः सम्भव-
तीति पृथक्करणं ब्रह्मविद्याया अथ
परा विद्येति ।

(i) By the term "Para Vidya" is meant primarily in this context the knowledge (realisation) of the Immortal which could be known through the Upanishads and not of the mere assemblage of words in them (Upanishads). But ordinarily everywhere by the term Veda is understood the assemblage of words.

(ii) The Immutable cannot be realised by a mere mastery of the assemblage of words, without other efforts such as approaching a Guru, and spurning of all desires, etc. The separate classification of the knowledge of Brahman and its designation as Para Vidya are thus proper (*Mun.* 1-5).

NOTE: Here Sankara points to the necessity of Guru over and above comprehending texts. A flaming torch is necessary to kindle another.

मन्दमध्यमधियां तु प्रतिपन्नसाधकभावानां
सन्मार्गगामिनां सन्यासिनां मात्राणां पादानां
च क्लृप्तसामान्यविदां यथावदुपास्यमान
ॐ कारः ब्रह्मप्रतिपत्तये आलम्बनीभवति ।

For people of slow or middling intellect, but who are Sanyasins engaged in Sadhana and lead a virtuous life,

a right meditation of "Om" based on the close and exact correspondence between the four states of the Atman and four parts of "Om" becomes a prop to the mind in their effort to attain Brahman. (*Mandukya* 12).

(१) ॐ शब्दवाच्यं ॐ शब्दप्रतीकं च ब्रह्म ।
अपरपरब्रह्मणोः हि प्रतीकं एतदक्षरम्
एतद्वि एव अक्षरं ज्ञात्वा (ब्रह्मे-
त्युपास्य) यो यदिच्छति परं अपरं
वा तस्य तत् भवति ।

(२) परं चेत् ज्ञातव्यं अपरं चेत् प्राप्तव्यं ।
आत्मनोऽशेषविशेषरहितस्यालम्ब-
नत्वेन प्रतीकत्वेन च ॐकारो निर्दिष्टः
अपरस्य च ब्रह्मणः मन्दमध्यमप्रति-
पत्तुं प्रति ।

(i) The sound "Om" indicates Brahman; it is also a Pratika (symbol) for Brahman. This letter "Om" is indeed the symbol for both the Higher (unmanifested) Brahman and the lower (manifested) Brahman. By meditating on this (OM) as Brahman he attains to whichever he wants, the Para or the Apara (*Ka.* 2-15).

(ii) If it is Para, it has to be known. If it is Apara it is to be reached (meditated upon). (*Ka.* 2-16). The sound "Om" has been pointed out as a prop and a symbol of the Atman devoid of all attributes, as also for those with slow and middling capacity for understanding. (It becomes the prop and symbol) for attaining to The Apara-Brahman (the one with attributes) (*Ka.* 2-18).

NOTE: It has to be clearly understood that there are no two Brahman, one higher and the other lower. There is only one Brahman. But man conceives of it in two ways according to his capacity for understanding. For

Samyak Darsana, his nature in man as Atman, beyond the three states of waking, dreaming or deep sleep, has to be reached. In other terms, Brahman in his true nature, as without any attributes, has to be meditated upon. But this is extremely difficult.

So many conceive of Brahman as with attributes as say, the creator, sustainer and destroyer of the universe, as the all-compassionate and all-mighty, etc. Worship of Him in anyone of these aspects, is Saguna Vidya. In fact, meditation is of two sorts and not Brahman. "Om" the symbol can be made use of for both sorts of meditation.

परं हि ब्रह्मशब्दाद्युपलक्षणानर्हं सर्वधर्म-
विशेषवर्जितं अतो न शक्यं अतोन्द्रियगोचरत्वात्
केवलेन मनसा अवगाहितुम् ।

(१) ओंकारे तु विष्णुवादि प्रतिमास्थानी ।
ये भक्त्यावेशितब्रह्मभावे ध्यायमानं तत्
प्रसीदति इत्यवगम्यते शास्त्रप्राप्ताभ्याम् ।
तथाऽपरं च ब्रह्म ।

(२) तस्मात् परं चापरं च ब्रह्म यदोङ्-
कार इत्युपचर्यते ।

(३) तस्माद्वै प्रविष्टान् एतेनैव आत्म-
प्राप्तिसाधनेनैव ओङ्काराभिधानेन एकतरं
परमपरं वा ब्रह्मानुगच्छति ।

(४) निर्दिष्टं ह्यालम्बनमोङ्कारं ब्रह्मणः
अपरं च ब्रह्म प्राणाख्यं हिरण्यगर्भारव्यं
प्रथमजं च यत् ।

Indeed the Higher (attributeless) Brahman, incapable of being indicated by words, devoid of all qualities and attributes and thus being beyond the reach of the senses, is incapable of being grasped by the mere mind.

(i) But, on the authority of the Sastras, to those worshippers who meditate on the syllable "Om" as upon the image of Vishnu, etc., and re-

gard it as a symbol of Brahman, the Brahman is understood to reveal itself.

(i) Therefore that Brahman, whether higher or lower, is by courtesy said to be the symbol "Om".

(ii) So he who knows this aid to the attainment of Atman, by meditation on "Om" attains one of these, either Para or Aparā Brahman.

(iv) Indeed the syllable "Om" is the nearest prop to Brahman. Aparā Brahman is called Prana or Hiranyagarbha or Prathamaja (the first born) (Prasna 5-2).

(१) परापरब्रह्मप्राप्तिसाधनत्वेन ओंकार-
स्योपासनम् । परं सत्यं अक्षरपुरुषाख्यम् ।
अयं च प्राणाख्यं प्रथमजम् ।

(२) ब्राह्मविषयेभ्यः उपसंहृतकरणः
सत्त्वाहितचित्तः भक्त्यावेशितब्रह्म-
भावे ओंकारे आत्मप्रत्ययसन्ताना-
विच्छेदः अभिन्नजातीय प्रत्ययान्त-
राखिलीकृतो निघातस्थदीपशि-
खासमोऽभिध्यान शब्दार्थः ।
सत्य-ब्रह्मचर्य-अहिंसा-अपरिग्रह -
त्याग-सत्यास-शौच-सन्तोषाभायावि-
त्वाद्यनेकयमनियमानुग्रहीतः सः ॥

(i) The meditation on the symbol "Om" is a means for the attainment of Para and Aparā Brahman. Para, the true, the immutable, is known as Purusha; the lower Brahman is known as Prana; the "first born".

(ii) The word Abhidhyana (meditation) denotes the following state of the mind where the senses are turn-

ed away from the external objects; the mind composed and with intense devotion dwells on Brahman symbolised by "Om" on which the idea of Atman is imposed ceaselessly and without any break by other ideas, and thus the one-pointed mind is comparable to the steady flame protected from draughts of the wind.

One who meditates thus for his life, maintains the indispensable attributes like truth, abstinence from sensual pleasures, non-injury, non-acceptance (of gifts), renunciation, Sanyasa, cleanliness, cheerfulness, absence from fraud and many other kinds of control, external and internal. (Prasna V-1).

परापरब्रह्मदृष्ट्या हि उपास्यमान ओङ्-
कारशब्दमात्रोऽपि परापरब्रह्मसाधनं भवति ।
सत्यालंबनं ब्रह्मणः परस्यापरस्य च प्रतिमेव
विष्णोः ओमित्येदच्छब्दरूपं ब्रह्म इति मनसा
उपासीत ।

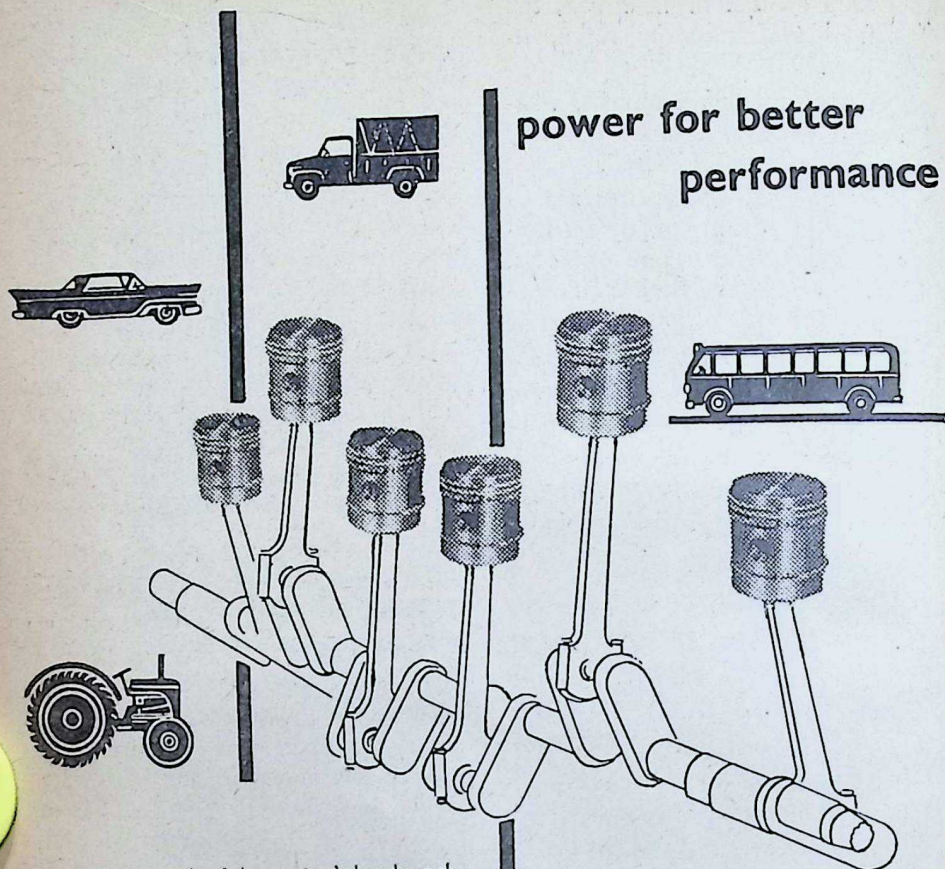
Indeed, "Om" is being meditated upon from the viewpoints of Para Brahma and Aparā Brahma. Even though it is mere sound, it becomes the means for the attainment of attributeless Brahman as well as Brahman with attributes. It is a peg to hang on the idea of Brahman in the aspects of Para and Aparā, just as the idol is for the idea of Vishnu. "Om" has to be mentally meditated upon as the sound form of Brahman. (Tai. 1-8).

[Translation and notes by Swami Atmananda.]

God often giveth in one short moment what He hath for a long time denied. He giveth sometimes in the end that which, at the beginning of prayer, He deferred to grant.

—Jesus Christ.

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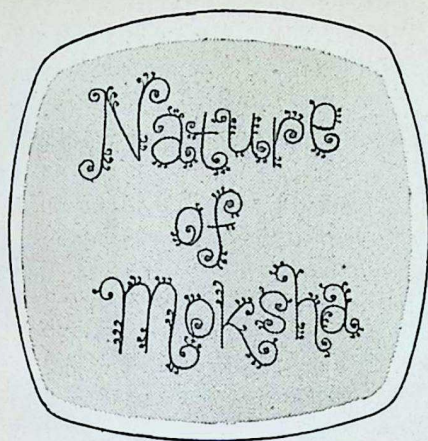
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आत्माभावे पुमर्थः क इष्टस्यात्मा
अवधिर्यतः ।
(AV. 57b)

Moksha would not be worth having, if the *atman* does not survive as a self-luminous entity therein. For, the *atman* is the ultimate goal and target of all desires.

Madhva lays great stress on the survival of every individual personality, as such, in Moksha. It is the corollary of his belief in the distinctiveness of *Svarupa* of each *Jiva*. Since release is for the sake of realizing the intrinsic bliss of selfhood by each one, it must be a positive experience, to be felt and realized by each and necessarily incommunicable to others. We cannot obviously press the point further and ask how the blissful experience of its own self differs from that of another. It is purely a matter

of intuitive experience of each individual and we have to leave it at that:

मुक्तिर्हि त्वाज्यथारूपं स्वरूपेण व्यवस्थितिः ।
(B.S.B. i. 1-17)

Release consists in shaking off all extraneous associations and regaining one's own selfhood.

It would be presumptuous to define in clear and precise terms what exactly the released state would be like, from this side of release. Nevertheless, man is irrepressibly curious about what lies in store for him, in the great beyond! Madhva bases his account of the released state on a co-ordinated interpretation of the Scriptural facts and evidences. He also adduces his reasons in support of these interpretations. Without entering into controversial details, we may broadly set down his ideas on this subject.

साङ्ख्यनैय्यायिकाद्याश्च प्राहुर्मोक्षं च
निःसुखम् ।

.....नैतदप्यत्र शोभनं श्रुतयो यतः ।

महानन्दं च भोगं च नियमेन वदन्ति हि
(AV. p. 57)

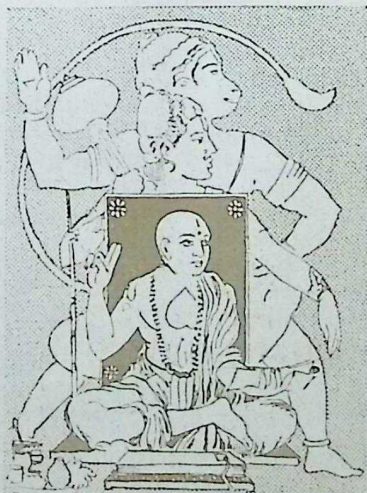
The Sankhyas, Naiyayikas and others maintain that Moksha is devoid of any blissful experience as such

and that it is only a purely negative state of cessation of all misery. This is not a proper view; for the *Srutis* speak of the great spiritual joy and enjoyment in that state.

The *Srutis* referred to in this connection are:—

सोऽश्नुते सर्वान् कामान्
सह ब्रह्मणा विपरिचिता

(*Taitt. Up.*) 'He enjoys the fulfilment of all desires in company with the released *Brahma*.'



Sri Madhvacharya

परं ज्योतिरुपसंपद्य स्वेन रूपेणाभितिष्यद्यते,
स तत्र पर्येति जक्षन् क्रीडन् रममाणः

(Chan. Up. VIII, 2, 4.). Reaching the Supreme Being, he emerges into his true selfhood; there he moves about, enjoying, playing and:

यत्रानन्दाश्च मोदाश्च मुदः प्रमुद आसते ।
स्वधाच यत्र तृप्तिश्च तत्र माममृतं कृधि ।

(RV. ix, 113, 1)

'Where there is joy, bliss, delight and pleasure of inexpressible variety, where all wishes are fulfilled, there make me immortal.'

ज्ञानरूपस्य विज्ञाननाशस्तन्नाश एव तत्
(AV. p. 58b)

Since the *atman* is of the essence of consciousness, any cessation of that self-consciousness in Moksha would be equivalent to the loss of self-hood.

प्रत्यक्षात्मविज्ञानविरोधानुभवादिपि ।

न स्वविज्ञानितयां च विरोधः कश्चनेष्यते
कर्तृकर्मविरोधश्च नित्यानुभवादिष्वेतः

कथमेव पदं गच्छत्, विरोधो दृष्टवाचनम् ॥
(AV. p. 58b)

There is no difficulty in accepting the existence of self-consciousness in Moksha. As for the supposed incompatibility of the subject knowing itself as object, there is no difficulty in it, as it is a matter of our own direct experience. Experience is indeed the test of what is compatible or not.

सुखादिधर्महानौ तु मुक्तेः किं च प्रयोजनम् ?

यद्यर्थो दुःखहानिः स्यादनर्थः सुखनाशनम् ।

तयोश्च दुःखहानौ हि सुखनाशोऽधिको भवेत्
प्राप्यापि दुःखं सुसहत् सुखलेशाप्तये जनः
यतते सुखहानौ हि को मोक्षाय यतेत् पुमान् ?
अल्पाच्च सुखनाशाद्धि विभेत्यन्तितरां जनः
महच्च दुःखमाप्नोति सुखनाशनवृत्तये ॥

(AV. p. 589)

If Moksha were devoid of bliss, there would be no motive for seeking it with so much trouble. If the destruction of misery by the attainment of release is an adequate motive for undertaking so much trouble, it would be actually possible to contend that the loss of all happiness, as such, would deter one from taking the trouble. Moreover, the abandonment of misery would be outweighed by the prospect of loss of all happiness, and could definitely deter one from taking the trouble to achieve Moksha, at so much risk. The very fact that people willingly submit themselves to undergo great privation and trouble for the sake of even a little joy shows that if Moksha were a state of absolute absence of bliss none would turn to it. The fact also that people face great dangers to prevent any loss to their happiness confirms the above. Therefore, the theory that Moksha is a condition in which there is no bliss or joy, as such, is not a sound one.

[Presented with translation and notes by Dr. B. N. K. Sharma.]

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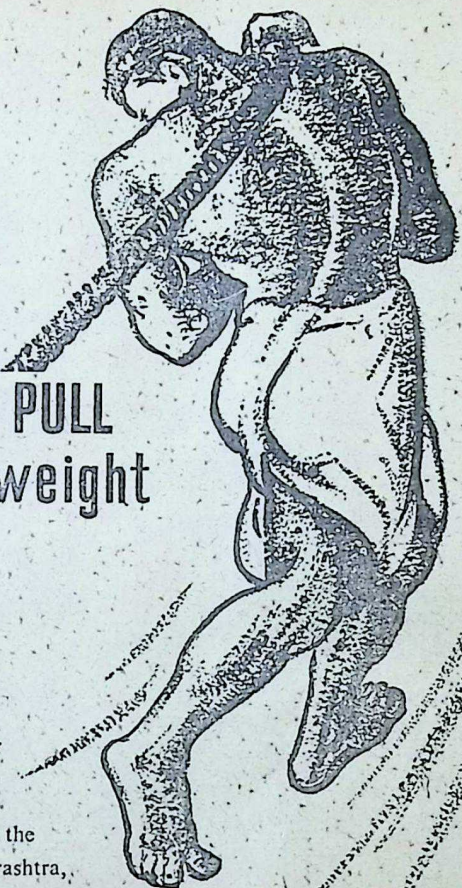
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Lord's Name

Bhakta Mira

*Repeat ye the Name of the Lord Govinda and of Sri Rama.
It is this constant remembrance of the Name that distinguishes the
Saint from the worldly,*

*Just as in appearance the diamond and a glass-pebble look alike,
but they are distinguishable the moment they are appraised,
one fetching a higher price than the other.*

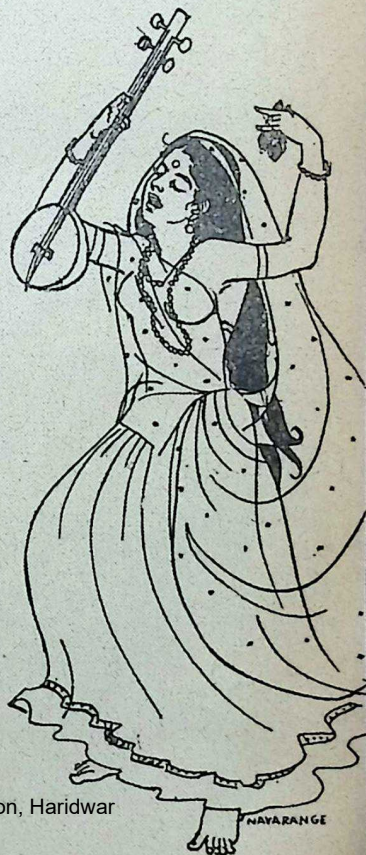
*In appearance the Koel and the crow look
alike, but they are distinguished by their
voice, the one is so shrill in its tone while
music flows from the lips of the other.*

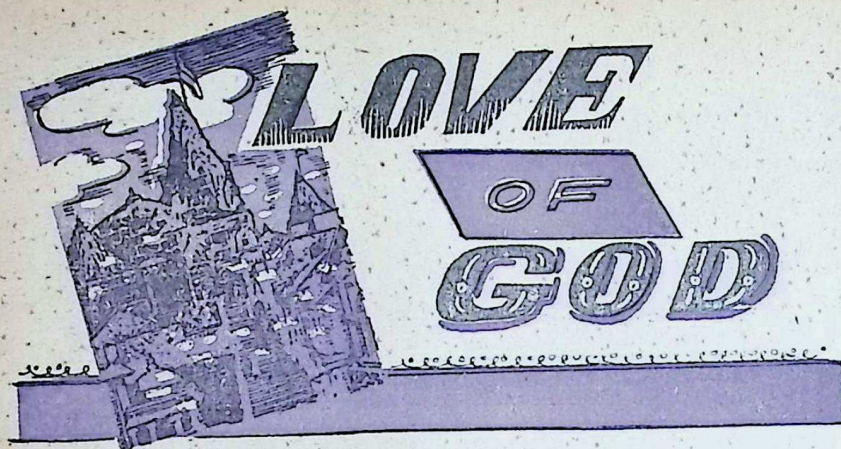
*In appearance the swan and the crane look
alike, yet they are distinguished by the
food they take—one lives on pearls, the
other is content with dross.*

*In appearance the saint and the man of the
world look alike, but they are distin-
guished from the tolerance which is seen
in the saint who can put up with the
harshest remarks, whilst the man of the
world knows no forbearance.*

*Therefore meditate always on the lotus feet
of the Lord Giridhar.*

*Seek ye shelter of the lotus feet of the Lord
of Dwaraka—the incomparable Refuge
for all.*





Sri Ramakrishna Paramahansa

THE *chataka* bird craves only for rain-water. Even when it is dying of thirst, it turns its beak upward and wants only water from the sky. The Ganga, the Jamuna, and the seven oceans are filled to the brim, but still it will not touch the water of the earth.

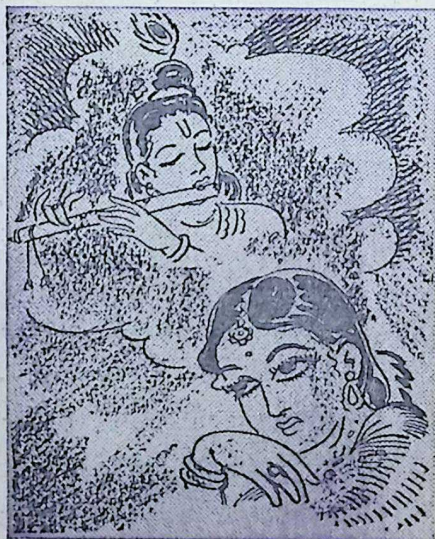
Once Rama and Lakshmana visited Pampa Lake. Lakshmana saw a crow very eager for water. Again and again it went to the edge of the water but would not drink.

Lakshmana asked Rama about it.

Rama said: 'Brother, this crow is a great devotee of God. Day and night it repeats the name of Rama. Its throat is parched with thirst but still it won't drink for fear of missing a repetition of Rama's name!'

Again, when Hanuman returned from Lanka, Rama asked him: 'You have seen Sita. Tell me, how did you find her?'

Hanuman replied: 'O Rama, I saw that only the body of Sita lay there; it held neither her mind nor her soul. She has indeed consecrated her mind



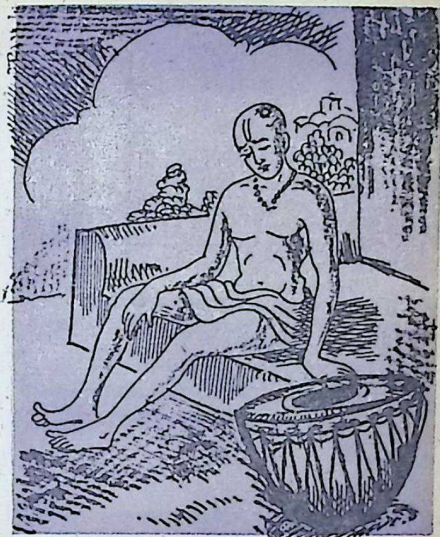
Once a fakir went to Emperor Akbar to ask for money. The Emperor was saying his prayers. He prayed, 'O Lord, give me money; give me wealth.'

The fakir started to leave the palace, but the Emperor motioned to him to wait.

After finishing his prayers, Akbar came to the holy man and said, 'Why were you going away?'

The fakir replied, 'You yourself were begging for money and wealth; so I thought that if I must beg, I would beg of God and not of a beggar.'

—Sri Ramakrishna Paramahansa



and soul to Your Lotus feet. Therefore I saw only her body in Lanka. Further, I saw the King of Death prowling about. But what could he do? It was only a body; it had neither mind nor soul!

If you meditate on an ideal you will acquire its nature.

If you think of God day and night, you will acquire the nature of God.

A salt doll went into the ocean to measure its depth. It became one with the ocean!

What is the goal of books or scriptures? The attainment of God.

A man opened a book belonging to a sadhu. He saw the word 'Rama' written on every page. There was nothing else!

If a man loves God, even the slightest thing kindles spiritual feeling in him. Then, repeating the name of Rama but once, he gets the fruit of ten million *sandhyas*.

At the sight of a cloud the peacock's emotion is awakened; he dances, spreading his tail.

Radha had the same experience. Just the sight of a cloud recalled Krishna to her mind!

Chaitanyadeva was passing through a village. He heard that drums were made from the earth of that place. At once he was overwhelmed with ecstasy because drums are used in *kirtan*!

But who can have this spiritual awakening? Only he who has renounced his attachment to worldly things.

If the sap of attachment is totally dried up in a man, the slightest suggestion kindles his spiritual emotion.

Though you strike a wet match a thousand times, it will not produce a spark. But if it is dried, the slightest rubbing will set it aflame.

Pain and pleasure are inevitable in a body. He who has realized God dedicates his mind and life, his body and soul, to God.

On another occasion, Rama

and Lakshmana went to take their bath in Pampa Lake, they thrust their bows into the ground. Coming out of the water, Lakshmana took out his bow and found its tip stained with blood.

Rama said to Lakshmana: 'Look, brother! Look. Perhaps we have hurt some creature!'

Lakshmana dug in the earth and found a big bullfrog. It was dying.

Rama said to the frog in a sorrowful voice: 'Why didn't you croak? We should have tried to save you. You croak lustily enough when you are in the jaws of a snake!'

The frog replied: 'O Lord, when I am attacked by a snake I croak, saying "Rama, save me! O Rama save me!" 'This time I found that it was Rama who was killing me; so I kept still!'

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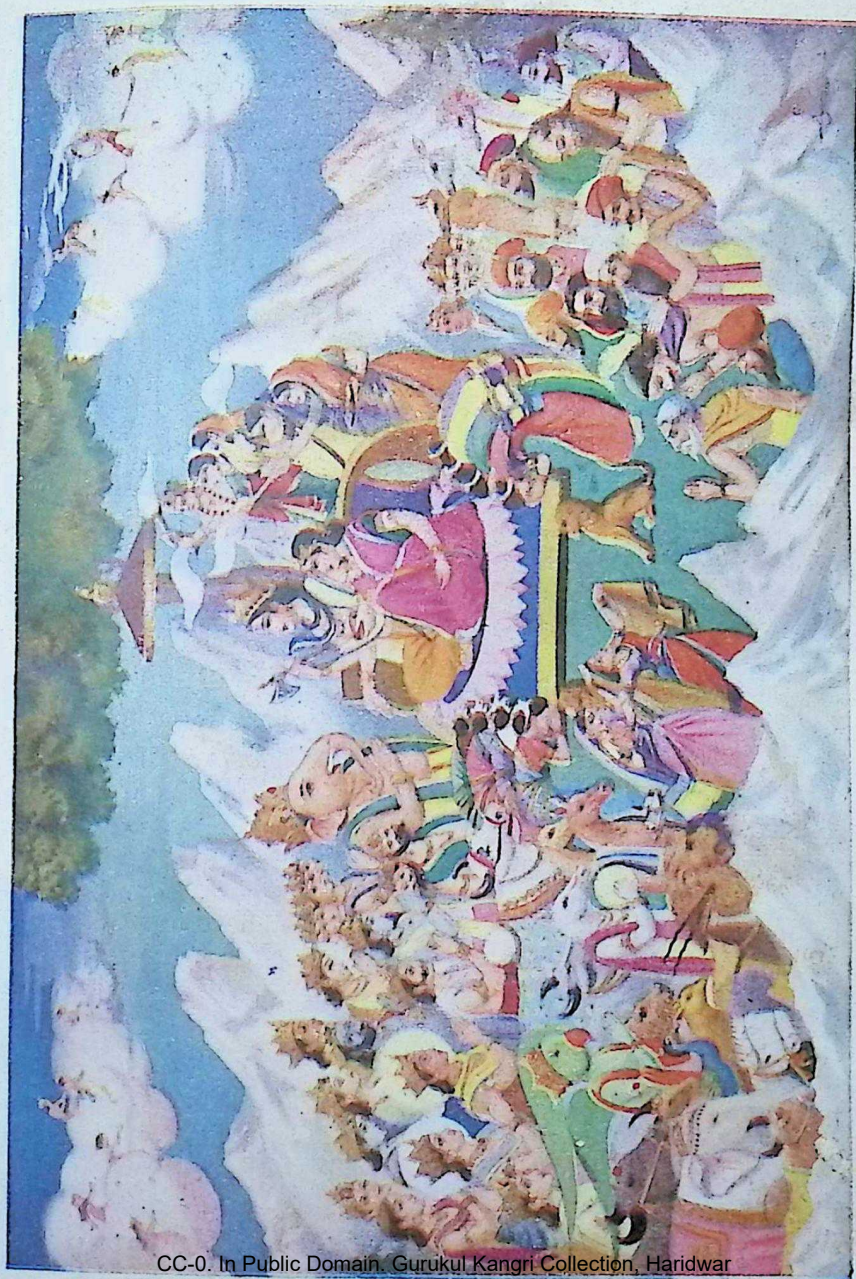
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A NATION is building in India today before the eyes of the world so swiftly, so palpably that all can watch the process and those who have sympathy and intuition, distinguish the forces at work, the materials in use, the lines of the divine architecture.

This nation is not a new race, raw from the workshop of nature or created by modern circumstances.

One of the oldest races and great nations with a single life and a single

civilizations on this earth, the most indomitable in vitality, the most fecund in greatness, the deepest in life, the most wonderful in potentiality, after taking into itself numerous sources of strength from foreign strains of blood and other types of human civilisation, is now seeking to lift itself for good into an organised national unity.

Formerly a congeries of kindred

culture, always by the law of this essential oneness tending to unity, always by its excess of fecundity engendering fresh diversities and divisions, it has never yet been able to overcome permanently the almost insuperable obstacles to the organisation of a continent.

The time has now come when those obstacles can be overcome.

The attempt which our race has been making throughout its long history, it will now make under entirely new circumstances.

A keen observer would predict its success because the important obstacles have been or are in the process of being removed.

But we go further and believe that it is sure to succeed because the freedom, unity and greatness of India have now come necessary to the world.

This is the faith in which the Kar-mayogin puts his hand to the work and will persist in it, refusing to be discouraged by difficulties however immense and apparently insuperable.

We believe that God is with us and in that faith we shall conquer.

We believe that humanity needs us and it is the love and service of humanity, of our country, of the race, of our religion that will purify our heart and inspire our action in the struggle.

The task we set before ourselves is not mechanical but moral and spiritual.

We shall devote ourselves not to politics alone, nor to social questions alone, nor to theology or philosophy or literature or science by themselves, but we include all these in one

Up, Up, the long night is passing, the day is approaching, the wave has risen, nothing will be able to resist its tidal fury. Believe, believe, the decree has gone forth, the fiat of the Lord has gone forth—India must rise, the masses and the poor are to be made happy. Rejoice!

The flood of spirituality has risen.

I see it is rolling over the land resistless, boundless, all-absorbing.

Every man to the fore, every good will be added to its forces, every hand will smooth its way, and glory be unto the Lord!

—Swami Vivekananda.

entity which we believe to be all-important, the *dharma*, the national religion which we also believe to be universal.

There is a mighty law of life, a great principle of human evolution, a body of spiritual knowledge and experience of which India has always been destined to be guardian, exemplar and missionary.

This is the *sanatana dharma*, the eternal religion.

Under the stress of alien impacts she has largely lost hold not of the structure of that *dharma*, but of its living reality.

For the religion of India is nothing if it is not lived.

It has to be applied not only to life, but to the whole of life; its spirit has to enter into and mould our society, our politics, our literature, our science, our individual character, affections and aspirations.

To understand the heart of this *dharma*, to experience it as a truth,

to feel the high emotions to which it rises and to express and execute it in life is what we understand by Karma-yoga.

We believe that it is to make the *yoga* the ideal of human life that India rises today; by the *yoga* she will get the strength to realise her freedom, unity, and greatness, by the *yoga* she will keep the strength to preserve it.

It is a spiritual revolution we foresee and the material is only its shadow and reflex.

Therefore, we say to the individual and especially to the young who are now arising to do India's work, the world's work, God's work:—"You cannot cherish these ideals, still less can you fulfil them if you subject your minds to European ideas or look at life from the material standpoint.

Materially you are nothing, spiritually you are everything. It is only the Indian who can believe everything, dare everything, sacrifice everything. First therefore become Indians. Recover the patrimony of your forefathers. Recover the Aryan thought, the Aryan discipline, the Aryan character, the Aryan life. Recover the Vedanta, the *Gita*, the *Yoga*. Recover them not only in intellect or sentiment but in your lives. Live them and you will be great and strong, mighty, invincible and fearless. Neither life nor death will have any terrors for you. Difficulty and impossibility will vanish from your vocabularies. For it is in the spirit that strength is eternal and you must win back the kingdom of yourselves, the inner Swaraj, before you can win back your outer empire. There the Mother dwells and She waits for worship that She may give strength. Believe in her, serve Her, lose your wills in Her's, your egoism in the greater ego of the country, your separate selfishness in the service of humanity. Recover the source of all strength in yourselves and all else will be added to you, social soundness, intellectual pre-eminence, political freedom, the mastery of human thought, the hegemony of the world."

*

We are of the faith that Truth is one and undivided, though diverse may be the ways which lead us to it. Through separate paths pilgrims from different lands arrive at the same shrine of Truth. This we, verily, know.

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MY PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

Mahatma Gandhi

I HAVE not the qualifications for teaching my philosophy of life. I have barely qualifications for practising the philosophy. I believe, I am but a poor struggling soul yearning to be wholly good, wholly truthful and wholly non-violent in thought, word and deed, but ever failing to reach the ideal which I know to be true.

I admit it is a painful climb, but

the pain of it is a positive pleasure for me. Each step upward makes me feel stronger and fit for the next.

I do not believe that 'my philosophy' is an indifferent mixture of Tolstoy and Buddha. I do not know what it is except that it is what I feel to be true. It sustains me. I owe much to Tolstoy and much to Buddha. I still somehow or other fancy that 'my philosophy' represents the true mean-

Life truly lived is more than books.... If we are devotees of Truth and Ahimsa, God will endow us with the requisite intellect to solve problems.

ing of the teachings of the *Gita*. I may be totally mistaken. Such a mistake can do no harm either to me or to anybody. For, the source of my inspiration is of no consequence if what I stand for be unadulterated Truth.

Let the philosophy I represent be tested on its own merits.

There is no such thing as 'Gandhism', and I do not want to leave any sect after me. I do not claim to have originated any new principle or doctrine. I have simply tried in my own way to apply the eternal truths to our daily life and problems. There is, therefore, no question of my leaving any code like the Code of Manu. There can be no comparison between that great Lawgiver and me. The opinions I have formed and the conclusions I have arrived at are not final, I may change them tomorrow.

I have nothing new to teach the world. Truth and Non-violence are as old as the hills. All I have done is to try experiments in both on as vast a scale as I could do. In doing so, I have sometimes erred and learnt by my errors. Life and its problems have thus become to me so many experiments in the practice of Truth and Non-violence.

By instinct I have been truthful, but not non-violent. As a Jain *muni* once rightly said, I was not so much a votary of Ahimsa as I was of Truth, and I put the latter in the first place and the former in the second. For, as he put it, I was capable of sacrificing non-violence for the sake of

Truth. In fact, it was in the course of my pursuit of Truth that I discovered Non-violence. Our scriptures have declared that there is no *dharma* (law) higher than Truth. But Non-violence, they say, is the highest duty. The word *dharma*, in my opinion, has different connotations as used in the two aphorisms.

Well, all my philosophy, if it may be called by that pretentious name, is contained in what I have said. You will not call it 'Gandhism': there is no *ism* about it. And no elaborate literature or propaganda is needed about it. The scriptures have been quoted against my position, but I have held faster than ever to the position that Truth may not be sacrificed for anything whatsoever. Those who believe in the simple truths I have laid down can propagate them only by living them.

The propagation of Truth and Non-Violence can be done less by books than by actually living those principles. Life truly lived is more than books. I do not say that we may not issue books and newspapers. I only say that they are not indispensable. If we are true devotees of Truth and Ahimsa, God will endow us with the requisite intellect to solve problems.

My religion is based on Truth and Non-Violence. Truth is my God. Non-violence is the means of realizing Him.

I count no sacrifice too great for the sake of seeing God face to face. The whole of my activity, whether it

... my patriotism is for me a stage in my journey to the Land of Eternal Freedom and Peace.... For me there are no politics devoid of religion.... Politics bereft of religion are a death-trap, because they kill the soul....

may be called social, political, humanitarian or ethical, is directed to that end. And as I know that God is found more often in the lowliest of His creatures than in the high and mighty, I am struggling to reach the status of these. I cannot do so without their service. Hence, my passion for the service of the suppressed classes. And as I cannot render this service without entering politics, I find myself in them. Thus, I am no master. I am but a struggling, erring, humble servant of India and therethrough of humanity.

I am a humble seeker after Truth. I am impatient to realize myself, to attain *moksha* in this very existence. My national service is part of my training for freeing my soul from the bondage of flesh. Thus considered, my service may be regarded as purely selfish. I have no desire for the perishable kingdom of earth. I am striving for the Kingdom of Heaven which is *moksha*.

To attain my end, it is not necessary for me to seek the shelter of a cave. I carry one about me, if I would but know it. A cave-dweller can build castles in the air, whereas a dweller in a palace, like Janaka, has no castles to build. The cave-dweller, who hovers round the world on the wings of thought, has no peace. A Janaka, though living in the midst of 'pomp and circumstance', may have peace that passeth understanding.

For me, the road to salvation lies

through incessant toil in the service of my country and therethrough of humanity. I want to identify myself with everything that lives. In the language of the *Gita*, I want to live at peace with both friend and foe. Though, therefore, a Mussalman or a Christian or a Hindu may despise me and hate me, I want to love him and serve him even as I would love my wife or son though they may hate me. So, my patriotism is for me a stage in my journey to the Land of Eternal Freedom and Peace. Thus, it will be seen that for me there are no politics devoid of religion. They subserve religion. Politics bereft of religion are a deathtrap, because they kill the soul.

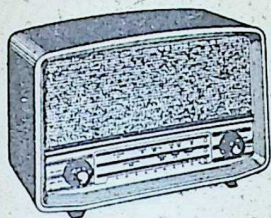
I am but a seeker after Truth. I claim to have found the way to it. I claim to be making a ceaseless effort to find it. But I admit that I have not yet found it. To find Truth completely is to realize oneself and one's destiny to become perfect. I am painfully conscious of my imperfections, and therein lies all the strength I possess, because it is a rare thing for a man to know his own limitations.

[Courtesy: Navajivan Trust]

—————*

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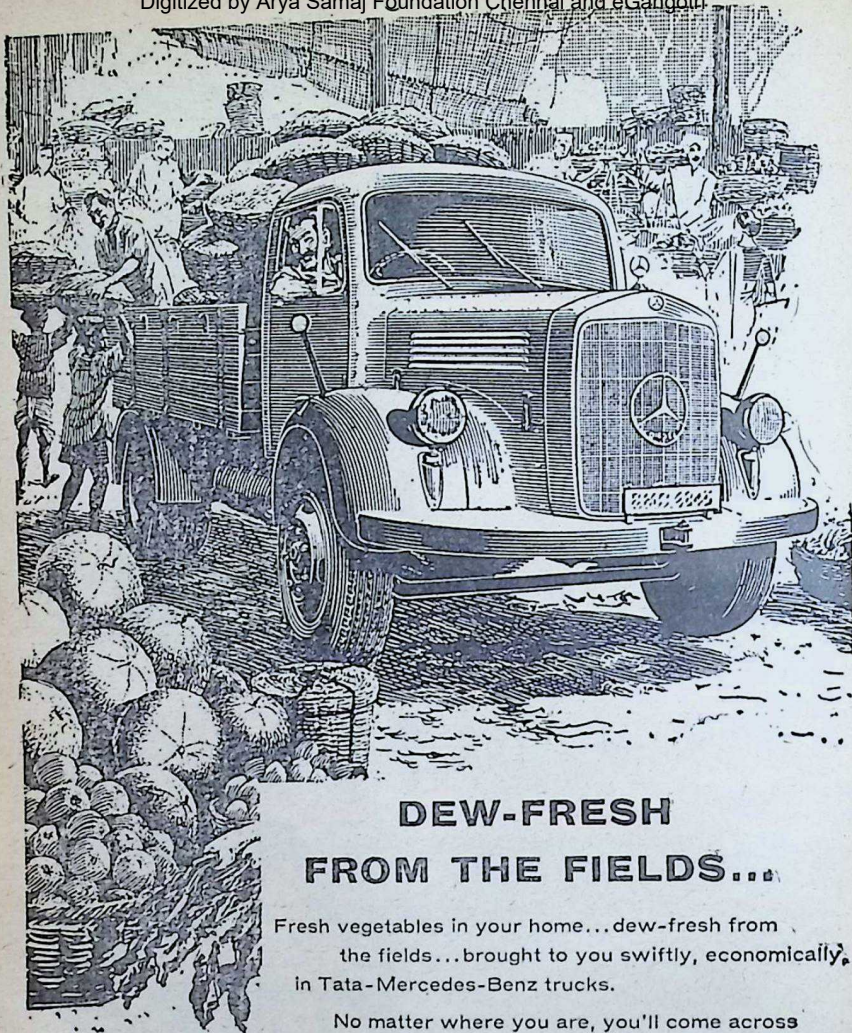
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Our Debt to Vyasa

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Sri Sankaracharya of Kanchi



H. H. Jagadguru

Sri Sankaracharya of Kanchi

जयति पराशरसूनुः सत्यवतीहृदयनन्दनो
व्यासः ।

यस्यास्यकमलगलितं वाङ्मयामृतं
जगत्पिबति ॥

THE Vedas are the foundation of our eternal religion. They are said to be the very breath of God. In his Smṛti, Manu observes that they are the source of all *dharma*s: वेदोऽखिलो धर्ममूलं । The men of past *yugas* were very intelligent and long-lived. Hence they were able to learn all the Vedas. God saw that the men of the Kali age would not be so intelligent, that they would be short-lived, that they would also be subject to untold difficulties and distractions unlike the people of other *yugas* and that therefore, they would not have the capacity and the time to learn all the Vedas.

If the Vedas were not learnt and studied, the danger would be that they would disappear from the utterance and understanding of men. In His desire to preserve and protect the Vedas, God incarnated at the end of

the Dwapara Yuga as the son of Sage Parasāra and his wife Satyavati under the name of Vyasa.

Intending that, if men did not learn all the Vedas, each might learn at least one part of it, He divided them into four parts and instructed four disciples, each in one part. These parts now go by the name of *Rik*, *Yajus*, *Sama* and *Atharvana*.

क्षीणायुवः क्षीणसत्त्वान् दुर्मेधान् वीक्ष्य-
कालतः ॥

पराशरात् सत्यवत्यां अंशं शकलया विभुः ।
अवतीर्णो महाभागः वेदं चक्रे चतुर्विधम् ॥

Under no circumstances and for no reason should the Vedas cease to be learnt. Vyasa's first *upadesa* to us is that even if unable to learn the whole of the Vedas, it is the duty of one to learn at least one part of it and thus save the whole body of Vedas from oblivion.

The first *prasna* of the *Taittiriya Upanishad* which belongs to the *Yajur Veda* contains an exhortation by a teacher to his disciple who has finished his studies. It relates to the way the disciple should conduct himself in the future. It includes the injunctions: 'Speak the Truth' (सत्यं वद) and 'Follow the Path of Dharma' (धर्मं चर)

It has been prescribed that the teachings of the Vedic knowledge should be expounded through the epics and the *puranas* इतिहासपुराणाभ्यां वेदं समुपवृह्मयेत् ।

In accordance with this, Bhagavan Vyasa convincingly instructed mankind about the nature of *Satya* and *Dharma* through his mag-

num opus, the *Mahabharata* which is an encyclopaedia of all that a man should know for the proper ordering of his material and spiritual life. On account of its contents which are valid like the Vedas, the *Mahabharata* has come to be spoken of as the fifth Veda.

Our debt to the sage for this great work that he has vouchsafed to us is acknowledged in the invocation addressed to him:

नमोऽस्तु ते व्यासविशालबुद्धे
फुल्लारविन्दायतपत्रनेत्रे ।
एनत्वया भारततैलपूर्णः प्रज्ज्वालितो ज्ञान-
मयप्रदीपः ॥

Among the treasures which the *Mahabharata* contains, the most precious is the *Bhagavad Gita*. It gives a description of the *Brahmavit* referred to in the third *Prasna* of the *Taittiriya Upanishad*. Through this account, Bhagavan Vyasa instructs us as to how we can rise to that spiritual eminence. This is his second *upadesa* to us.

He teaches us through the *Gita* that we should perform our prescribed *karmas* without attachment to their fruits and that thereby we should acquire purity of mind which is the prime means for the attainment of *Jnana*. In addition to the way of works performed as thus ordained, Bhagavan Vyasa details the *Bhakti-marga* ending his *upadesa* with the words,

सन्मना भव मद्भक्तः मद्याजी मां नमस्कृ

'Direct your mind always to Me, be devoted to Me, worship Me, make obeisance to Me,' and thus instructs us in the way of devotion to God. The

same is beautifully emphasised in the 12th chapter of the *Gita* in the slokas beginning with the words:

अथ चित्तं समाधातुं न शक्नोषि मयि स्थिरम् ।
अभ्यासयोगेन ततो मामिच्छाप्तुं धनंजय ॥

Out of consideration for the weakness of mind and heart, he prescribes forms of action which would take one upward through easy and gradual stages.

In this Kaliyuga so full of enticements and entanglements, it is difficult to traverse other paths. All *puras* are agreed that the path of devotion is the easiest: कलेर्दोषनिधेः राजन् अस्त्येवैको महान्गुणः said sage Vyasa. Through the medium of the *Srimad Bhagavata*, he has shown the way to attain the Lord by means of devotion to Him.

The Sage taught that one's mind should get pure by the performance of one's *svadharma* (one's duties prescribed in accord with one's nature and station in life), that a pure mind alone would qualify one to pursue the way of devotion, that by such devotion one obtains the grace of God which alone in its turn would produce the bent for *Advaitic* knowledge: ईश्वरानुग्रहादेव पुंसामद्वैतवासना । In order that the facts and principles of such *Advaitic* knowledge may be well and truly understood, Vyasa Bhagavan has provided us with that great philosophic classic of all time, the *Brahma Sutras* into which he has distilled the truths of the Upanishads and has enabled us to get rid of the many doubts

that might arise in our minds. A grateful posterity of Vedantic scholars invokes his blessings by saying:

ब्रह्मसूत्रकृते तस्मै वेदव्यासाय वेधसे ।
ज्ञानशक्त्यवताराय नमो भगवतो हरेः ॥

The *Vedas*, the *Mahabharata* with the *Bhagavad Gita* contained in it, the *Bhagavata* and the *Brahma-Sutras* are the eternal bequests of this immortal Sage by which men of differing capacities, stations and circumstances diversely benefit, each according to his need and measure. There is no means of approach to the Supreme which does not find a place in one or the other of these works. Bhagavan Vyasa is a *margadarsi*, without an equal in any country or age, who showed to humanity as a whole the way to pass from the unreal to the Real, from darkness to Light, and from death to Immortality.

To the Hindus, in particular, of all sects and denominations, he is the great Himalayan watershed from which the perennial stream of our immemorial religion flows down the centuries through the length and breadth of Bharatavarsha irrigating the hearts and minds of millions of its votaries and raising a rich and varied harvest of spiritual achievement.

Great cause have we, all of us who call ourselves Hindus, whatever our affiliation, to worship this great Sage in grateful remembrance every day of our lives:

व्यासाय विष्णुरूपाय व्यासरूपाय विष्णवे ।
नमो वै ब्रह्मनिधये वासिष्ठाय नमो नमः ॥

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MUTUAL trust among men and among states cannot begin nor increase except by the recognition of and respect for the moral order.

The moral order does not hold except in God. Cut off from God, it disintegrates. Man, in fact, is not only a material organism but is also a spirit endowed with thought and freedom.

He demands, therefore, a moral and religious order, which bears more than any material value on the directions and solutions it can give to the problems of individual and group-life within the national communities and the relationships among them.

It has been claimed that in an era of scientific and technical triumphs, men can construct their civilization without God.

The truth is that these same scientific and technical advances present human problems of a world-wide scope which can be solved only in the light of a sincere and active faith in God, the beginning and end of in the world.

These truths are confirmed by the ascertainment that the same limitless horizons opened up by scientific research help to give birth to the conviction and develop it that mathematical and scientific notions point out, but do not gather and much less express entirely, the more profound aspects of reality.

The tragic experience that the gigantic forces placed at the disposal of technology can be used for purposes both constructive and destructive makes evident the pressing importance of spiritual values so that the scientific and technical progress may preserve its essentially instructional

....Man separated from God becomes inhuman to himself and to those of his kind....

WHY GOD ?

H. H. Pope John XXIII



....The most fundamental modern error is that of considering religious demands of the human soul as fantasy.... whereas they reveal themselves as what they really are as beings created by God....

character with reference to civilization.

Further, the sense of increasing dissatisfaction which spreads among human beings in the national communities of a high standard of living destroys the illusion of a hoped for Paradise on earth.

But at the same time, the consciousness of inviolable and universal rights becomes ever clearer, and ever more forceful the aspiration for juster and more human relations.

These are all motives which contribute toward making human beings more conscious of their own limitations and toward creating in them a striving for spiritual values; and this cannot be but a happy earnest of a sincere understanding and profitable co-operation.

● ● ●

After all this scientific and technical progress, and even because of it, there remains the problem that the social relationships be reconstructed in a more human balance both in regard to individual political communities and on a world scale.

In the modern era, different ideologies have been devised and spread abroad with this in mind; some have been dissolved as clouds by the sun; others have undergone or are undergoing substantial changes; others have waned much and are losing still more their attraction on the minds of men.

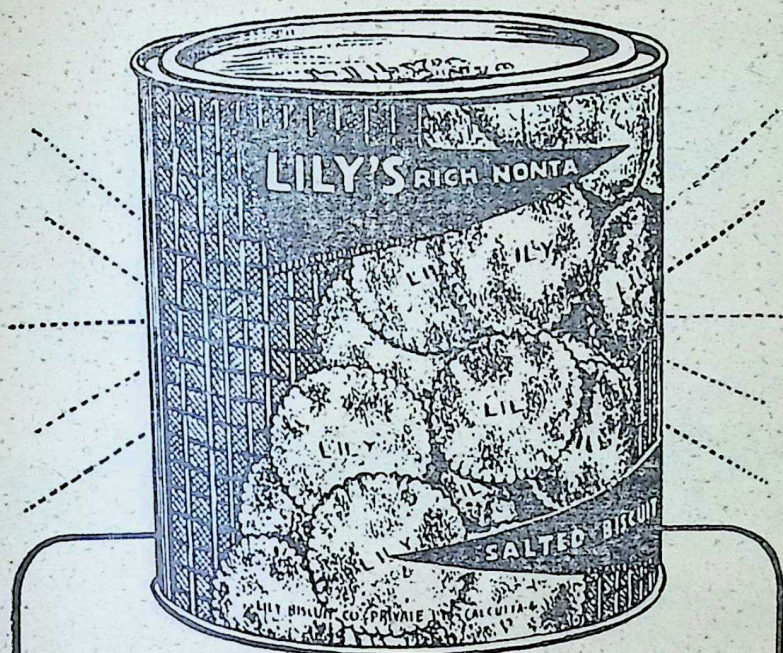
The reason is that they are ideologies which consider only certain and

less profound aspects of man, and this because they do not take into consideration certain inevitable human imperfections, such as sickness and suffering, imperfections which even the most advanced economical social systems cannot eliminate. Then there is the profound and imperishable religious exigence which constantly expresses itself everywhere, even though trampled down by violence or skillfully smothered.

In fact, the most fundamental modern error is that of considering the religious demands of the human soul as an expression of feeling or of fantasy, or a product of some contingent event, and should be thus eliminated as an anachronism and as an obstacle to human progress, whereas by this exigency human beings reveal themselves for what they really are: Beings created by God, and for God, as St. Augustine cries out: "You made us for Thee, O Lord, and our heart is restless until it rests in Thee."

● ● ●

Moreover, whatever the technical and economic progress, there will be neither justice nor peace in this world until men return to a sense of the dignity of creatures and sons of God, the just and final reason of the being of all reality created by him. Man separated from God becomes inhuman to himself and to those of his kind, because the orderly relation of society presupposes the orderly relation of



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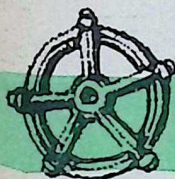


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The image of Nataraja is commonly taken as representing the rhythm of life in its gross form.

In this article, however, its wider significance is explained.

Symbology of Nataraja



B. R. Rajam Iyer

NATARAJA means the Lord of the Stage.

The idea is that the world is a stage, a puppet-show which presents the vision of life and activity through the power of the all-pervading Atman of God, the unseen Lord of the Stage.

"Who will not dance when thou causest him to dance, and who will not sing when thou causest him to sing," says a poet-philosopher. But for the inner Atman all the world will be mere Jada (inert or dead).

The Atman or Self being the real teacher of the human mind, Nataraja is meant to represent the Teacher or Guru.

There are two kinds of Guru—the apparent and the real, the seen and the unseen.

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The former is the teacher who instructs the disciple and takes him along the path—this is what we usually mean by the word Guru: but all teaching really comes from inside, not merely in the sense that the outward apparent teacher is but the instrument employed by Atman or God, but also in the sense that all growth is from within.

The plant, for example, grows from within; the manure, water, etc., are simply helps to its growth.

In the same way, the mind has to grow only from within, assimilating of course the teachings from outside.

Nataraja then is the real Guru concretely represented.

One of the functions of the Guru and perhaps the most important is to *be* what he teaches—to enforce his teachings by example.

It is this idea that is the key-note to the Nataraja symbol.

The little drum in one of the right hands is meant to express the idea that God or Guru holds the cause of all the world i.e., sound (*Sabda Nishtham Jagad*—through sound the world stands) in his hand, in other words, all the world is in his hand, to be folded or unfolded at his own will.

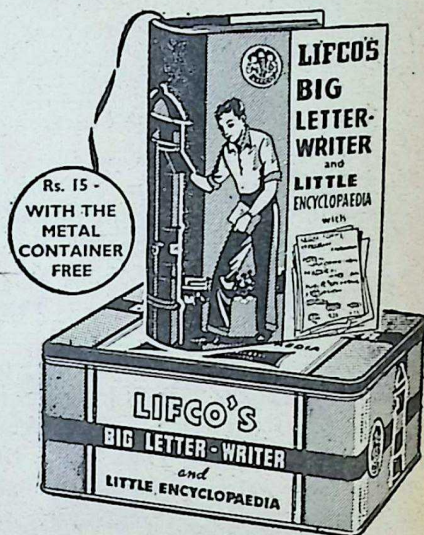
To the Jnani or wise man the world exists only if he chooses and not otherwise.

The deer on one side is the mind, because the latter leaps and jumps from one thing to another as wildly as that animal.

The Atman is far beyond the reach of the deer-like mind; and so the deer in the picture is placed near the legs.

Nataraja wears the skin of a tiger

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which he himself slew. *Ahankara* or the skin of egoism is that tiger; it is beastly and ferocious and fiercely fights when attacked, but it has to be killed and Nataraja the Guru alone can kill it.

On his head he wears the Ganga, i.e., Chit Sakti or wisdom which is most cool and refreshing and the moon which represents the ethereal light and blissfulness of the Atman.

One foot is planted over and crushes the giant *Muyalaka* i.e., *Maha Maya*, the endless illusion which is the cause of birth and death, while the other foot is raised upward and represents the '*turiya*' state, which is beyond and above the three states of waking, dream and dreamless sleep, and leaves behind, the mind, *Maya* and the world.

The second right hand representing the idea of peace indicates the blessed calmness which is the glorious privilege of wisdom.

In one of the left hands is held Agni (fire), i.e., the Guru brings in the Jotis of the Atman itself to attest the truth of his teaching.

The idea is that the truth of the Guru's teaching can only be fully understood on practical realisation, in experience (*Anubhava*).

The place of the dance, the theatre is *Thillaiavanam*, i.e., the body of the individual as well as of the cosmos) spoken of as *vanam* or forest on account of the multitude of its components.

The platform in that theatre is the cremation ground, i.e., the place where all passions and the names and forms that constitute the vision of the world have been burnt up.

consciousness devoid of attachment to anything outside and devoid of illusion.

The above are some of the leading features of the Nataraja symbol.

The Guru teaches that *Maya*—illusion—should be crushed down, that the world should become subject to us and not we to the world, that the deer-like mind should be left behind, and *Ahankara* (egoism) be destroyed, and that man should ascend to the regions of pure, unconditioned consciousness free from passion and free from deception, and enjoy the calmness which is his birthright, the bliss, the light and the truth that form the Self.

Viewed in the light of this inner meaning the image of Nataraja is no more a meaningless idol, a piece of stone or copper but a symbol of the highest teaching, an object that can inspire and elevate.

[In the next issue: *The Symbology of Ranganatha*]

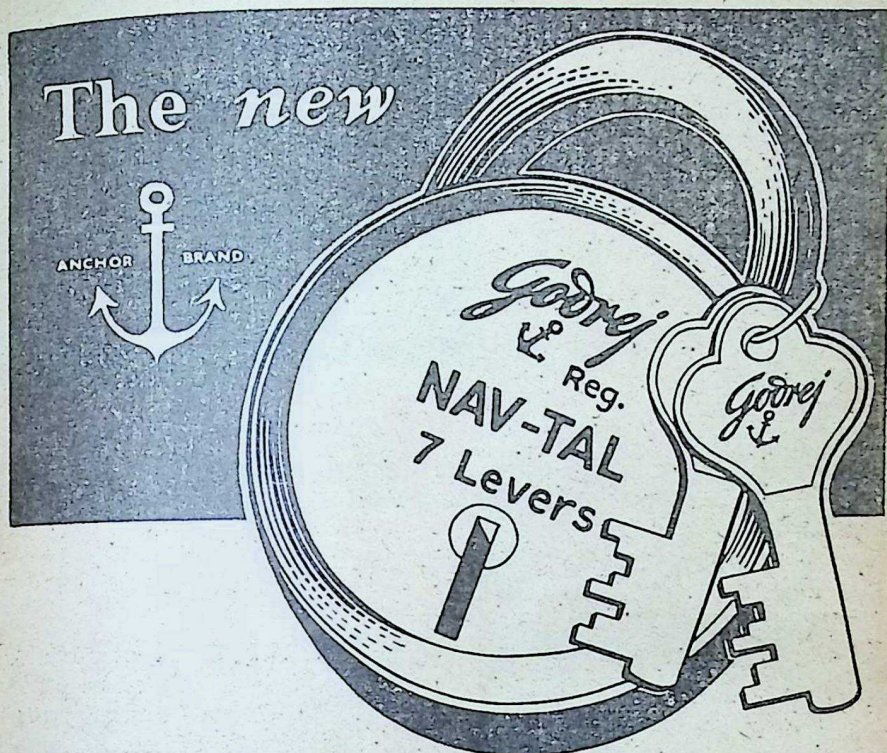
—*—

WHY GOD?—Contd.

one's conscience with God, font of Truth, of justice and of love.

Everyday experience continues to witness to the fact, amidst most bitter delusions and, not rarely, in terms of blood, that as stated in the inspired book: "Unless the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it."

[From Encyclical Letter documented on the 14th of last month]



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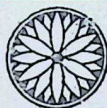
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* Nothing can destroy the fountains of national faith.

* The great secret of spiritual faith is to have a glimpse of God or Truth.



LESS

ACCORDING to our *shastras*, Somnath is one of the twelve *Jyotir lingas*. Naturally, therefore, this temple of Lord Somnath had become the symbol of the wealth, the faith and the culture of India.

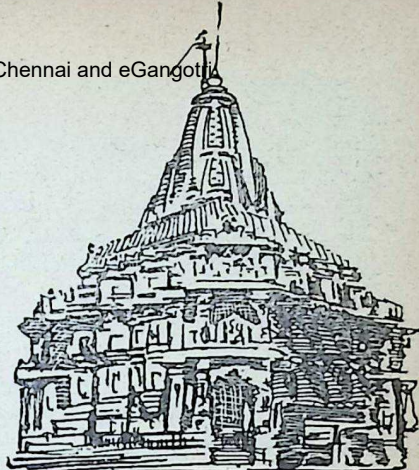
Its feet were washed by the ocean whilst its dome kissed the Heavens.

In its vast quadrangle, innumerable devotees gathered from all the regions and provinces of India to place at the feet of Lord Shankara their boundless devotion and love and their great wealth.

In those days, it was the centre of the faith and the wealth of this country. The fame of its unparalleled glory and wealth had spread to distant regions and countries.

Unfortunately, during several centuries it had to suffer calamity after calamity. Again and again it was desecrated and demolished.

- * Service to and love of fellow human beings is the surest way to God.
- * Religious intolerance can only lead to bitterness and immorality.



SONS OF SOMNATH

Dr. Rajendra Prasad

But, while the external symbols of a national faith may be destroyed, nothing can destroy the fountains of that faith.

It was for this reason that in spite of having numerous calamities there always remained in the hearts of the Indian people an undying faith and respect for this Temple of Lord Somnath.

It ever was their determination to build this temple again every time it was destroyed and they went on doing so time after time.

It is desirable for all of us to realise the great secret of spiritual faith—that to have a glimpse of God or Truth, it is not necessary for all men to follow one and only one path.

On the contrary, if man devotes himself with all love and faith to the service of his fellow human beings and if he dedicates himself to the

establishment of the kingdom of love and beauty on this earth, he would surely be able to realise God whatever may be the manner of his worship.

This great truth had been perceived by our ancient seers and they had proclaimed it to mankind. They had consistently declared that though He is one, yet the wise describe Him in many ways and by many names.

Similarly, according to the *Mahabharata* all paths lead to God just as rivers flow to the ocean.

Unfortunately, this great truth of life and faith was not properly grasped by people in many ages which led to very destructive and terrible wars between different countries and peoples.

It is plain, therefore, that religious intolerance cannot have any other consequences but to produce bitterness

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri
and immorality among men.

This is the lesson of history and I would like all my countrymen to grasp it firmly.

In our country, particularly, it is very necessary that each one of us should realise that the best course is to act with a sense of respect and equality towards every community and creed.

In it lies the welfare of our nation and country and of every one of us.

This faith and conviction has impelled India to adopt the policy of secularism and to give an assurance that there shall be no discrimination on grounds of religion. Everyone would be provided equal opportunities.

In conformity to this ideal, I have respect and affection for all the faiths.

Even though I am a Sanatanis Hindu by faith and daily practice, yet, I believe that every man can reach God by worshipping Him according to the dictates of his own faith.

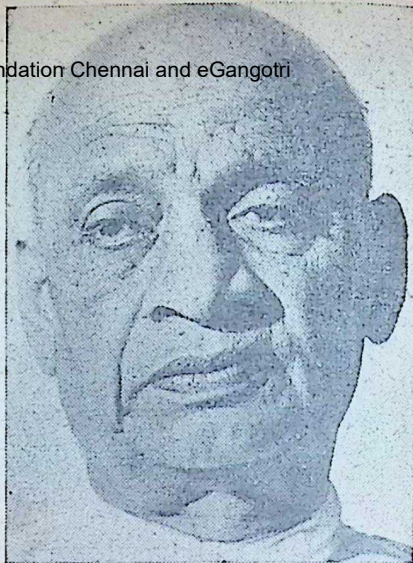
Not only have I respect for all religions and their places of worship but I also go to them to pay my respect whenever possible.

Whenever there is an opportunity, I go to the 'dargah' and the 'masjid' the church and the 'gurudwara' with the same feeling of respect with which I go to the temples of my faith.

It is very plain today that the policy of religious intolerance has always been and shall ever continue to be a failure.

Today, our attempt is not to rectify history.

Our only aim here is to proclaim anew our attachment to the faith, convictions and to the values on which our religion has rested since immemorial ages.



Sardar Patel

We also proclaim to the world that the great truth of spiritual life teaches that every individual should have full independence and opportunities for rising to the highest glory of life to which his experience and natural talents entitle him.

This work of restoration had been started by Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel.

He played a prominent part in weaving the scattered parts of India into a common whole.

An idea had occurred to him that this symbol of the ancient faith of India should be restored to commemorate the restoration of Indian unity.

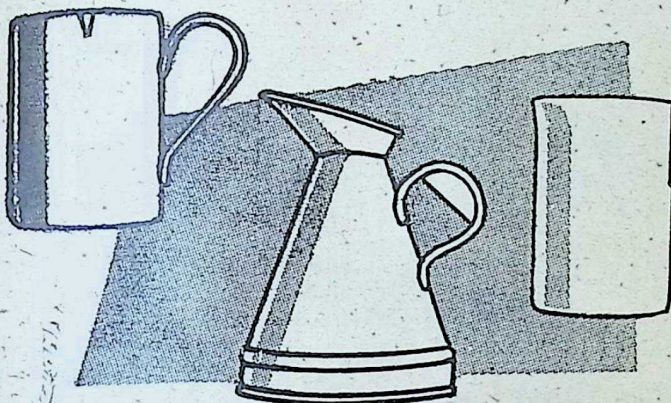
By the grace of God, this dream of Sardar has been fulfilled to a certain extent.

But, it would have been realised fully only on the day when prosperity is restored to our people.

[From his speech at the installation of the National Emblem at Parliament, 1951]

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THE problem facing man is the conflict between the divine and the undivine in him.

Yoga-sutrabhāṣya says that the stream of mind flows in two directions, the one leading to virtue, the other to vice: *citta-nādi nama ubhaya-to vahini, vahati kalyāṇaya, vahati ca papaya*.

To overcome the conflict and integrate the personality is the aim of religion.

This problem has no meaning for beasts and gods as Aristotle says. It concerns the human predicament.

There are different recognized pathways by which the duality is overcome and perfection reached.

In order to see in the world of spiritual reality, we must close our eyes to the world of nature.

The *Katha Upaniṣad* says that man is turned outward by his senses and



The Aim of Religion

so loses contact with his own deepest self.

His soul has become immersed in outer things, in power and possessions.

It must turn round to find its right direction and find the meanings and realities it has missed.

To hear the melodies of spirit, we must shut off the noise of the world.

This is not to renounce the powers of sight, hearing and speech. It is to open the inner eye to spiritual realities, capture the sounds that come from the world of spirit, sing in silence the hymn of praise to the Supreme Being.

... True religious

life must express

itself

in love and aim

at the unity

of mankind . . .

True religious life must express itself in love and aim at the unity of mankind.

Bead necklaces, rosaries, triple paint on forehead, or putting on ashes, pilgrimages, baths in holy rivers, meditation, or image worship do not purify a man as service of fellow-creatures does.

The Hindu dreamed of universal peace and clothed his dreams in imperishable language.

*mata ca parvati devi pita dēvo
mahesvarah
bandhavah sivabhaktas ca svadeso
bhuvana-trayam.
udara-caritanam tu vasudhaiva
kutumbakam
varanasi medini.*

The goal of world unity is to be achieved by *ashimsa* which is insisted on by Hinduism, Buddhism and Jainism.

The fact that the Tamil classic *Tirukkural* is claimed by different religious sects indicates its catholicity. Its emphasis on *ahimsa* or non-violence in its varied applications, ethical, economic and social, shows the importance which ancient Tamil culture gave to it. *Tirukkural* is used by the Buddhists and the Jains, the Saites and the Vaishnavites. It is called *podumurai* or common scripture.

The other two works of Tamil literature *Silappathikaram* and *Manimekhalai*, exalt the virtues of chastity and renunciation.

Even Manu intended the message of India to be of universal application.

etad desa-prasutasya sakasad

agrajanmanah his Sakti

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*svam svam caritram sikseran
prthivyam sarvamanavah.*

All the people of the world would learn from the leaders of this country the lessons for their behaviour.

There is a persistent misunderstanding that we look upon the world as an illusion and this view is attributed to Sankara.

The *Brahma Sutra* clearly makes out that the world is not non-existent, *nabhava upalabdheh*, that it is not a mental aberration, *na svapna-divat*.

Of course Sankara affirms that the world is not Brahman. As the manifestation of Brahman it is real only in a secondary sense; it has what is called *vyavaharika satta*. By no means is it to be dismissed as utterly unreal. It is different from *pratibhasika satta* or illusory existence. Sankara makes out that the world is a progressive manifestation of the Supreme:

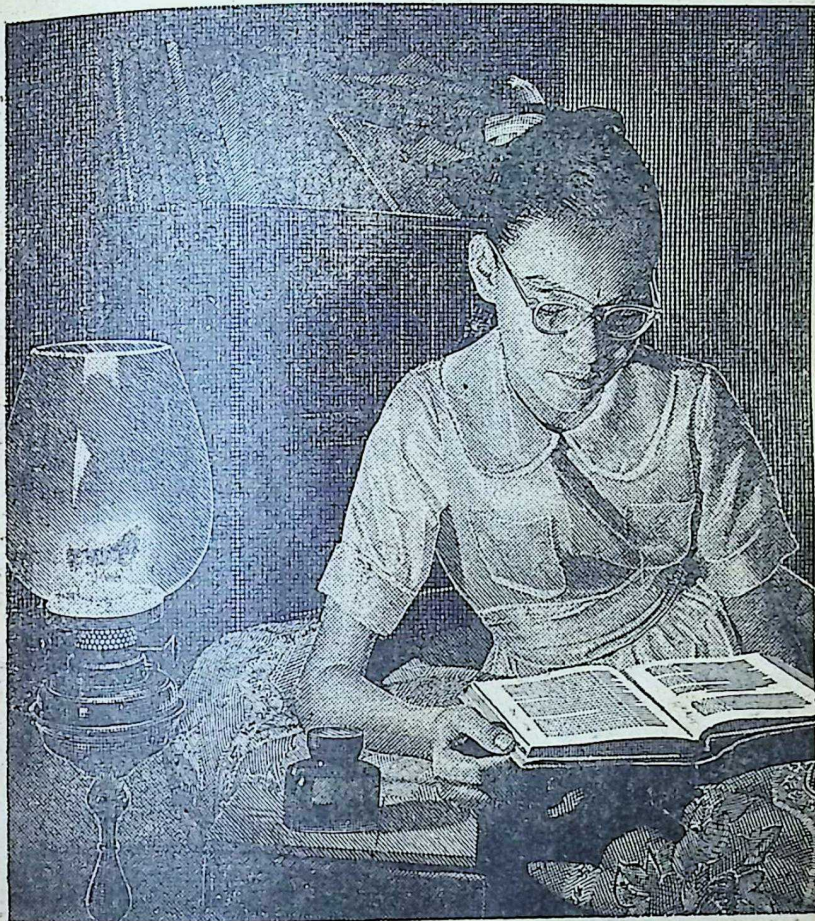
*ekasyapi kutasthasya citta-tara-
tamyat jnanaisvaryanam abhiv-
yaktih parena parena bhuyasi
bhavati.*

I also may mention the following verse:

*Jagat trayam sambhava-nartana
sthali
natadhirajo' tra parah sivah svayam
sabha nato ranga iti vyavasthitih
svarupatah sakti-yutat prapancita.*

The three worlds are but the dancing hall of God Siva. The King of dancers is the Supreme God himself. The audience, actors and the stage are evolved and ordered by the Lord from his own self in association with

The comforts of life are spreading



Rising standards of living are finding their way into the remotest village and are coming within the reach of people with quite modest means. Consider Kerosine, for instance, which by bringing illumination to the humblest home is playing a part in this welcome development. By the end of the Third Plan, Burmah-Shell estimates that

demand for Kerosine will increase by 41.6%. There can be no question that the first priority should be the exploration and production of indigenous crude oil; the second priority must be to expand refining capacity in India. Oil is essential to economic growth and Burmah-Shell believes that

for tomorrow's needs we must act today

*Work Continuously &
Deliberately for*
NATIONAL UNITY*

Jawaharlal Nehru

AFTER 14 years of independence, 14 years of hard work and travail, of considerable success and occasional failure, we have arrived at a critical phase in our national existence. Indeed this critical phase applies to the international scene also, and no man can say what the future may bring to this afflicted world.

But our immediate concern is inevitably our own country and the hundreds of millions of people who inhabit it. Even our service to the world can best be achieved through our serving our own people.

We have started on the Third Five-Year Plan. This is a mighty effort based on the strong foundations laid in the First and Second Five-Year Plans, and aiming still higher. We are determined to succeed in this great adventure.

We have faith in it because we have faith in our people, and it is the hard work and co-operative spirit of our

** From his appeal to the Services.*

people that will bring success and the advancement of our people to greater prosperity and equality of opportunity.

The Third Plan will, we hope, take us out of the rut of poverty that has brought so much unhappiness and degradation to our millions.

In particular, I would appeal to each one of us to work continuously and deliberately for the promotion of national unity and emotional integration of all our people. Thousands of years of history has conditioned our people and made our country what it is—an abiding unity and, at the same time, great diversity. People of many religions live in this country, many great languages flourish among our people.

And yet, in spite of this variety, there has been a deeper unity which has held us together. Each one of us must realise that the only future for India and her people is one of tolerance and co-operation which have been the basis of our culture from ages past.

We have laid down in our Constitution that India is a secular State. That does not mean irreligion. It means equal respect for all faiths and equal opportunities for those who profess any faith. We have, therefore, always to keep in mind this vital aspect of our culture which is also of the highest importance in the India of today.

Those who put up barriers between one Indian and another and who promote disruptive tendencies do not serve the cause of India or her culture. They weaken us at home and

Although we have had independence for over twelve years, we cannot claim that we have succeeded in establishing and bringing about a complete co-ordination and integration of divergent forces under a compelling realisation of nationhood. This realisation of nationhood can and does afford to ignore differences and even contradictions and places the interest of the nation as a whole above all sectional considerations, whether they arise on account of difference of language, of region, of religion or even of economic stratification and political ideology. This problem has to be tackled in all seriousness and its satisfactory solution will be a sure guarantee not only of the unity of the country but also of its freedom.

—President Rajendra Prasad.

discredit us abroad. Therefore, it is of the utmost importance that we should work for this emotional integration of India.

This applies to linguistic differences also. It is our proud privilege to have great languages, intimately connected with each other. Let us serve them all and not consider any language which is not our own mother-tongue as something alien. All these languages have grown up through the ages and are of the flesh and blood of India. If any one is injured that injury is of India.

I appeal, therefore, for this conscious effort on the part of all of us for the emotional integration of all our people. I want this translated into the day-to-day activities of ours, official or non-official, so that we may build up the India of our dreams.



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Supplement to 'Bhavan's Journal' Annual, 1961.



KAKUBHA RAGINI

science philosophy and religion

C. Rajagopalachari

THE way to obtain a vision of the Divine Presence is not by discussion, by learning or through the intellect, but only through Bhakti, that is by appealing to God Himself through prayer. The *Katha-Upanishad* says: *Naayamatma prava-
chanena labhyo na medhayaa na
bahunaa srutaa*

Let us not confound scholarship in the *Gita* or other scriptures with piety or religion. One can be a very good Sanskrit scholar, can study and be an adept in all great Sri Sankaracharya's writings, but still be far from religion or the pious life. We can teach a monkey to play a number of tricks skillfully and well. But though dressed



in pants and coat and turban or hat and though doing things just like a gentleman, perhaps sometimes even better than a gentleman, the monkey is still a monkey. There is no real and full integration between the thing done, the external, and the mind that brings it about. The monkey does it all not because it knows it is good, but because it is compelled to do it and has learnt it. One's external equipment and learning may be all just that of a religious man, but the question is whether your mind is devoted to God apart from learning.

If in the mind there is no piety and no love of God, any amount of Sanskrit scholarship just amounts to the clever tricks of a monkey, and is not true religion. Do you wish to be pious or do you wish to be only a good scholar? The former makes for the grace of God, makes you good. The latter makes only for pedantry to feed ambition or to satisfy some other lower instinct. That is why the Rishi said "Not by disquisitions, not by keenness of intellect, or by much learning can you see God, but only when your heart truly yearns for the vision of God and you obtain His grace". We have many scholars and philosophers. But what we want is that we should be good and pious men.

We have many problems facing us in our new life as a nation. There is great need for reviving moral and spiritual values and developing afresh internal sanctions for good conduct as distinguished from external regulations. "We should seek a renewal of the spiritual life as a solution to many of the problems which plague us to-

day", said Mr. Truman when he was President of the United States.

In industry and commerce, and in other lines of public service we require truly religious men. Let us not read the scriptures for display of learning, but turn our minds to God. Wherever we are, whatever we are doing, we are in the presence of God who is Father and Mother to us all. Let us give that Great Father-Mother our love.

Let us do nothing that our Mother will be sad or ashamed about.

Whatever work we may be doing, let us remember God all along. This is the lesson of the *Gita*.

Practising the presence of God is Yoga. Brother Lawrence, a cook in a Carmelite monastery was the first to use this phrase of the 'practice of the presence of God'. He wrote no book. Exalted personages came from afar to the monastery with the single purpose of having a talk with that cook! They have left some notes of conversation from which it appears that Brother Lawrence had in his experience found that the best method of worship and prayer was that of doing the common business of the day without any view of pleasing men, but in the knowledge of God's companionship in every task however mean or common. He said that it was a great delusion to think that the time for prayer ought to be separately set aside. The time devoted to the work of the day was also the time for prayer and remembrance of God. This is indeed what the *Gita* teaches as the way of doing all work and making it an act of worship as well as work. Let every task be done

....The border line between science and religion is what we call metaphysics....

in company with Him. What better fellow-worker can we have than the loving Being who is ever with us if only we desire that company? "O, my poor heart" sang the Aalwaar. "Do not be downcast, the Best Friend is always by you. Those that want Him have him at call. He that lies on the Cosmic Ocean, He who is worshipped in the temple on the Venkata Hills, He dwells indeed in the heart of man".

One may ask: "What you say is all right. But is there God? May we pray thus—O God, if there be a God, save my soul, if I have a soul?"

Take a tamarind seed or the tiny seeds of a *papaya* fruit or the still tinier seed of an *amrod* fruit. In that insignificant looking little thing is encased something mysterious. Put the seed in the moist earth. It sprouts and grows and becomes the big *amrod* or tamarind or other tree with all its spreading branches, leaves, flowers and fruits with the flavour and all the qualities of shape, colour and substance appertaining to it. All this is packed into the tiny seed with absolutely insured perfection.

Take the egg of a hen. Break it and see what there is in it—a sticky fluid with a little yellow part. You see nothing particular in it. Yet the egg, kept warm for a few days under proper conditions provided by the mother-bird brooding over it or in an artificial incubator, out emerges a living, moving thing which grows with wings and feathers, the colour, manners and voice of the bird to which

it belongs. How does all this happen as if to order? Take the microscope and examine the fluid in the egg. You will see nothing of the peacock or the parrot in it. Yet it knows exactly what to become and it becomes that.

All this is wonderful. And if we knew what is in a mother's womb where the human egg is laid and protected from harm, we could see that a tiny bit of living matter, no bigger than a pin-head is that out of which this wonderful being, man, comes to be, with all his organs and his most marvellous memory and knowing mind. All this most wonderful potentiality was carefully packed and encased in that little human egg which was only as big as a full-stop point in a printed page.

If in school and college, we learnt not only to read and to compute but were also trained how to think and marvel at all this that goes on without fuss or jolt, quietly, sweetly, harmoniously as a song is sung, then we prepare ourselves for true religion and ordered reverential life. Science is not the enemy of religion but a preparation for it.

Science 'explains' all these wonders, that is, puts things in proper order of cause and sequence up to a point. When we proceed to examine the fundamentals of things and go deep down in that examination, we go beyond science into the region of metaphysics. The border line between science and religion is what we call metaphysics. Metaphysics is mainly

negative. It furnishes the reason-why for religion.

The great advance of science fills up the territory of science with more and more known points, but this does not take us across the border. If we take up any book of physics, we find the preliminary chapters giving some definitions which students commit to memory. The words used are simple, but it is not easy to understand the full meaning of those definitions. This is because these deal with things on the border line. What is 'cause' and what is 'effect'? What is a 'law' in science? These seem to be pretty simple, but really are not so easy to grasp as they appear. Physical phenomena follow certain sequences. These sequences are set out by men of science as a result of numerous observations, observations being planned for the purpose. Planned observations are called experiments.

Supposing you observe a number of cricket matches. Suppose you have no book setting out the rules of the game and you know nothing about how it all goes on. You simply observe what takes place in a series of cricket matches. You see the players coming in and going out when something happens. You see the figures on the score-board changing from time to time. You see at the end of the game congratulations and excitement. If you observe numerous matches and observed and noted all the events accurately in the order in which they took place, you could find out the rules of the game even though you did not have anyone to tell you the rules. When you discover the rules

by such a process, you are a scientist.

Nature's game is played in a particular way and according to rules which are not published first. No one knows how it all came about. No club organised it. Scientists observe hundreds and thousands of events and make out a fairly accurate list of sequences or 'laws' as a result of analysis of their observations. This is what we call discovery of the laws of nature.

Imagine someone suddenly brought into the world of cricket without any information given to him of how the game is organised by clubs and associations. He would think that when a ball hits the wicket, a player goes back to the pavilion. One is called the cause and the other the effect. Again, if a ball is caught by someone the player goes to the pavilion. This is also another cause-and-effect phenomenon. You can imagine a savage thinking in this way until he feels he knows all about the game.

Pass on from cricket to the world of nature. Men of science have seen and recorded causes and effects. After laborious observation and experiment and careful analysis, they have put down many rules according to which these events take place. The catalogue of sequences or causes and effects, that is, the series of laws of nature discovered by men of science closely resembles a very intelligent guess of the rules of the game of cricket made by observation of a number of matches. The sequences observed by scientists are simplified and yet more simplified. The greater the simplification of the code of science, the

greater the joy and satisfaction of the scientist. But all the same they are just classified observations, says the metaphysician. They do not explain. The Organiser and Conductor of the game of nature is not available for questioning. Hence we get to fancy that the game goes on by itself and we deny His very existence.

Let us now read a few slokas from Chapter IX of the *Bhagavad-Gita*:

*Mayaa tatam idam sarvam jagada-
vyaktamoortina ;
matsthaani sarvabhootaani na cha-
gham teshvavasthitah.*

"All this world is pervaded by Me in form unmanifest; all beings abide in Me, but I stand apart from them." (IX-4)

*Na cha matsthaani bhootaani pasya
me yogam Aiswaram ;
Bhootabhrit na cha bhootastho
mamaatmaa bhootabhaavanah.*

"And yet beings are not rooted in Me; Behold the scheme of My sovereignty; Myself, the origin and the support of beings, yet standing apart from them". (IX-5)

*Prakritim svaam avasthabhya visri-
jaami punah punah ;
Bhootagraamam imam krtsnam ava-
sam prakriter vasaat.*

"Using Nature which is Mine own, I create, again and again, all this multitude of beings dependent on and bound by Nature". (IX-8)

*Mayaadhyakshena prakritih sooyate-
sacharaacharam ;
Hetunaanena kaunteya jagad vipari-
vartate.*

"Under My over-seeing eye, Nature brings forth the moving and the unmoving and keeps the world rolling on". (IX-10)

The Supreme Power has arranged

things so that they go on by themselves. He need not intervene. He has transferred all power to the things themselves. It is a grand and perfect scheme of decentralization. He is ever working and yet He is not seen to be working. The machinery works by itself once it is started. We that observe and are curious, sceptical or credulous, we too are all parts of this great machine. We cannot get out of it and look through the windows into the Engineer's residence or workshop. This is the predicament of man who is himself the most wonderful part of the universe. It is not surprising, therefore that some men say the machine is all automatic and there is nothing else, that there is no Engineer. The very smoothness and efficiency of the working of the machine leads to this notion.

The *Chaandogya Upanishad* is a very old scripture and one that may be classed among the greatest books of the ancient world:

*Sadeva soumyedam agra aasideka-
mevaadviteeyam,
taddhaika aahurasadevedamagra
aasidekamevaadviteeyam
tasmaadasatah sajjayata.*

"Dear boy! The Real existed in the beginning alone and by itself. Then the world came out of it. About this others say: No, in the beginning there was a void and nothing else; from that void was produced the world". (*Chaandogya*, *Adhyaaya VI*, *Khaanda 2*, *Mantra 1*).

*Kutastu khalu soumyaivam syaaditi
hovacha kathamasatah
sajjayeteti satveva soumyedamagra
aasidekamevaadviteeyam.*

"But child, that could not be" said

....*Darwin's theory eliminated the fact that God works through evolution....*

"How from nothing could come something? It is not possible. Therefore, in the beginning was God, all by Himself, out of Whom came all else."

"Nothing can come out of nothing" says the Rishi to his pupil. "Look round and see this vast universe. See specially man and his mind. Can all this simply come out of nothing and run on by itself? How could anything come out of nothing? All these must have issued out of something that transcends the qualities of what we see."

The thinkers of our land conceived from very early times what may be called the process of evolution. They saw by intuition that the multiplicity of phenomena in the universe could result out of evolution from simple origins. But they also saw that the process of evolution by itself could not do away with the need for the basic Power and Primary Origin, however simple it might be. *Sat* cannot come out of *Asat*. *Sat* could come only out of *Sat*.

The name of Darwin is well-known. He was a saint among scientists. He was not only a great and industrious man of science but a very good man, one who was respected for his integrity and saint-like character as much as for his genius and industry. He and some others of his time worked out a theory of evolution to explain how the numerous forms of life that can be observed in the world came to exist, that is to say, how the various species of life among plants, insects, birds, fish and animals came to be.

The theory is that one variety grows out of another variety and thus the innumerable species of life come to exist. This theory eliminated the belief that God created man and all other varieties of life together as set out in the first chapter of the *Old Testament* of the *Bible*. Naturally all the orthodox Christians in the Western world condemned these speculations as irreligious. In India however the teachers of religion and philosophy from time immemorial assumed that God worked through evolution. In India, the theory of evolution, as the Indian philosophers conceived it, did not dispute God.

Take for granted that a variety of a certain plant has come to exist. By some accident or unknown reason, the plant puts forth leaves of a slightly different shape from the leaves of its parent. This variation helps to absorb more of sunlight in the circumstances in which the plant grows and thereby this variety flourished better and multiplied. Hence a new variety of the plant came to exist. This illustrates the origin and conservation of a new species by survival. Variations occurred in plant and animal life and being fitter for survival in the conditions prevailing, these variations flourished and multiplied. This is how innumerable species came to exist in the world and are still being formed. This is the theory going by the name. Evolution.

We all know that the characteristics of the parent are transmitted to the offspring, but occasionally a varia-

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tion is exhibited. If this variation happens to assist its survival in the struggle for nutrition and existence, the variation is made permanent and becomes a basis for a new variety. This is the theory of automatic evolution of species by survival. This theory was so amply demonstrated and so beautifully explained that science swore by it and considered it as a New Bible. I do not say that this is wrong. I only wish to point out that the theory of evolution does not solve the mystery of the Universe, but only bypasses it.

How did life start out of dead matter? Lifeless inorganic matter is something different from a living cell that grows and builds itself from its surroundings, multiplies and lives, so to say, immortally. The origin of the living cell somehow is assumed. Out of that we can theorise and build up the rest of the living world by a theory of evolution. Again although the main plank of the theory of evolution is the principle of heredity, of the transfer of characteristics from parent to offspring, both in plants and animals, the other equally essential basis in the evolutionary theory is the inexplicable occurrence of variations contrary to the hereditary principle. On this occurrence of variations and their fitness for survival rests the origin of species as expounded by Darwin. The occurrence of a variation almost as if nature desired to produce a new species is a mystery unexplained by that theory. Thus the theory of natural selection just bypasses the mystery of life.

We push the unknown into two

corners, (1) the occurrence of life out of non-life, (2) the occurrence of variations to give the start to a favourable condition for the evolution of a new species. I have said all this to show that despite the most fascinating advance made by science, the mystery of life still remains a mystery.

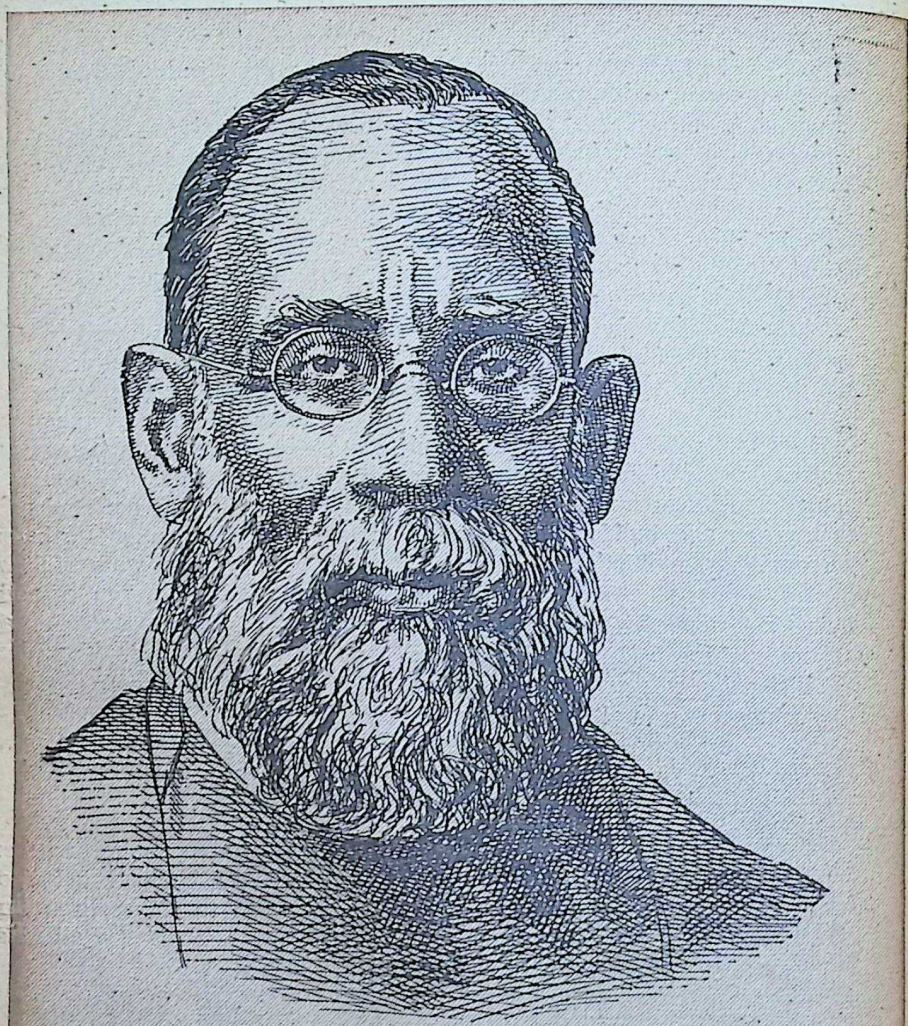
As they have split the atom and almost demonstrated that it consists only of energy and nothing else, so they may one day succeed in splitting the living cell and discover what goes to make life. Science may then claim that the secret of the evolution of life out of dead matter has been unveiled. But even then, the unknown Power behind what is seen must remain unknown, as unknown as ever before.

"Dear boy, this wonderful world could not be born just out of nothing. *Asat* cannot produce *Sat*. *Sat* alone can produce *Sat*. Therefore believe". So said the Rishi in *Chaandogya Upanishad*. That truth holds even now. We should not be confused by the brilliance of scientific discoveries into thinking that God is negated thereby. All these great wonders must come out of something more wonderful. And that is God. This simple process of reasoning, as old as man himself and on which is founded all religion, is still valid.

The discoveries of science and our increased knowledge of the material world are no answers to the call of religion. There is behind the world of material phenomena a Mystery that calls for awe and reverence and faith as distinguished from inquiry. Man's attitude towards this mystery that Kades behind the phenomenal world is

(Please see page 74)

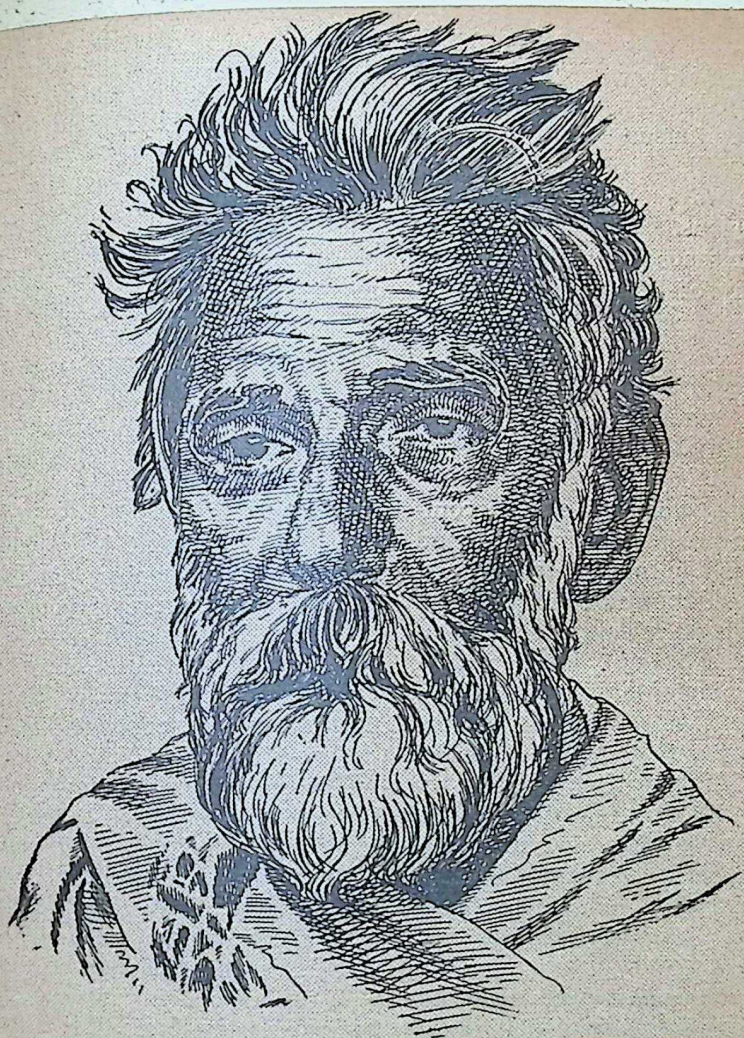
Homage



SRI SURENDRANATH BANERJEA

[1848-1925]

Here is his message to the nation: "There is no standing still in this world of God's providence. Move on we must with eyes reverently fixed on the past, with a loving concern for the present, and with deep solicitude for the future." Today is his *Punyatithi*.



ACHARYA PRAFULLA CHANDRA RAY

[b. August 2, 1861, d. June 16, 1944]

His birth Centenary was celebrated on August 2, 1961. Of him Tagore wrote: "In the Upanishads the One said, 'I shall be many.' The beginning of creation is a move towards self-immolation. Acharya Prafulla Chandra has become many in his students and has made his heart alive in the hearts of many."

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.... There is behind the *Mystery that calls for awe and reverence.... Man's attitude towards this mystery is what is called Religion....*

what is called Religion. As a corollary to that attitude, all religions lay down the way of life for their respective followers and human society has held together as a result of the loyalty of men to the ways of life dictated by various religions.

The Upanishads and the *Gita* contain the way of life which by tradition has been accepted by the people of India.

What does the *Gita* teach us? Every moment, our thoughts and our activities shape our future. As a result of each thought which we entertain and dwell on, and each act we commit, we become pure or impure, good or bad, more and more restrained and capable of self-control, or less and less so and slaves of evil urges. Every moment we shape our character as a goldsmith shapes his jewels on the anvil, each stroke of his hammer corresponding to each thought, word and act of ours. Therefore it follows that by self-control and enlightened thought and action we can free our souls from evil and improve ourselves. The *Gita* tells us how to do it. Yoga is the name given in the *Gita* to efforts at self-improvement.

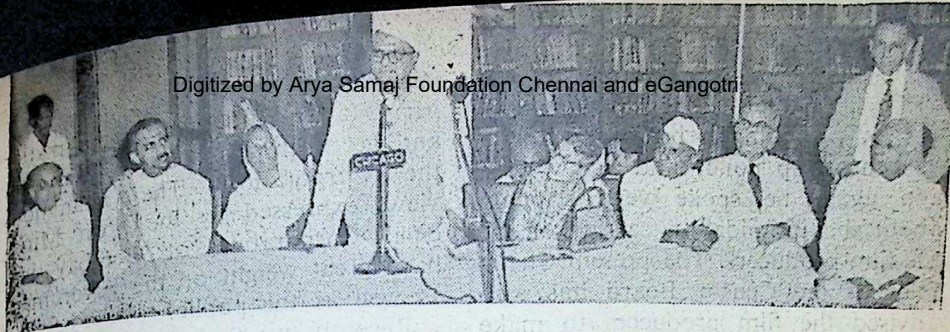
Yoga is not tricks done with our muscles or our breath or exhibitions of physical skill and practice. Yoga is the effort to purify our character. Yoga is the general name given to those mental operations which we should practise in order to make the mind clean and remain pure without difficulty.

What are these efforts? (1) Do your

allotted duties properly and unselfishly. Duties come to you by reason of your fitness, by your place in society or by accident. Do always what is good for others. Hesitate when what you do is for your own good, and consider whether it is good for others around you. (2) Do not be disturbed by success or defeat. Think of God Who guides and orders everything and Who alone knows what is ultimately good. Remember that others are as much children of the Universal Mother as you are. (3) Keep your senses of pleasure under control. Regulate your daily routine so that the purity of your mind is not disturbed. (4) Always remember that the mind is the chief fortress. If you let it go, you lose the battle. Impure or selfish thoughts hand over the mind-fort to the enemy. (5) Periodically meditate on God and surrender yourself to the Father-Mother.

You may often fail in these efforts. But every effort adds strength to your soul. These efforts are to the soul what physical exercise is to the body. You may not see immediate results, but they strengthen the soul.

This is the teaching of the *Gita*. It is not a book for study and examination as a text-book. It is a book that tells men how to regulate their activities and their minds. It is like a railway guide. It is a guide-book for the journey of life. We should travel with its help, not commit it to memory. Merely committing it to memory will not enable us to reach the journey's end.



Do Not Mislead the People and Do Not Raise False Cries

APPEAL TO FILM INDUSTRY

Lilavati Munshi

[On July 11, 1961 at the annual meeting organised by the 'Society for the Prevention of Unhealthy Trends in Motion Pictures' at the Gita Mandir of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Smt. Lilavati Munshi delivered the following speech. Sri Worlikar, Mayor of Bombay, presided.]

THE Society for Prevention of Unhealthy Trends in Motion Pictures completed its second year on the 20th June 1960. At this juncture we wish to take stock of its two years' work and to demand from the Film Industry good and clean pictures.

Mr. Mayor, we are happy that you are here this evening amongst us. Your presence here gives us strength and inspiration. You are the first citizen of this renowned city and your voice will have great weight amongst not only the citizens of Bombay, but even people outside. I am happy to say that your two predecessors equally encouraged us in this work. Sri Borale presided over one of our sym-

posiums and very emphatically supported our cause. Sri Desai also on various occasions gave us his support.

Mr. Mayor, we have the satisfaction to think that atleast we have made the public conscious of the evil of sex and crime pictures. Not only people have been awoken, but the cry raised by the Society has been taken up by the people and associations in many parts of India. They have started raising their voices against the evil influence of the unhealthy pictures. Even the great Bhudan leader Acharya Vinoba Bhave, our respected President Dr. Rajendra Prasad, Vice-President Dr. Radhakrishnan, Sri Dheerubhai, Sri Munshi and several other prominent personalities have raised their powerful voices against the influence of unhealthy pictures on the public mind. The Government and the Censor Board have also taken notice of the agitation and are waking up to their duty to the public. Even Dr. B.V. Keskar, Minister for Information and Public Relations, sometime ago came out with a statement in the

Parliament that the Government is seriously thinking to be more strict in its censorship policy and a few days ago again he spoke very strongly about the intimidation carried on by the film producers. The present Chairman of the Censor Board has also advised the film producers to make pictures of better quality as it was felt that the public opinion is against the present trend of sex and crime pictures.

We had passed a resolution for starting a signature campaign against the unhealthy trends in motion pictures. About ten thousand signatures were submitted in instalments to Dr. B.V. Keskar, Minister for Information and Broadcasting, Government of India. The campaign for further signatures was not continued because these signatures were meant only to show the Government the strength of the public opinion and we feel that the purpose of taking signatures is amply served. In case it becomes necessary it can be taken up again.

In February last the members of our Society had a meeting with different leaders of the Municipal Corporation, and I believe Mr. Mayor, you were also present in that meeting. It was suggested that an all-party resolution expressing the views of the Corporation against unhealthy trends in motion pictures be tabled and that this question should be treated as a non-party question. The leaders of the various parties in the Corporation who were present agreed with this view, but it was rightly suggested by the then Mayor that in view of the impending election such a move should be made after the elections were over. Now public opinion in the Corporation is elected, we hope that you

Mr. Mayor will take up the matter and get such a resolution passed in the Corporation. The unanimous views expressed by the great Municipal Corporation of Bombay will have great weight on the government as well as the public.

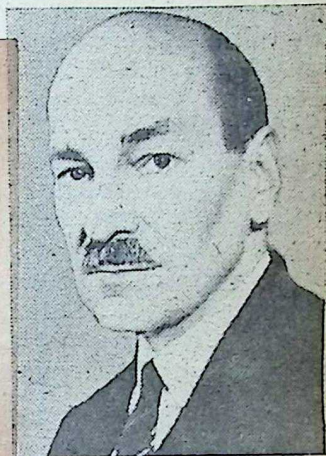
Recently we find that not only in India, but in many other countries, the effect of the present trends in motion pictures and the obscene literature is being increasingly felt. In America and England—lands of free thought and enterprise, people are waking up to the deterioration of morals and spread of crime-wave among younger generation and it is increasingly felt that it is more due to the influence of the crime and sex-pictures than any other single factor. The unruly behaviour of the youth, sex orgies as reported in newspapers, the behaviour pattern of the students are all portent to the same direction. Unfortunately, the same pattern to some extent is being followed in some of the big cities in India. We are sorry to note that some of the writers, in the name of intellectual freedom support unhealthy pictures and obscene literature. Some of them have taken up cudgels against censors and have tried to over-awe them when even a mild attempt is made by them to check the prevailing anarchy. They shout that in one or two poems Gandhiji's and Nehru's names were cut down by the Censors, but they do not say that these names were used only for the publicity value and Sri Nehru himself objects to his name being used for such purposes. Probably, he must have informed the Censors not to allow it. And against these

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(Contd. on page 88)

... India achieved in 1947 what had taken centuries of struggle in Britain ...

Growth of PARLIAMENTARY DEMOCRACY in Britain



EARL ATTLEE

DURING my lifetime I have seen the transformation of the British Empire into the Commonwealth. There has been the full acceptance by all Parties, Conservative as well as Labour and Liberal, of the right of self-determination of all peoples and its practical implementation, first in the old colonies of Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa; then in Asia, in India, Pakistan, Ceylon and Malaya; and then in Africa, in Ghana and Nigeria. The process is continuing in both continents and in the West Indies.

But it is noteworthy that the transference of power is not to autocratic rulers or to oligarchies, but to the people. The demand for self-government is always today accompanied by the demand for democracy. There is no doubt to the rising generations seems

natural, and it is not always realised how recent is the acceptance of democracy in Britain. In the long history of the British Parliament, democracy is a very late phase. The slogan of the first world war—'To make the world safe for democracy' would have horrified Queen Victoria, for in her day the word implied everything subversive of the established order. She objected strongly when her Prime Minister, Gladstone, addressed the masses at public meetings, while Lord Salisbury, the Prime Minister of my youth, had an intense dislike for the system.

The denial of the right of self-determination to overseas subjects of the Crown was quite natural to those who refused it to the majority of their own fellow-countrymen at home. Only the lesson of the revolt of the

American colonies warned the ruling classes of the danger of refusing their rights to their kith and kin overseas. Britain did not really become a democracy until after the first world war.

We look back in our Parliamentary institution to the struggle of King and Parliament in the seventeenth century and our ceremonial enshrines memories of that contest, as in our slamming the door in the face of the King's messenger. That contest was between Crown and Parliament, but Parliament was still representative of the propertied classes, both in the Lords and House of Commons. It is only in the revolutionary debates of the Cromwellian army that the voice of democracy is heard in Rainborough's declaration that the poorest he in England has a life to life as the greatest he.

The victory of Parliament over the Stuart Kings, completed by the resistance to the attempt of George III to rule instead of merely to reign, ensured the predominance of the Lords and Commons over the monarchical element in the British constitution, though it was not until after the death of Queen Victoria that the Monarch really accepted the ideal of the constitutional monarch, propounded by publicists such as Bagehot and other writers on the Constitution.

But this victory did not mean a victory for democracy. Power passed to the propertied classes. The great families entrenched in the House of Lords largely controlled the membership of the Commons. The mass of the people had no say in electing their members of Parliament, although no

doubt on occasions and in particular places attention had to be paid to the popular voice. Although the Commons, through the power of the purse, became the more potent of the two Houses of Parliament, yet Ministers were drawn mainly from the House of Lords and mere commoners like Burke, despite their abilities, had to be content with minor offices. Walpole and the two Pitts had to govern with colleagues mostly from the non-elected house.

The great Reform Bill went only a very little way on the road to democracy. In effect it enabled the moneyed classes to share power with the landed interest. The radical elements who sought power for the people were disappointed. Parliament in the nineteenth century was still undemocratic in the sense that only a minority of the people had the vote. Power remained with the propertied classes.

There were only about 1,000,000 electors in 1832. Successive reform widened the franchise, but every increase was viewed with the gravest suspicion as tending to democracy. It was not until 1875 that organised labour in the persons of Alexander Macdonald and Thomas Burt had its first representatives in the House of Commons, while women had to wait until 1918 before their rights as citizens were conceded.

The redress of gross inequalities in the number of voters in the constituencies is very recent. I can myself remember elections where little towns like Whitehaven returned a member with just over 1,000 votes as against Wandsworth's 20,000 or 30,000. The abolition of plural voting is still more

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.....The full acceptance of the spirit of Democracy is far more important than a meticulous constitution which does not in practice work.....

recent, for the University vote was only abolished by the Government of which I was Prime Minister.

Thus, India after a very short period of limited franchises under partially democratic institutions achieved in 1947 what had taken centuries of struggle to win in Britain.

But this slow conquest of power for the people in the House of Commons was only part of the fight for democracy. There remained the unrepresentative part of the Constitution, the House of Lords.

An examination of the personnel of Ministries throughout the nineteenth century shows how great was still the power of the House of Lords. As late as 1886, the Liberal Cabinet of Gladstone contained six Peers to eight commoners. I can recall very well the great struggle of the Commons with the Lords which began in 1909 when the Lords threw out the Budget.

Despite the enormous majority won by the Liberal Party in 1906 the House of Lords threw out, one after another, the Bills passed by the Liberal Government, and it was only after a great fight that the Parliament Act was passed restricting the power of the House of Lords to that of delay. Two great world wars changed the climate of opinion. The heady violence of the Lords in 1910 was replaced by their wise acceptance of the measures of the Labour Government of 1945, although a measure restricting further their powers of delay.

posing delay was passed under the Parliament Act in 1950.

Like so much else in the British Constitution, much is left to convention. Although the House of Lords still has certain powers, it is most unlikely that it would use them. Similarly the Monarch has certain powers which are never likely to be invoked. It may also be noted that in the last decade a number of men of working-class origin and very small incomes have entered the House of Lords, while life Peers and Peeresses have diluted the hereditary element.

Thus over the years the acceptance of the principles and the exercise of the practice of democracy has made Britain the outstanding example of a successful democracy. No doubt there are more democratic constitutions existing in the world today, but so often they seem to break down in the working and to breed dictatorships. The full acceptance of the spirit of democracy is far more important than a meticulous constitution which does not in practice work. I would claim that, despite the maintenance of monarchical and oligarchical elements, the British system is the best example of democracy and especially of Parliamentary democracy.

Complaints are sometimes heard that Governments today are too powerful and Parliament too subservient, but I do not think that they are well founded. Government is more complex today and its content much

greater than formerly, while the unsettled state of the world does not allow of the easy-going methods of the past. Yet anyone with long experience of Parliament knows that no Government can flout the House of Commons. The House, without distinction of Party, is very tenacious of its rights. The successful working of democracy involves a delicate balance between the right of the majority to govern and the right of minorities to voice their views and to criticise. I claim that nowhere else is this balance so well maintained as in the Parliament of Britain.

There are two points of particular importance that I would stress. The first is the recognition of the necessity for there being an Opposition. Since 1936 this has been recognised by the payment of a salary to the Opposition

Leader. So vital is this that when in the second world war all Parties rallied to the Government, we created a synthetic Leader of the Opposition, who carried out the functions although actually a supporter of the Government.

The second is the institution of Question Time, a thing which was only developed fully in the last hundred years. Four days a week Ministers have to face a barrage of questions on their policy and administration ranging from those dealing with matters of world importance to the grievances of individual citizens. Quite apart from the redressing of particular wrongs, this is an invaluable check on bureaucracy, for every public servant knows that if he oversteps the mark he may be exposed to attack publicly on the floor of the House.



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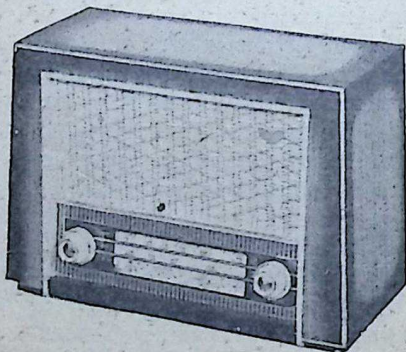
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Leadership in WAR and PEACE



Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery

IN his *Memoirs*, Harry Truman, U.S. President (1945-52), says he learned from a study of history that "a leader is a man who has the ability to get other people to do what they don't want to do, and like it."

My own definition of leadership is this: "The capacity and the will to rally men and women to a common purpose, and the character which inspires confidence."

Merely to have the capacity is not enough; the leader must be willing to use it. His leadership is then based

on truth and character; there must be truth in the purpose and will-power in the character.

The need for truth is not always realised. A leader must speak the truth to those under him; if he does *not* they will soon find it out and then their confidence in him will decline.

I did not always tell *all* the truth to the soldiers in the war; it would have compromised secrecy, and it was not necessary.

I told them all they must know for the efficient carrying out of their tasks. But what I did tell them was

always true and they knew it; that produced a mutual confidence between us.

The good military leader will dominate the events which surround him; once he lets events get the better of him, he will lose the confidence of his men, and when that happens he ceases to be of value as a leader.

When all is said and done the leader must exercise an effective influence, and the degree to which he can do this will depend on the personality of the man—the “incandescence” of which he is capable, the flame which burns within him, the magnetism which will draw the hearts of men towards him.

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What I personally would want to know about a leader is: Where is he going? Will he go all out? Has he the talents and equipment, including knowledge, experience and courage? Will he take decisions, accepting full responsibility for them, and take risks where necessary? Will he then delegate and decentralise, having first created an organisation in which there are definite focal points of decision so that the master-plan can be implemented smoothly and quickly?

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The matter of “decision” is vital. The modern tendency is to avoid taking decisions, and to procrastinate in the hope that things will come out all right in the wash.

The only policy for the military leader is decision in action and calmness in the crisis: no bad doctrine for the political leader either.

I hold the view that the leader must know what he himself wants. He

must see his objective clearly and then strive to attain it; he must let everyone else know what he wants and what are the basic fundamentals of his policy. He must, in fact, give firm guidance and a clear lead. It is necessary for him to create what I would call “atmosphere,” and in that atmosphere his subordinate commanders will live and work.

I have known commanders who considered that once their plan was made and orders issued, they need take no further part in the proceedings, except to influence the battle by means of their reserves. Never was there a greater mistake. The modern battle can very quickly go off the rails.

It is essential to understand the place of the “conference” when engaged on active operations in the field. By previous thought, by discussion with his staff, and by keeping in close touch with his subordinates by means of visits, a commander should know what he wants to do and whether it is possible to do it.

If a conference of his subordinates is then necessary, it will be for the purpose of giving orders. He should never bring them back to him for such a conference; he must go forward to them. Then nobody looks over his shoulder.

A conference of subordinates to collect ideas is the resort of a weak commander.

It is a mistake to think that once an order is given there is nothing more to be done; you have got to see that it is carried out in the spirit which you intended. Once he has decided on his outline plan and how he will carry it

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.... I do not believe that a commander can inspire great armies, or achieve great victories unless he has a proper sense of religious truth, acknowledges it, and leads his troops in the light of that truth....

out, the commander should himself draft the initial operational order or directive, and not allow his staff to do so. His staff and subordinates then begin their detailed work, and this is based on the written word of the commander himself. Mistakes are thus reduced to a minimum. This was my method, beginning from the days when I commanded a battalion.

How does one achieve success in battle? In Sir Winston Churchill's study of *Marlborough* we note that:

The success of a commander does not arise from following rules or models. It consists in an absolutely new comprehension of the dominant facts of the situation at the time, and all the forces at work. Every great operation of war is unique. What is wanted is a profound appreciation of the actual event. There is no surer road to disaster than to imitate the plans of bygone heroes and fit them to novel situations.

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The raw material with which the general has to deal is men. The same is true in civil life.

Managers of large industrial concerns have not always seemed to me to have understood this point; they think their raw material is iron ore, or cotton, or rubber—not men but commodities. In conversation with them I have disagreed and insisted that their basic raw material is *men*.

Bottled up in men are great emotional forces which have got to be given an outlet in a way which is positive and constructive, and which

warms the heart and excites the imagination.

If the approach to the human factor is cold and impersonal, then you achieve nothing.

But if you can gain the confidence and trust of your men, and they feel their best interests are safe in your hands, then you have in your possession a priceless asset and the greatest achievements become possible.

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It is absolutely vital that a senior commander should keep himself from becoming immersed in details, and I always did so.

If he gets involved in details he will lose sight of the essentials which really matter; he will then be led off on side issues which will have little influence on the battle, and he will fail to be that solid rock on which his staff can lean. Details are their province.

This principle applies equally in civil life and especially in governmental affairs.

I often think that the principle is not understood and applied by Cabinet Ministers, and by others who work in the Governmental machine.

Many politicians holding high Governmental posts might well have the following inscribed on their tombstones when they die:

"Here lies a man who died of exhaustion brought about by preoccupation with detail. He never had time to think because he was always reading papers. He saw every tree, but never the whole wood."

.... *Bottled up in men are great emotional forces which have got to be given an outlet in a way which is positive and constructive, and which warms the heart and excites the imagination....*

A leader has got to be a very clear thinker and able to sort out the essentials from the mass of factors which bear on every problem.

If he is to do these things he must be abstemious and not be a heavy smoker, or drink much, or sit up late at night. He must have an ice-clear brain at all times.

For myself, I do not smoke and I drink no alcohol of any sort; this is purely because I dislike both tobacco and alcohol, and therein I am lucky because I believe one is in far better health without them.

In general, I consider that excessive smoking and drinking tend to cloud the brain; when men's lives are at stake this must never be allowed to happen, and it does happen too often. You cannot win battles unless you are feeling well and full of energy.

Two thousand years ago men obeyed automatically because of the "authority" vested in the superior. The centurion in St. Matthew's Gospel clearly thought that because he had authority his soldiers would obey, and he was right. But today the authority has got to be exercised wisely and sensibly, and, if it is *not*, soldiers get restless. The first thing a young officer must do when he joins the Army is to fight a battle, and that battle is for the hearts of his men. If he wins that battle and subsequent similar ones, his men will follow him anywhere; if he loses it, he will never do any real good. My experience of the British soldier, or Republic of India

nal Service, is that once you have gained his trust and confidence, and won his heart, he is easy to lead. In fact, he responds at once to good leadership and likes it.

Finally, I do not believe that today a commander can inspire great armies, or single units, or even individual men, and lead them to achieve great victories, unless he has a proper sense of religious truth; he must be prepared to acknowledge it, and to lead his troops in the light of that truth.

He must always keep his finger on the spiritual pulse of his armies; he must be sure that the spiritual purpose which inspires them is right and true, and is clearly expounded to one and all.

For all leadership, I believe, is based on the spiritual quality, the power to inspire others to follow; this spiritual quality may be for good, or evil.

In many cases in the past, this quality has been devoted towards personal ends, and was partly or wholly evil; whenever this was so, in the end it failed.

Leadership which is evil, while it may temporarily succeed, always carries within itself the seeds of its own destruction.

This is only a short explanation of a very big subject. And I realise, of course, that it is very dogmatic.

I have tried to state briefly, to boil down, what I believe to be the essence of the matter.

[Culled from his Memoirs]

[**Sri-La-Sri Panrimalai Swamigal** is a **Siddhapurusha** who has been endowed with miraculous powers from his infancy. He has rekindled the dormant souls of many a sceptic and has used his great healing powers for the benefit of suffering humanity, irrespective of caste or creed or status in life.—Ed.]

The Ultimate Truth

Sri Panrimalai Swami

LIFE in the universe is an ageless, unending, multi-facet inter-play of the Lord's *leelas*.

Numerous are the places the world over which have seen the divine manifestation in one form or the other. India—Bharat Varsha—has been singularly fortunate in having many such places. One of them is Panrimalai—Panri Hills—situated in the Dindigal taluk, near Madurai, the abode of Goddess Meenakshi. The legend associated with Panrimalai is that the Lord took the form of a sow (female pig) and wandered about suckling its offsprings. I prostrate, in all humility and reverence, before the Supreme for the great good fortune he has bestowed on me, to be born in this sacred place.

In the world of today very few indeed are those who yearn for a



direct vision of God. By far the majority of the countless men and women in the world get lost in the sensuous earthly pleasures. God is the Supreme Being, plenal perfection. Transcending everything, he is yet immanent in all things. Full of grace, He graciously descends to give succour to every living creature and assumes the role of those who have dedicated themselves to selfless service. We must steadfastly strive to be worthy to receive his grace.

Minstrels of God, the great Acharyas, the Mahatmas, who are endowed with rare wisdom have all the same purpose, namely, the upliftment of their fellow men. If we are intensely devoted to God, with an yearning, guileless, pure heart, if we sing His praises with full-throated fervour, we shall then deserve His grace and we shall be moulded into good men of virtue.

Save by devotion to God, pure *Bhakti*, by no other means can one hope to cross this ocean of life. The Tamil seer Tiruvalluvar, spoke to the same effect when he said in his immortal *Kural*: "Those who seek refuge in God's Feet, only they can swim across the waters of life. The others cannot do so." Again, the seer Tirumoolar said very much the same in his *Tirumantiram*: "Great indeed is the loss of those who, born in this world, do not worship the Supreme Being of superlative excellence."

It is necessary that each one of us should reform himself. A persistent awareness of *dharma*, a sense of tranquillity and a zest devoid of diffidence will alone serve to effect this change in our character. Meditation

of the Supreme, governed by a unitary consciousness, is the sure means for an enduring benefit.

Man perfects himself to the extent that he loses himself in the contemplation of God. He makes himself eligible for God's Grace and acquires the numerous powers of God himself. Streaming from His Grace, wondrous miracles can easily be wrought. The Tamil word for God signifies the Being who "Ultimately Is", when everything else has perished. If we meditate on that word, we can have a soul-sight of the God signified by it. He is the transcendent One who infills the mind which has realised the significance of the five mystic syllables (the *Panchakshara*—*NA MA SI VA YA*) which help to concentrate on him.

Blessed are the pure-hearted; God reveals himself to them. To get His Grace one should give Him devotion. Strength of mind begets peace of mind, which in turn gives discrimination, detachment, control of the senses, service to the needy, good company, uttering the name of the Lord and adhering to the path of Truth. Devotion is sustained by these virtues. Intense devotion dowers one with several spiritual powers. They lead a man to the realisation of his true Atman. To realise the Atman is to feel God in every part of one's being, nay, in all animate and inanimate being.

God resides in the heart of everyone. He is omnipresent and omnipotent. Not a blade of grass moves without His will. He alone is. He is one without a second. When once one is blessed with the soul-sight of God,

one will realise His immanence in everything. Freed from avarice and anger, in that transparently pure condition, one can also see the innumerable *leelas* of the Lord.

Milk and water mix freely. But butter churned from milk, when put in water does not dissolve in it but floats in it. Similarly, if a man has once become one with God, even if he mixes with and lives amidst those of a lower spiritual evolution, he does not get lost in them.

He who has realised the unity of Prakriti and the Atman with Brahman will neither entangle others nor himself get entangled in the meshes of transient Good and Evil.

Even today, there live amidst us Souls who can convert a desert into a smiling, delightful garden. We must

be on the look out for them. To see material objects with our eyes we need the sun by day and other light by night. Even so, unless god-men show us the path and guide us, we cannot reach Him. We should strive our utmost with unsagging zeal to reach divine heights. For that we need the grace of God and the blessings of the Guru.

To conquer death in life and to negate birth after death, to attain the Eternal—that must be the sole objective of human endeavour, for

"God is the ultimate Truth, my dear.

And He is the Ever Auspicious.

All other gods are but phantoms, my dear".

"All men are one family and one only is their God."

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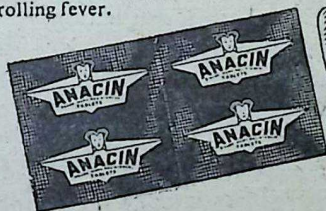
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(Continued from Page 76) Arya Samaj Foundation, Gurukul Kangri, Haridwar
of songs and dialogues of a suggestive nature and of questionable taste designed for the excitement of sex instincts. I pity our Censors who are too few and who have to constantly watch the inroads made by these undesirable innovation.

A hue and cry is raised against the stricter censorship. It is made out that people are getting unemployed in the cinema industry and are suffering. But they do not say how many million homes they are ruining; how many million minds they are corrupting. How many unhealthy notions they are making current and fashionable. All this for a mess of pottage in order that cinema industry should earn some lakhs. The cinema industry uses threats and temptations alternatively, and also use their money power in unleashing the torrent of propaganda against the censors. We can only hope the censors will not be deterred by such threats or temptations hurled by the industry or by the guiles of so-called intellectuals, who, for reasons best known to them, are supporters of unhealthy films and books like "Lady Chatterley's Lover".

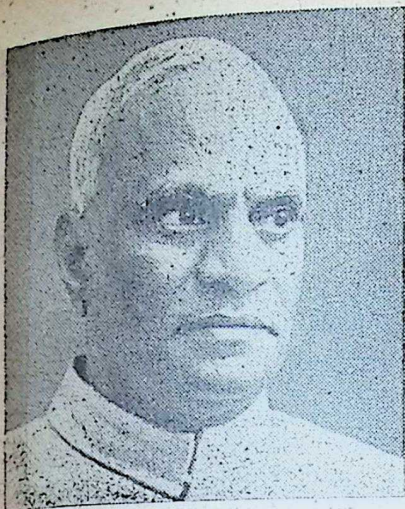
We feel that the Censors should be supported by the Society in its present endeavour to enforce a stricter censorship, but at the same time we feel that we should urge them to observe the same kind of strictness while judging the foreign pictures, because they should not have two standards for judging films.

It is wrong to attribute the present slump in the cinema industry entirely to the strict censorship. There are many other contributory causes which may be responsible for it, causes like over-production, unlimited expenses,

black markets in exchange values, unnecessary wastage of raw films, productions of films specially in different languages automatically limiting the popularity of Hindi films, more people going into the film line without necessary knowledge or without being equipped for it and causing congestion and so on. The taxation and duty imposed by the centre may also be a contributory cause. Besides, the people now have started to be more discriminative, and do not patronise every type of pictures, good, bad or indifferent.

I wonder why the cinema industry treats our Society as an enemy. On the contrary, they should thank us for telling them what the saner elements of the Society want and, for giving the industry a chance of correcting themselves. We feel that cinema can be a great weapon for consolidating our new won freedom and mould the character of the people, fight the fissiparous tendencies, inspire people for heroic deeds and teach patriotism to youth, instead of teaching them to run after girls and learn stealing. I know there are many good people in the industry who are thinking in the same direction, but they are caught up in a vicious circle. I appeal to all the producers, and the artists of the film industry, not to mislead the people and not to raise false cries, but to put their own house in order and give some good values to the new generation. The prostitution of the body is bad, but prostitution of mind is worse. Please don't create false values. Money is not everything in life. Will the industry rise to the occasion?

At the same time, I would appeal to the public and the Government to



What Life Has Taught Me

V. V. GIRI

... It is not so much in life but it is more in ourselves how we gain by the rich experiences.

... I hold it as supreme that the dictates of one's conscience and integrity of one's self are more important than any other thing.

I T was indeed a difficult and delicate task when my esteemed friend Sri Munshi asked me to write on 'What life has taught me', for the hard school of life brought me home many lessons during the course of four decades of a variegated public life as an agitator, administrator, Ambassador and now as Governor. As I look back, indeed many are the home-truths that I learnt from life.

From the early years of my childhood, as many of my generation, ideas of service and patriotism were instilled in me. May be because my esteemed father himself was engaged in the struggle for independence of India. But I was not an exception to learn this elementary lesson; there were many others and the time was such

that gave us the ideal and opportunity to serve.

It is indeed easy to practise virtues in normal and peaceful times. It was in 1914 I had an occasion to test my real strength when Mahatma Gandhi came to England. That was the time, with the youthful fervour and hot blood in my veins, I believed ardently in violence and held it as the gospel truth that 'England's weaknesses are India's opportunities'. I met Gandhiji and during the course of my conversation, by his persuasive arguments he 'converted' me into a believer in non-violence, as he did many other fire-brands. When I returned home I had the searchings of my heart and I sincerely felt that I was overawed by the presence of Gandhiji and had therefore agreed to his

point of view. Next morning I wrote to Mahatmaji accordingly and informed him that I even then believed in violence and the dictates of my conscience compelled me to tell him so. Mahatmaji, with his characteristic greatness, understood and appreciated my point. This is the first thing I learnt and all throughout my public life held it as supreme that the dictates of one's own conscience and integrity of one's self are more important than any other thing. This I would like to emphasise to everyone, especially to the youth of the country.

There are indeed many crucial moments and it is on such occasions the inner moral fibre of an individual is severely tested and if one has laid strong foundations of character and integrity from the start, he can come out of any difficult situation. I may relate another instance. When I resigned from the Central Ministership in 1954, quite a number of my sincere well-wishers and esteemed friends wanted me to reconsider my stand on the issue of Bank Award. I knew their affection for me and also the sincerity with which they wanted me to continue in the high office. But I could do nothing but obey my conscience and I can honestly say I am not a sorry man.

When I returned to India in 1916, I began to interest myself in the organisation of the working class. Of course the reasons that originally prompted me in this regard were to make labour as a bulwark of the freedom movement and strangle the movement of the British troops. But when I started working with labour I saw the appalling conditions in which

many of the working class had to earn their sustenance. That made me decide to work in the field of labour completely heart and soul. During my intimate relationship with the high and low of the working class I came across many from the lowest rung of the social ladder who had the enthusiasm, zeal and worked devoutly towards the cause we were espousing. This taught me humility and made me realize that even the humblest of the humblest has a message to give.

This fully and every day brought me closer to the realization of this and naturally the ephemeral nature of the material things became obvious. It has created in me a strong sense of detachment. When I say detachment, I do not mean of a passive and negative attitude; but one which calls for an active and ceaseless work but without being unduly concerned about the results. This, I think, is what our Great Scripture, *Bhagavad Gita*, embodies and teaches us. By a continuous and persistent cultivation of such an attitude we could develop a balanced view of life and can see reason in the 'other side of the question.' This is indeed the basis of democracy.

Such an outlook sustained through the passage of time provides an individual with a sense of joy and true happiness, untrammelled by any false hopes or fears. Because I persistently followed this line of thought, I could achieve much in the furtherance of the trade union movement in the country. Those were the days when any organisation of labour was looked down with suspicion and hostility. Victimisation of workers for participating in a legitimate organisation of

labour was a common feature. I too experienced many difficulties in the early stages. But once I understood the employers and management in many places and they understood me, the progress of the labour movement became smooth and comparatively easy. I no doubt believed in the strength and sanctions of the working classes behind me and I persisted in making labour understand that they can have my leadership only if they believed in a democratic organisation of the trade union movement and necessarily in the weapon of non-violence through which alone they could secure their legitimate demands. I also saw to it that I always respected the employer and his views did not correspond with mine; but I always insisted on believing in his *bona fides*, so that even in the midst of the biggest strikes in India led by me, the employer always thought that he could negotiate with me and try to come to a settlement. Governments—both the States and Central—believed also in my *bona fides*, and they always realised that I would not think of a strike unless I exhausted all ways of arriving at a settlement through negotiations. They felt that I was always true to my motto that strikes should be the last resort in the armoury of workers, when all other methods of compromise had failed. We could always arrive at a 'gentleman's agreement' on all matters. Even when we differed much, there was no bitterness or acrimony.

Though belonging to the Congress affiliation from my childhood, I had the good fortune of having close association with my honoured and

esteemed friend, the late Sri N. M. Joshi for over three decades. Though we differed in political matters, we worked together with oneness of purpose in the field of trade unionism. We believed in the same ideals and stood for good industrial relations with the motto that "direct action should be the last resort and disputes should be settled in a peaceful manner through negotiations." I have learnt many things in life from him and my success in giving some lead to the trade union movement was entirely due to my gaining some experience under him. He told me many times, when I took to heart any criticism levelled against my work in the daily press, that we should not care for it, because what is published today is forgotten tomorrow by the readers and that if we got into press to contradict some of the statements made by our opponents, it would only make matters worse, because the continued publicity would give food for further controversy. He also impressed on me that so long as our conscience was clear and that we were not at all at fault in any matter, we need not care for any criticism and our ignoring it totally was the best answer and it would die out in no time. He further stated that if the criticism against us were true, we should try to rectify our faults, and if it was not true, we should show righteous contempt. This was a salutary lesson which I learnt and stood me in good stead during all these years of my public life.

Often I used to wonder whether life does or can teach any lesson; for it



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IDEAS THAT HAVE INFLUENCED INDIAN LIFE



Dr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar

DR. B. G. GOKHALE, in his "Indian Thought Through the Ages",* has examined the prevailing concepts underlying Indian Philosophy and speculation which have influenced our country's history and the life of its inhabitants. Commencing with an analysis of what are called Purushartha, namely, Dharma Artha (acquisition of wealth and property), and Kama (pursuit of happiness and pleasure), the author deals with the doctrine of Karma and re-birth and the allied topic of Samsara. Thereafter, he embarks on a political discussion and on a critique of the oft-quoted dictum that the monarch is the main influence operating on his times. After an analysis of the doctrine of Ahimsa or non-violence, he ends his book with a description of the perfect man.

It is quite true that the history of mankind is practically the history of ideas and Dr. Gokhale pays a just tribute to those beginning with Sir William Jones and James Princep who helped to re-discover India's past. He follows Franklin Edgerton in pointing out the co-existence of two views of life—the ordinary and the extraordinary, history being concerned with the ordinary aspect and metaphysics with transcendent reality. Vitality, spirituality and intellectuality are described as the main qualities that have shaped the evolution of Indian history and civilization. Dealing with Dharma and Rita, Dr. Gokhale asserts that though it is understood severally, it is universal and is equivalent to an urge within oneself to do what is right. Its social aspects and the evolution of castes are carefully analysed and the history and relative importance of the Kshatriyas and Vaisnyas and the rising importance of the

* Asia Publishing House, Bombay.
Price Rs. 10.



Moti

of Jamshedpur

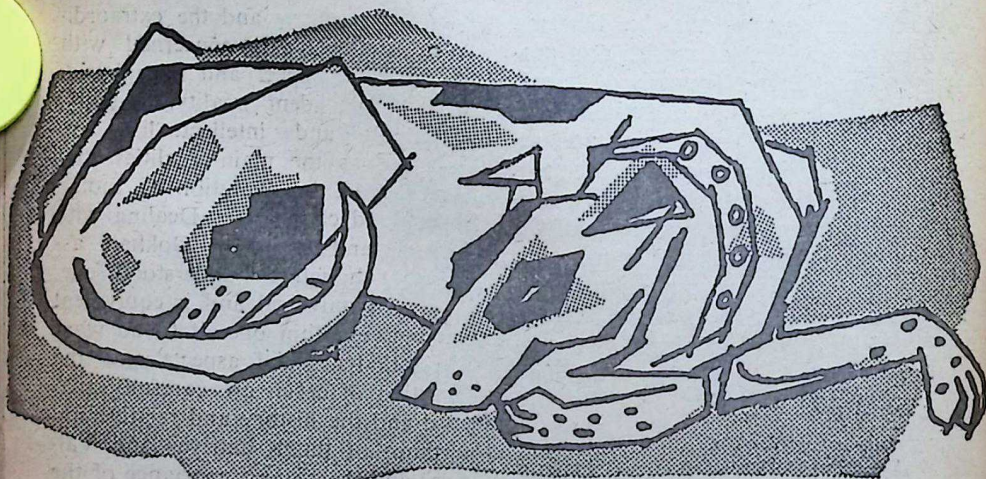
Nor does he know anything about the sun. But Moti doesn't worry about that. Nor about anything else, as long as he has enough to eat and the sun to bask in. Certainly he neither knows nor cares that he lives in Jamshedpur—a city devoted to producing one of today's most precious metals...steel.

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It's a pity Moti knows nothing of all this. An individualist himself, he'd be the first to appreciate such private enterprise and initiative.

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Sudras compared with the Vaishyas, are dilated upon.

In the chapter on Artha, the author points out that to hold spirituality as the sole characteristic of Indian tradition is to ignore the parallel tradition regarding Artha. He has shown, for instance, that the *Mahabharata* goes so far as to say that poverty is a state of sinfulness and he devotes a number of pages to the authors of the later Dharma Sastras, *Sukraniti* and Kautilya's *Artha Sastra*. In the same chapter, Dr. Gokhale deals with the growth of taxation and the growth of what he calls 'villagism' in which the stagnant technology limited production. He brings the growth of economic ideas in India up-to-date by dealing with the contributions of thinkers from the days of Dadabhai Naoroji to those of Ranade, Gokhale and Romesh Dutt, and he further deals with what he calls the fusion of Western liberalism and democratic socialism along with the ideas of Gandhiji.

In the chapter on Kama, there is a very suggestive discussion of artistic ideals and theories of beauty and some pages are devoted to the development of architecture, painting, music, poetry and the drama. Dr. Gokhale thinks that the decline in the importance of this ideal was associated with the deepening of crises in Indian life of which Buddhism and Jainism were the symptoms. Here too, the author regards Indian history as a continuing conflict between the concept of pleasure and the concept of renunciation. Dr. Gokhale equates the doctrine of Karma with the principle

ple of the moral responsibility of man for his own deeds. He asserts that there is no doctrine that is so valuable in life and conduct as the theory of Karma which is not inconsistent with freedom and, according to the *Gita*, is even a creative force. The theory of Samsara, has in his view proceeded from the world affirmation of the Upanishads to what may be called the more pessimistic attitude of the Buddhists, the Jains and later speculators resulting in the idea of the world as an illusion.

We are indebted to Dr. Gokhale for demonstrating that kingship in India had no intrinsically sacerdotal functions as in some other countries and he deals with the sporadic growth of the republican and democratic systems of government. He traces political ideology through the Mohammedan period up to the present day. As a corollary to this discussion, we have an analysis of individual rights and their growth which has been traced up-to-date. The individual in India was enmeshed in a web of duties and responsibilities and the whole social philosophy was oriented towards these rather than towards individual rights. Rabindranath Tagore's saying is quoted with approval that the West looks to the State for solution of every problem while India knows and recognises society only.

Dr. Gokhale deals with the doctrine of non-violence not merely as a negative reaction but as a positive philosophy promulgated from the times of Asoka and dealing with such matters as the eschewal of wars of aggression and of the wanton destruction of ani-

mal life. But Dr. Gokhale's final conclusion is that the Indian temper has not unreservedly accepted non-violence on the collective level.

The final chapter on the perfect man or Uttamapurusha summarises the philosophy of individual life which, again is treated on two levels of understanding, namely, of detachment from the world and involvement in its work. Satyagraha is described and dealt with on the basis of these aspects and he pictures the modern ideal

of the perfect man as not being an aloof spectator but one deeply involved in the trials and tribulations of humanity and working in the world and suffering for it.

It is impossible, in a work of this kind which is mainly historical in character, to expect any startling originality of thought but the treatise is a careful conspectus of the origin and development of the main creative and formative ideas that have influenced Indian life.

WHAT LIFE HAS TAUGHT ME—Contd.

is not so much in life but it is more in ourselves how we gain by the rich experiences.

Another thing I would like to emphasise is that we must give the top-most priority to truth in our lives. Somebody had said that 'if we speak the truth, it does not make any difficulty to remember what we said.'

We should realize that it is always better to be good than clever. It is truth that ultimately triumphs and it commands the confidence and loyalty of our friends and associates. If I have progressed in life or achieved anything significant, it is only because of my following these 'lessons' that I learnt from the hard taskmaster of life.

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Some Reflections on our Constitution

Justice J. M. Shelat

IN the glitter and glamour of a multi-coloured myriad lights at the annual shows sponsored by State governments on the 26th of January, and the functions arranged on 15th of August we have forgotten the 26th of November 1949, the day on which the people of this country gave unto themselves the Constitution.

On that day we resolved through the Constituent Assembly to constitute India as a democratic republic and to secure for all our countrymen Justice, Liberty and Equality.

We also resolved to promote Fraternity assuring at the same time dignity of the individual and the unity of the nation.

The liberty which we pledged our-

selves to secure was liberty of thought, expression, belief, faith and worship.

Justice which we resolved to secure was social, economic and political and equality was for equal status and opportunity.

The preamble of the Constitution insists that the government that was to be set up under the Constitution should be of a democratic republic type and the accent throughout the Constitution was on the unity of the nation.

The framers of the Constitution, well aware of the weaknesses of our character, our inherent inclination towards fissiparous forces and the absence of any living symbol of unity, stressed that it was to the country

....Knowledge after all is not such as can be acquired from a cupboard, regional or linguistic. Why pluck the flowers of enlightenment from the artificial summerhouse of the kitchen-garden when it is available in the glorious blooms of the forests of the world?

and not to its components that the Constitution was being given.

It was therefore that they emphasized that though justice was one of the three fundamental objects, it was to be achieved consistently with the promotion of a sense of fraternity among all the citizens of the country.

The unity of the Nation was thus sought to be brought about by emotional integration by means of a sense of fraternity and not by promoting a sense of class-war between one section of the population against the other.

Having fixed upon the three primary objects of the Constitution, the framers proceeded to enshrine the fundamental rights of the citizen as the minimum that an individual in a democratic republic is and should be entitled to.

These rights of equality, of freedom of speech, association and assembly, of movement and residence, of property, profession and occupation can only be restricted by due process of law and the reasonable requirements of the society and public purposes.

These rights also ensured protection of life, personal liberty and protection against arrest and detention.

Article 29 dealing with cultural and educational rights declares that any section of the citizens having a distinct language, script or culture of its own, shall have the right to conserve it and no citizen shall be denied ad-

mission into any educational institution on grounds of religion, race, caste or language or any of them.

As a corollary, Article 30 declares that all minorities, whether based on religion or language, shall have the right to establish and administer educational institutions of their choice.

These rights, fundamental in character and forming the very foundation of the democratic republic, are assumed to be of a permanent character and not subject to the exigencies or expediency of the situation.

They are sought to be protected through the Supreme Court and the High Courts.

It is clear from the preamble and the objectives that the aim of the Constitution is the achievement of the unity of the nation by promoting a sense of fraternity amongst all and by eschewing all forces of division, regional, linguistic, communal, etc., which have a tendency to tear asunder the concept of nationhood.

Religion, language, culture and geographical entity are some of the main forces which bring about a sense of nationhood among the citizens of a country.

We chose deliberately a secular State as owing to the existence of variegated religious sects in the country it was not possible to have a State religion as in England.

To discountenance separatist tendencies and preclude the possibility of the country falling apart, the Con-



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stitution recognised one citizenship and one domicile and declared that there will be one and only one language of the Nation.

Though it was decided that our form of government should be on the British model of constitutional monarchy, it was considered necessary for the protection of the rights of the citizens to incorporate into our constitutional system the principle of checks and balances found in the American Constitution. This was regarded as indispensable to prevent dominance and encroachment by any one of the three main governmental organs, the legislative, the executive and the judiciary over the other.

Unlike the Parliament in the United Kingdom our legislatures do not enjoy an absolute supremacy.

No doubt, the legislature, whether Central or State, is supreme within its own well-demarcated sphere but that supremacy is qualified by constitutional limitations, first, by the doctrine of repugnancy and secondly, by the power of the judiciary to strike down an enactment which is inconsistent with the spirit of the Constitution and the fundamental rights therein guaranteed.

Such an inconsistency makes the higher Courts step in and annul a law which threatens and abrogates the citizen's rights.

A Constitution which confers so profound a respect on the primary rights of a citizen must of necessity bestow the same degree of respect and dignity to the tribunals of law set up as a machinery to protect and guard

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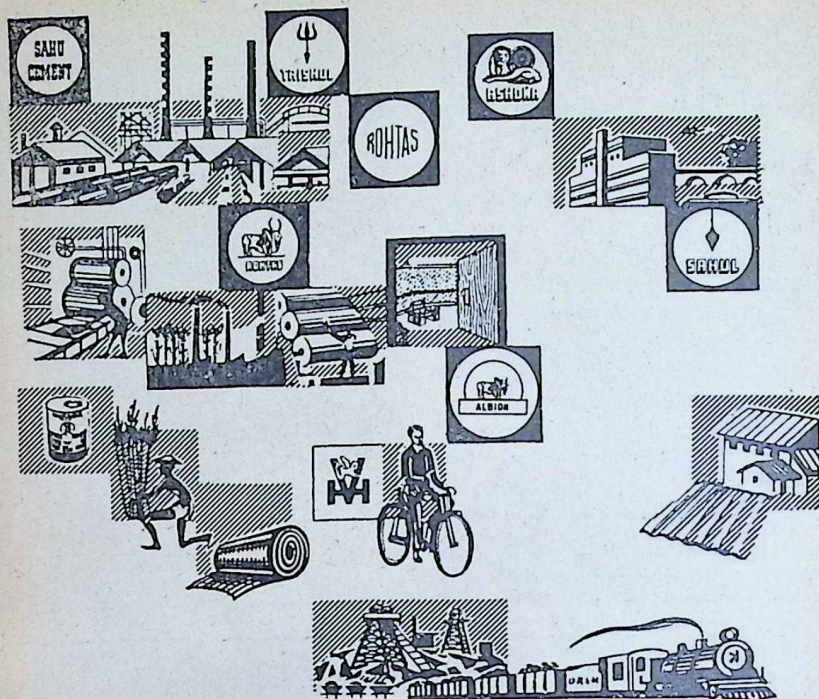
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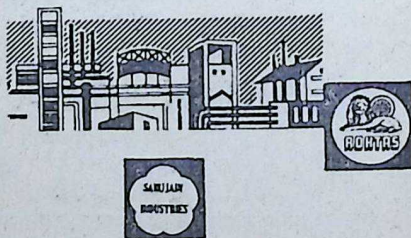


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these rights and whose principal function is to maintain the majesty of law and a balance and equilibrium between man and man and man and the State.

In a monarchy the symbol of unity is the monarch; in a democratic republic that symbol is the law, the power and majesty of which pervade throughout the country and which acts as the unifying force welding together all sections of the citizens.

As a measure of security of the freedoms of the citizen, the Constitution, among other things, provides the establishment of three independent institutions (1) Public Service Commissions (2) Universities and (3) the Law Courts.

The objects for which they are set up as independent organs are that the selection in our bureaucratic services is not subjected to discrimination and not vitiated by patronage, casteism and other parochial factors, that the education imparted to the youth of the country enjoys complete freedom from any thralldom and orchestration of any party or political labels, and that laws are administered with dispassionate and undisturbed objectivity.

Since these three institutions are established with these objects all in their cumulative effect to secure the preservation of the rights of the individual, it is the duty of one and all to inquire whether they have served the purposes intended for them.

It is recognised that on the whole the judiciary has maintained its traditional role of independence and has performed so far the crucial functions entrusted to it in the Constitution.

Have the Universities achieved

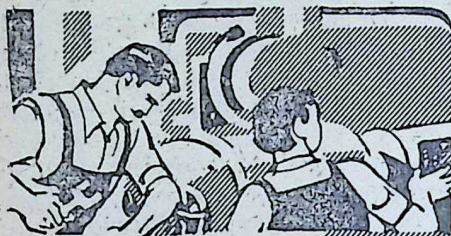
their purpose and have they been able to maintain that freedom which is so vital for their purpose?

The true aim of a University is two-fold, the imparting of a liberal education and to produce useful and enlightened citizens who after they come out of its portals serve to channel the unguided forces, social and political, into useful and purposeful functions consistent with the life and culture of the country. It is these that distinguish one country from the other and it is these that give the distinction of greatness to a country.

But the University cannot serve its purpose if its administration is trammelled by parochial and other restrictive forces. A liberal education assumes the existence of a University where the youthful minds of the country assemble and acquire the fruits of enlightenment in an atmosphere free from all kinds of artificial limitations of regional hedges or linguistic and other parochial boundaries. Great Universities such as Oxford and Cambridge, Sorbonne, Heidelberg and Harvard enjoy tremendous reputation only because they are institutions to which the students of the world seek admission to imbibe the atmosphere of freedom and liberal enlightenment.

These are organizations for the benefit of the world and where true liberalism has thrown aside territorial or racial boundaries.

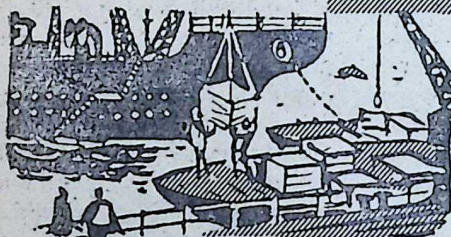
These are organizations where the air of freedom is breathed by the youths of all countries, where the pupils coming from various parts of the world are brought together in a spirit of brotherhood, dedicated to



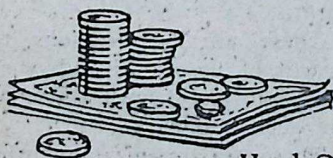
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achieve the spirit of education, where all cultures are cultivated and where all languages and literatures, all sciences and humanities are taught and are permitted to bloom.

Our own ancient Universities, Taxila and Nalanda, enjoyed the same prestige and attracted students not only from the various parts of this country but also other neighbouring countries and where education was imparted in a number of faculties in the national language, Sanskrit, the language of the enlightened.

No one ventured then to put forward the case that education there should be imparted with a regional or a religious or a linguistic bias.

Education can never be liberal unless it is universal. It ceases to be liberal if it is bounded by considerations, regional, territorial or linguistic. Knowledge after all is not such as can be acquired from a cupboard, regional or linguistic. Why pluck the flowers of enlightenment from the artificial summerhouse of the kitchen-garden when it is available in the glorious blooms of the forests of the world?

In the context of the present situa-

tion of the country when its unity and integrity are assailed from within and without, we must ask ourselves whether we have worked the Constitution during this last decade in the spirit in which it was intended to function.

Vigilance, constant vigilance, is the price of democracy and individual liberty.

Have we exercised such vigilance so as to deserve the two gifts given to us by the Constitution, the freedoms guaranteed in it and the unity which is its first objective?

The experience of the last decade answers that question in a clear negative.

The type of anxious vigilance required of every lover of liberty is the one well illustrated by the Supreme Court of the U.S.A. in illuminating words; "Illegitimate and unconstitutional practices get their first footing in that way, namely, by silent approaches and slight deviations from legal modes of procedure".

Like cancer the disease starts secretly and stealthily in small ways, surreptitiously till one day it eats away the fabric of the entire body.

Who lives, if India dies?

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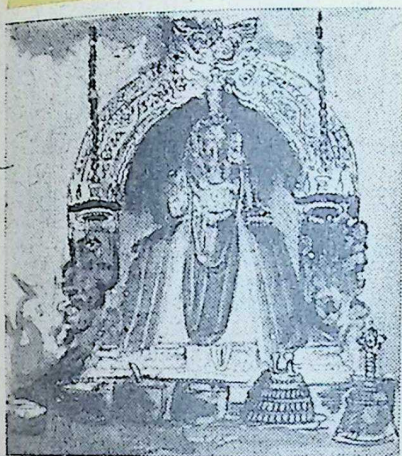
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IS SO KIND TO CLOTHES



VEDANTA DESIKA

[A.D. 1268-1369]



M. V. Harihara Iyer

SRI RAMANUJA, the great exponent of Visishtadvaita, was born at Sriperumbudur in the Chingleput District. He became a *sannyasin* in early life and showed his preoccupation with religion and God in writings such as *Sri Bhashya* and *Gita Bhashya*. After him came the great teacher named Vedanta Desika (Teacher of Vedanta) removed from him by four teachers.

Vedanta Desika was born at Kanchipuram. His parents were very poor but highly devoted worshippers

of Sri Varadaraja. His father Ananda Suri felt after a long period of married life that he was unlucky in not having a son. He decided to go to Tirumalai Hills with his *dharma-patni* and pray at the feet of Sri Venkatanatha.

Having worshipped there, the ideal couple were having their night's rest one day in the front portion of a house at Tirumalai. The father of Vedanta Desika was experiencing the same feelings of joy as experienced by Kuchela on his way back from Dwaraka after worshipping Sri Krishna. God's ways are mysterious. Kuchela returned home to find it converted into a palace and his wife and all his children in the midst of great pomp and splendour. He knew that it was all due to the blessings of Sri Krishna. Likewise, our devotee anxious to have a son was also blessed by Sri Venkatanatha with a boy in this mysterious manner—

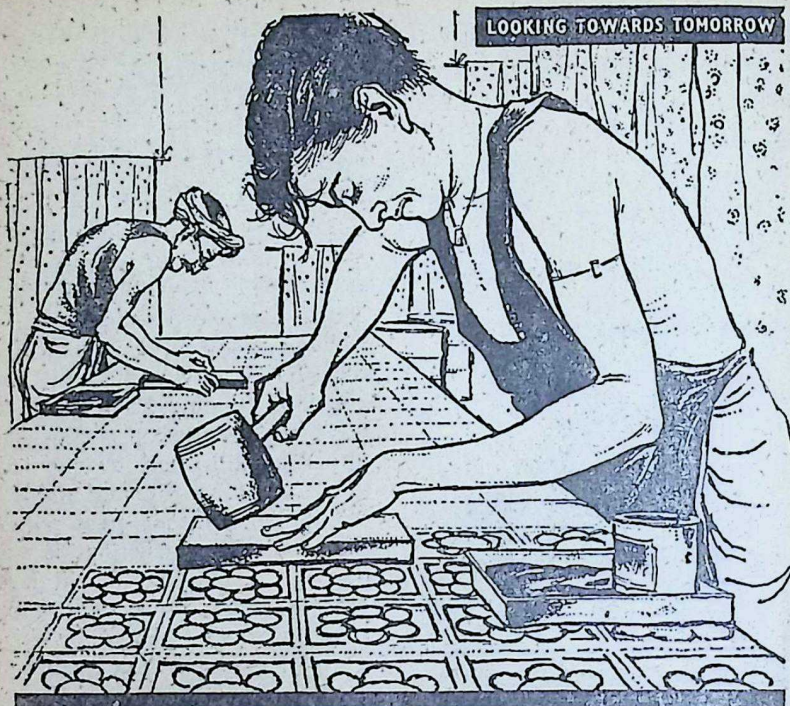
At about midnight, the great God of Tirumalai assumed the shape of a

Sri Vedanta Desika (1286-1369) was the greatest of the Vaishnavite Acharyas of the post-Ramanuja period and an outstanding intellectual of all time. He systematised, categorically affirmed, classified and applied Ramanuja Siddhanta on a scientific basis by his numerous works in Sanskrit, Tamil, and Manipravala which have been tallied: 4 Kavyas, 1 drama, 14 treatises on Vedanta, 8 commentaries, 32 Rahasyas and 24 Prabandhas in Tamil. The Great Saivite scholar-savant Appayya Dikshita has written a commentary on Desika's Kavya, *Yadav-abhyudaya*, in which he writes:

इत्थं विचिन्त्यास्सर्वत्र भावास्सन्ति पदे पदे ।

कविताकिर्कसिंहस्य काव्येषु ललितेष्वपि ॥

'Thus carefully examined, all over there are rich sentiments in every word, even in the easier Kavyas of the Lion of poet-cum-



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young boy of five years with transcendent beauty and splendour and brilliance, took the bell of the temple used for daily worship, proceeded to the place where the young couple of Kancheepuram were lying. Then Sri Venkatanatha patted and woke up the *dharmapatni* who was to be the mother of the greatest scholar of Vaishnava philosophy and told her "Open your mouth." She obeyed. Then the young Child-God put the bell into her mouth and asked her to swallow it. She immediately closed her mouth not knowing who was commanding her. Suddenly the God disappeared. All was done in a trice as it were. She could not believe herself and feel what had really happened.

Thereupon she awoke her husband and told him what had exactly happened. Next day, the Archaka of the

shrine did not find the bell for the purpose of *pooja*. There was a hue and cry. Then the great God announced that there was no need to use the bell for the *pooja*. So, they reconciled themselves. The Kancheepuram couple left for Kancheepuram.

Then on Sravana Nakshatra, whose presiding deity is Vishnu, in the month of Kanya in Suklapaksha the divine child who was later to become the great teacher of mankind was born. The boy was named after the Lord of the Hills. He had all the early Samskaras such as Annaprasana, Chowla and Upanayana performed in accordance with Sastras, for in those days they were performed with great faith and were not reserved to be performed all together on the eve or at the time of the marriage as now. Venkatanatha endeared himself to his

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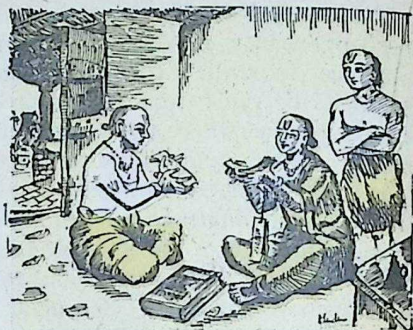
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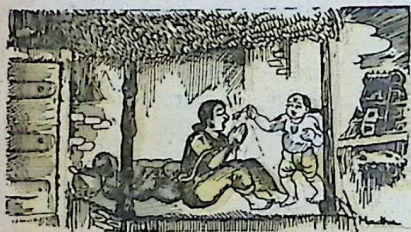
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parents as much as Sri Rama to King Dasaratha and one is reminded of the verses describing Sri Rama as the object of adoration of Dasaratha and how charming and intelligent he looked. Even as a young boy just after Upanayana, Venkatanatha attended classes where he got instruction in the highest Vedic lessons (*Vedanta Sutras*). He listened to them with great rapture and attention. One day when there was a discussion between the teacher, his own uncle, and the taught about some point and as they could not solve the doubts, the divine genius opened his mouth and cleared their doubts in no time. The teacher felt

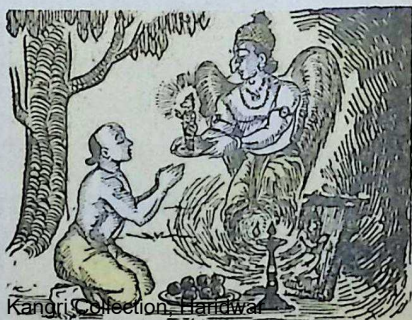


was no subject in which he was ignorant. He attained the status of Sarva Tantra Swatantra. His keen intellect and great learning and power of disputation enabled him to safeguard the religion of the school from all attacks. He wrote the voluminous commentary on Sri Bhashyam, called *Adhikarana Saravali*, besides the *Tatwatika* giving in verses the substance of every section of Sri Bhashya and answering further objections that were or might be raised. He wrote *Nyaya Parisuddhi*, *Nyaya Siddhanjanam*, *Tatwa Mukta Kalpa* and his own commentary thereon. His great Gita Bhashya is well known as *Tatparya Chandrika*. By his *Sara* and *Ratnavali* he had rendered great service to



great admiration for his young nephew and he told the boy's father that he had nothing to teach his son.

Then we are told that young Venkatanatha moved to a village called Tiruvahindrapuram near Cuddalore where he sat under a banian tree in very congenial surroundings and meditated on Garuda Bhagavan. He secured the grace of the highest Atma, finally in the form of Hayagreeva. A small idol of Hayagreeva was presented to him by Garuda Bhagavan who asked him to worship that idol. Venkatanatha had now by these blessings become fully enlightened. There



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the students of Tiruvoymozhi by pointing out the connection among several portions and the attributes of the highest Atma described in each group of all verses. One of his greatest works was the *Rahasya Traya Samam* dealing with Prapatti referred to in the Upanishads in the name of Nyasa Vidya. This is a systematic treatise showing who are qualified for Prapatti, what its nature is what help it requires and how one that has done Prapatti should live till he dies. Some of his other works are *Yadava Abhyudayam*, *Hamsa Sandesam*, *Sankalpa Suryodaya*, *Paduka Sahasram*, *Sata Dushani* and numerous *Stotrams* in Sanskrit, Tamil and commentaries on the work of previous teachers. His Vyragya was as great as his learning though he was extremely poor and lived on rice ob-



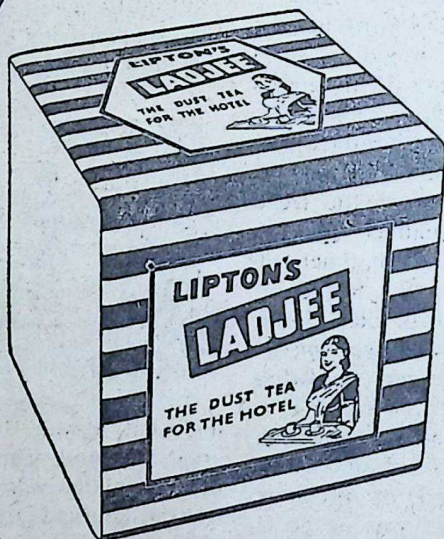
tained by begging. A few instances showing how he was a great Siddha may be referred to. Young Venkatanatha got on account of his learning the denomination of Vedanta Desika (Teacher of Vedanta).

Once when he was having Unchavri, one lady in giving rice to him (Upadanam) also put into the vessel one piece of gold thinking that Desika would not receive gold otherwise in kind or in money form. The *dharma-patni* of the Desika, while cleaning the rice for preparing the food, discovered this glittering piece and without know-



ing what it was, she approached her great husband who was writing his hymns on the *cadjan* leaf. Immediately he spurned away the coin with his writing instrument telling her that it was only a glow-worm. Mark the lesson taught by this great Saint! He treated gold on the same footing as glow-worm. That was the value he attached to gold. I may also refer to the royal invitation extended to him by his great compeer Vidyaranya, the exponent of Advaita philosophy who was very desirous of conferring royal honours on Vedanta Desika. But Vedanta Desika who was Vyragya personified and whose life of

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life was only Lord Vishnu, rejected those invitations in two or three letters composed in great style pointing out the littleness of such pleasures.

Once his teaching to a number of disciples at Kancheepuram provoked the jealousy of another person who was well learned in the art of black magic. He thought he could disperse this assemblage headed by this great teacher and even destroy them by baling out the water of a tank nearby and diverting its course towards the assemblage. He sat near the tank, repeated his evil *mantras* and found very soon that the tank had become empty. Feeling glad at his success, he took it for granted that Vedanta Desika and his disciples would have been washed away by the tank water. However, he found that he was under an illusion, for when he went to the place

where Desika was sitting and giving instruction, he found them in the very same place and the teacher giving instruction unconcerned by his diabolical act. Then to his consternation he found that the water he had baled out from the tank was flowing in another direction through a small drainage which Vedanta Desika carved out with his toe. He fell at the feet of the great Teacher and begged pardon.

Once Vedanta Desika felt an urge to go to Tirumalai and worship. After worshipping there, he wanted to perform *pooja* for his idol Hayagreeva and wanted some milk to offer as *Nai-vedya*. He could not get it anywhere. Then he saw a big grocery merchant's house lying open and went there. But before he could reach there, the trader evidently being very miserly did not want to face the guest, and closed

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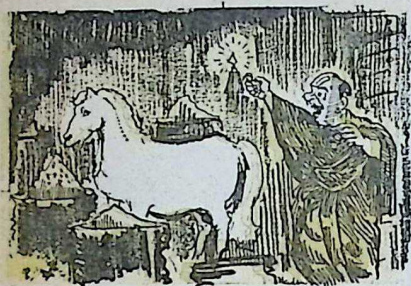
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the doors. Vedanta Desika slept in front of the house placing his idol nearby. At about midnight the trader heard some chewing noise in the room where he had stored his grocery materials. He came and peeped through the window and found a big horse standing there having emptied the contents of many bags of grain. He opened the door and begged of our Great Teacher to intervene and help him. After offering *pooja* with the milk then given willingly by the trader they went inside only to see that the horse had disappeared. Needless to say that it was all the great work of Hayagreeva who wanted to teach a lesson to this trader who was so very unkind to this venerable guest, Desika. The trader was also blessed on account of his subsequent reformation in that he found that all the bags which had been emptied by Hayagreeva contained, when he opened the same, only gold and no grains.

Vedanta Desika's greatness spread far and wide. He was invited to Srirangam to carry on a literary contest against disputants of rival schools. Desika responded to the invitation, went there, and worshipped at the feet of Sri Ranganatha. The disputants found his learning to be very vast and

they had to acknowledge defeat in no time.

Once some idlers who spent their time in the temple precincts sitting in the Garuda Mantapam and speaking ill of others, took it into their heads to spite our Great Teacher. They waited for an opportunity. In those days it was very difficult for a man to obtain a bride unless he had sufficient funds. One Brahmachari aged 25 or 26 in despair for want of funds went to this Garuda Mantapam and appealed to these idle, gossip-mongers. They immediately told him in pretended seriousness to approach Vedanta Desika who was giving a lecture at that time in another Mantapam. The young Brahmachari believed it *in toto* and went and stood before Desika with folded arms. Desika asked him why he had come and he mentioned that he had been instructed by the idlers of the Garuda Mantapam to approach him for gold. Immediately our great Teacher composed certain hymns about Andal, the concert of Ranganatha and the young Brahmachari found gold pieces falling there above. Desika asked him to receive the same and go back with his cloth full of gold. On his way he showed it to those at the Garuda Manta-

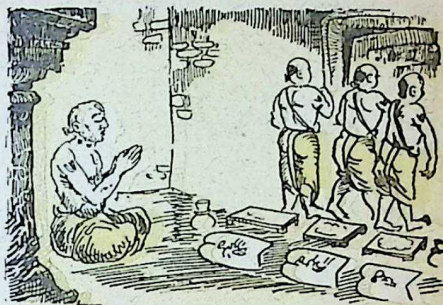


AUGUST 6, 1961

pam who wanted to ridicule him. They were taken aback, felt themselves humiliated beyond measure and fell at the feet of Vedanta Desika.

Some other mischief-mongers one day hung up a rope to which a number of shoes were attached on the way through which Desikan had to pass. It was done to insult and slight him. When Desika saw it, he immediately composed a hymn on Sri Ranganatha in which he stated that he should be only too glad to worship the *Padadhuli* of the *Padaraksha* of his Bhaktas and be satisfied of the same instead of even worshipping the Bhaktas or Sri Ranganatha Himself. In fact he pronounced it as one of the methods of attaining salvation. In other words, he stated that worshipping ever the *Padadhuli* of the Bhaktas is equal to the worship of Sri Ranganatha Himself. Desikan considered these idle people spending their time in the temple precincts as Bhaktas of Ranganatha. In other words, he saw divinity everywhere.

And yet another occasion arose for these people to give him another test. He invited three learned Brahmins for his father's anniversary. Some mischief-makers dissuaded those people from going to the house on the anni-



versary day and won over them by offering larger *dakshina* and more sumptuous food. Our Great Teacher waited after the preparation of food for the Pithrus and when he came out

RECIPE FOR HAPPINESS

उपयुक्तेषु वैशद्यं त्रिवर्गनिरपेक्षता ।
करणत्रयसारूप्यं इति सौख्यरसायनम् ॥

Clarity of purpose, disregard for the trifold means of *Dharma*, *Artha* and *Kama* and identity of the triad of thought, word and deed constitute the tonic that will promote happiness.

—Sri Desika



after a long time of waiting for the guests he found the people invited by him sitting at a place comfortably chewing their *pansupari*. When he went and asked them, they simply explained how they fell a victim to the offers of the Teacher's enemies. Returning home he sat down after serving food for the Pithrus fully on leaves and meditated upon his Ishta Deva

Garuda Bhagavan and Hayagreevan. After a few minutes when he opened his eyes, to his great surprise and satisfaction, he found that the three leaves had been emptied and that three Brahmins were marching out of his house. Needless to say that the Gods themselves in order to satisfy their devotees' prayer came and played the part of Pithrus. One is reminded of how Dasaratha came to see Sri Rama appear in the sky before him to bless him.

Vedanta Desika's great capacity to compose verses is revealed by the fact that in a keen contest between him and another great poet, he composed a thousand verses on Sri Ranganatha's footwear. His rival was able to compose only 500 verses whereas Vedanta Desika had already completed his 1000 even before the latter part of the night. The next morning his rival before Sri Ranganatha admitted defeat, but our Great Teacher showed humility because he was highly learned. So, he remarked to his rival "Well, your verses are like 500 young elephants, whereas my verses even though they may be 1000 are equal to *Sukara Yuvathis*," i.e., young ones of pigs. This composition is known as *Paduka Sahasram*.

It is well known that our Great Teacher looked after two other great teachers at a time when Srirangam was invaded by Muslims. Vedanta Desika lived for full 102 years and attained *mukti*. May the name of this Great Saint and divine *avatar* and great Teacher bring solace, comfort and happiness and guide us all to the highest goal, viz., *mukti*.



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PART II

27. Uddhava's Trials

THAT night Krishna felt very concerned about Uddhava. During all the time that they had lived together from the days of their infancy, he had never seen Uddhava behaving so strangely, so constrained, and so absent-minded. Though a man of few words, he had been open-hearted, quiet, self-effacing, always radiating warmth.

With Damagosh and Balaram, Krishna had travelled in the first chariot; Shaibya and her maids were in the next. The *acharyas* followed in other chariots or on foot, while Uddhava, being in charge of the caravan, moved all the time on horseback. At night, however, he came as usual wherever Krishna happened to be waiting for him, and walking arm in arm or lying side by side as was their wont, they would exchange the impressions of the day. But a little after they began the journey, Krishna

had sensed the change, though not so clearly at first. As the days went by, a new mood seemed to possess Uddhava, and during the last two nights, he had purposely kept himself away from Krishna, invariably avoiding his gaze even during the day-time.

As Uddhava had promised, he did come at night, and after a short conversation, both retired to sleep. Balaram was already fast asleep, breathing with heavy evenness. However, Krishna, who usually went to sleep no sooner he closed his eyes, kept awake, for he found his friend, after he went to sleep, tossing uneasily from side to side. After some time, he sat up, drew closer to Uddhava and placed a hand on his friend's shoulder with a gesture of infinite tenderness. Uddhava woke up with a start; Krishna enveloped him in his arms.

A late moon was in the sky throwing varied patterns of light and shade

on the earth through the leafy branches of the trees.

'Uddhava, I want to talk to you. Come,' he said.

Uddhava got up and followed his friend to a platform of earth which surrounded a tree in the neighbourhood.

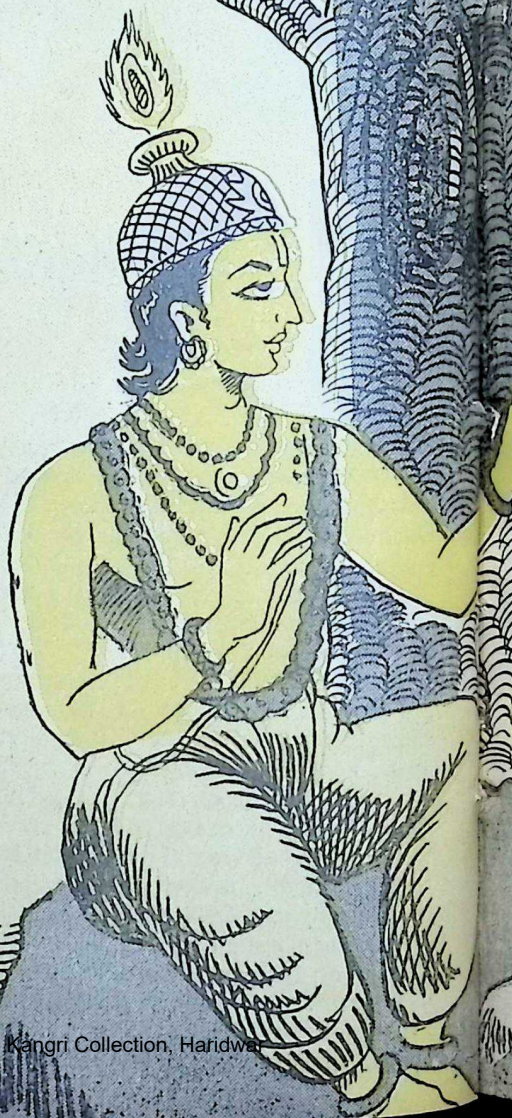
Krishna pulled Uddhava by his side and silently watched him for a few moments. He could see that Uddhava was nervous.

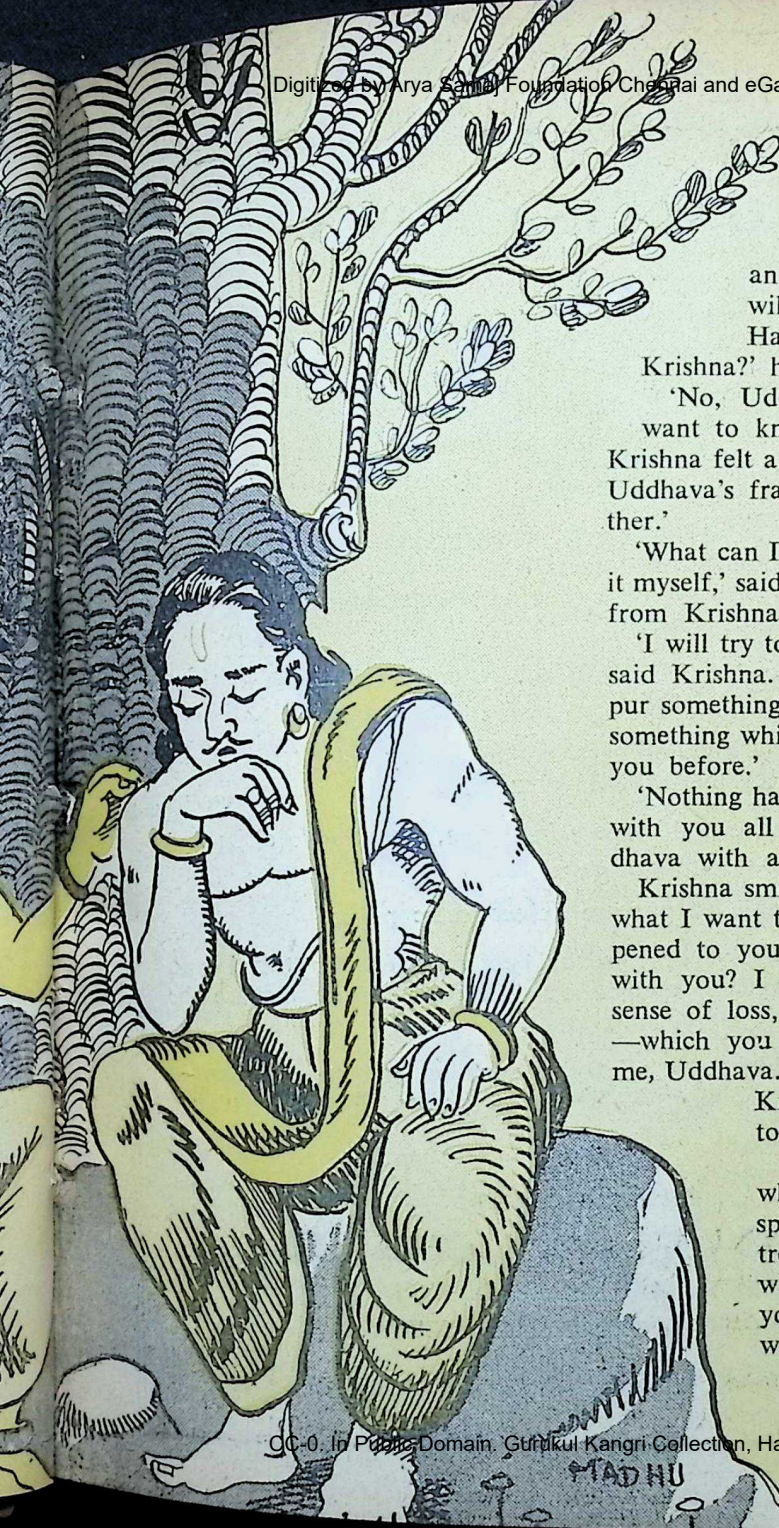
'Brother mine, you have become different these days,' Krishna said softly.

Uddhava gave an imperceptible start, which Krishna did not fail to notice: 'Do I look different? You are mistaken,' he said with a forced smile.

'Uddhava, what has come between us? Have I done anything to offend you?' asked Krishna.

'You to offend me!' said Uddhava, clinging to Krishna with the gesture





of a drowning man. 'You would never offend me, and whatever you do, I will never take offence. Have you any doubt, Krishna?' he asked anxiously.

'No, Uddhava. That is why I want to know what worries you.' Krishna felt a tremor passing through Uddhava's frame. 'Tell me, my brother.'

'What can I say? I don't understand it myself,' said Uddhava looking away from Krishna.

'I will try to understand it for you,' said Krishna. 'Since we left Karvirpur something has happened to you—something which had not happened to you before.'

'Nothing has happened to me. I was with you all the time,' replied Uddhava with a forced smile.

Krishna smiled indulgently. 'That is what I want to know. What has happened to you and why, when I am with you? I see you feel a want, a sense of loss, a feeling of self-defeat—which you never had before. Tell me, Uddhava. Don't try to conceal it.'

Krishna pressed Uddhava to his heart.

Uddhava hesitated a while, sighed and then spoke in a voice which trembled a little. 'If you want to know, I will tell you. I am tired of life. I want to give up this life and return to Badari Ashram,' said he and paused as he

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found himself unable to express himself clearly.

'Why turn an ascetic? We are here to affirm life, to rise above it, not to deny it,' said Krishna.

'You can do so, for you are a god. You are born to dominate life,' said Uddhava helplessly. 'I am not.'

'Life was meant to be lived. Even the venerable Parasurama said so. And both of us have lived it well so far,' said Krishna.

'I have no desire to live well, Krishna. Don't make me more unhappy by having to confess it. I have made up my mind,' said Uddhava, his eyes full of a silent pathetic appeal to Krishna not to probe into his heart any further.

'Brother, you can't be unhappy by sharing your unhappiness with me.' Krishna suddenly stood up and gathered Uddhava to his breast as a thought struck him. 'Have you been infatuated with Shaihya?' he asked.

Uddhava hid his face on Krishna's breast. 'Krishna, don't ask me.'

'Now I know. Kamadeva's arrows have hit you, Uddhava. I now understand what you feel,' said Krishna sympathetically. 'She is pledged to Shvetaketu; you won't take her away from him; you cannot live without her; you cannot have her; you, therefore, want to renounce life.'

'Don't, don't,' piteously sobbed Uddhava. 'I have gone mad. I have sinned. I have been untrue to you.'

'Don't be so harsh to yourself. What you suffer is but natural. Woman, when the darts of Kamadeva pierce our hearts, is like fire; whoever then touches her gets singed,' said Krishna.

'I don't want only to be singed by

the fire. I want to throw myself in it and get reduced to ashes. You cannot understand what I feel. You can love the *gopis* and can leave them without a sigh,' said Uddhava.

'You are wrong, Uddhava,' said Krishna quietly.

'You are so different from all of us, Krishna,' said Uddhava, heaving a sigh. Then his reserve broke down. 'Now that you have asked me, Krishna, let me make a clean breast of it. I was wanting to do it all these days, for I cannot live as a stranger to you. You do not know what I have suffered since we left Karvirpur. Awake or asleep, I have seen her beautiful eyes full of tears before me. I see her in my dreams. Oh, she is so wonderful!' He paused. 'And I feel like a thief as Shvetaketu and Shaihya are pledged to each other.'

'How did it happen so suddenly?' asked Krishna sympathetically.

'The day we started, I went to her to see that she was well looked after. She sat in the chariot, her face between her knees. When I asked her whether she wanted anything, her eyes, Krishna, flashed an angry look at me. They looked so wonderful. Then my eyes fell on her neck, her shoulder, her figure—and I was struck dumb as Shvetaketu was once. My blood appeared to be on fire. I felt like fainting,' said Uddhava.

'That is Kamadeva fanning the fire,' said Krishna indulgently.

'Call it what you will,' said Uddhava. 'I then asked her to take some milk which the maid had brought. She took the earthen cup from her hands and threw it at me.'

Uddhava hesitated for a while,



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sighed and continued. 'I felt that I must make her take something, otherwise she would die. So I stood there obstinately holding another cup of milk for her to take. She glared at me. I continued to smile. At last she took the cup from me and said in disgust, "You want me to take it. All right, I will." She drank the milk and handed back the cup to the maid. "Now please go and don't make me more miserable", she said.

'I came away, but could not forget even for a moment how she had looked at me. Then day after day I went to her twice, sometimes thrice a day and offered her food. Every time she would stare at me, take the food from me, and after eating it, would fold her hands and beg of me to leave her alone. As I did this day after day, I felt myself floating in the air. The colour of earth and heavens changed. You became distant too—almost unreal.'

Krishna smiled with understanding. 'I became a dim star in the distant sky?' he asked with a sly wink.

Uddhava ignored the irrelevant question. 'At night whether I am awake or asleep, they are before me—the angry eyes, the arching brows, the defiant nose, the long tapering fingers, the gait of voluptuous grace,' he paused.

'If you like, I will complete the description:— of a fascinating leopardess, growling in suppressed ferocity at my poor Uddhava,' said Krishna, a little mischievously.

'Don't tease me, Krishna. You don't know how miserable I am. You don't know what happens to me night after night,' said Uddhava.

'I know you have disturbed sleep these days,' said Krishna.

'Often after midnight I wake up. My body then trembles like a leaf in a breeze; flames course in my veins; bells ring in my ears,' said Uddhava and looked down almost shamefacedly and continued in low, halting accents. 'I see her. I cling to her. oh, Krishna, I am fallen beyond redemption. I have no right to your love. When I am half asleep, sometimes I see myself carrying her away, stabbing Shvetaketu.'

'I know you dislike the brutish ways of our Kshatriyas—raiding and capturing women like cattle against their will,' added Uddhava.

'Yes, it is *adharma* to do so,' said Krishna.

Clinging to Krishna like a drowning man, Uddhava repeated. 'I am fallen. I am sunk in vile passion, lust and greed and jealousy.'

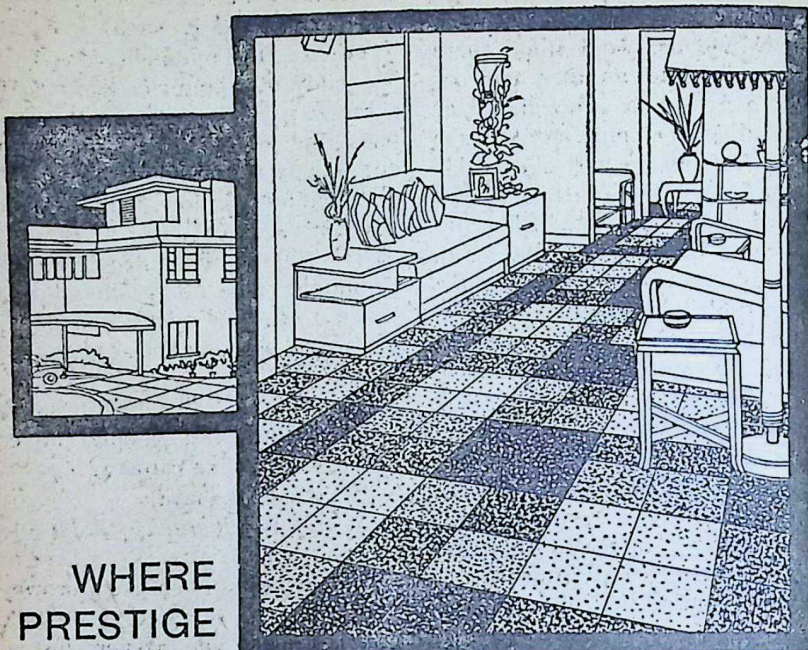
'And when I realised that I had fallen, I got a shock, Krishna,' continued Uddhava. 'I could not take away what was Shvetaketu's. I could not give her up. So I decided to renounce the world.'

'Only a few, whom the Gods bless, can renounce women and live a life of vigour. But that is not given to us all. If you go to Badari Ashram, Shaibya—in one form or other—will follow you. She will haunt your loneliness. You can't live in vigour and forget women,' said Krishna.

'I want to forget women—at least Shaibya. Otherwise I will go mad. How can I do it?' asked Uddhava.

'Control yourself,' replied Krishna.

'I don't know how I can do it,' said



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Uddhava in an appealing voice. 'I have never felt this way before.'

Krishna was silent for a while and then in a quiet, affectionate voice resumed. 'I told you, to us, whenever wounded by Kamadeva's arrows, woman becomes fire. We are first inclined to make of her a wayside fire to get a fleeting warmth and then pass by it on our way. Then the breezes fan the fire; the flames set fire to the grass under our feet and the dry branches overhead.'

'Very little is left of me, and whatever is left will soon be reduced to ashes,' said Uddhava bitterly.

'There is one way, the only way. Keep the warmth, but stay away from the flames,' said Krishna.

'It is easy to say so, but how? I have nothing of me left which could let me stay away,' Uddhava pleaded helplessly.

'Try. Do you really want Shaibya?' asked Krishna.

'I want her, but I will not be untrue to my friend, Shvetaketu,' replied Uddhava.

'You can weave any woman in your life—maybe not as you wish—if you convert the wayside fire into the sacrificial fire in a *vedi*, an altar.'

'Why wayside fire?' asked Uddhava.

'Because you don't wait to inquire of what it is made; you don't care who warmed himself at it before you did, or what will happen to it after you have left. You are only selfish; you want a passing warmth. You don't consider how it will affect you later. You don't want it to lead you to strength,' said Krishna.

'Oh!' said Uddhava.

'Passing fancy for a wayside fire will

only singe; lifelong worship at the altar will give warmth—always.' Krishna placed his hands on the shoulders of Uddhava and his voice, as on such occasions, had the ring of certitude, of authority.

'Don't talk to me in riddles. Tell me clearly, please, I beg of you, Krishna,' said Uddhava helplessly.

'You want Shaibya for your life and hers?' asked Krishna.

'I want her, but I would not be untrue to Shvetaketu—nor to you,' Uddhava shook his head.

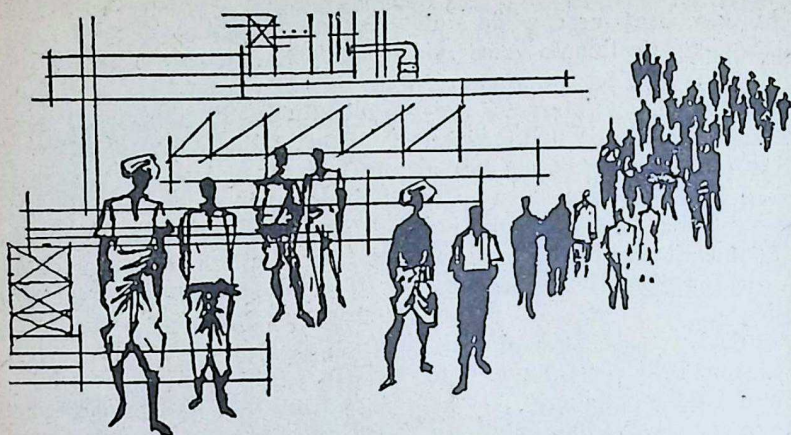
'Then stand true to yourself: build an altar of devotion around her; offer her the most precious thing you can offer; then she will give you warmth and strength of the sacrificial fire,' said Krishna.

'But that way, Krishna, she will never be mine as I want her to be,' said Uddhava unconvinced.

'And if you throw yourself into the fire, will you become the Lord of Fire? No, Uddhava. The sacrificial fire gives blessings only to the one who offers all, not to the one who demands all,' said Krishna.

'The thought that Shaibya won't be mine sends me mad,' said Uddhava shaking his head in utter helplessness.

'Do I not know how marvellous Shaibya is? She has the fiery spirit of a half-tamed mare. She is a woman of great ability and devotion. Only she is at war with the world—that is the trouble with her. No sooner I saw her, I was drawn to her myself—and constructed an altar around her. I do it with every woman who enters my life. I did the same with Mother Yashoda, with the *gopis*, with Vishakhā, with Radhā, with Mother De-



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vaki, and even with Trivakra,' said Krishna.

'I cannot do what you can. I could only build an altar round you, and that is now defiled,' said Uddhava.

'I will show you the way to build the altar, Uddhava. It is not difficult. Are you ready to bear the thousand thorns which will afflict you as you live with Shaibya day by day?' asked Krishna.

'Why do you ask these questions, Krishna? They hurt me. I want her for ever and ever, but I am never going to get her,' said Uddhava.

'Answer my question,' said Krishna. 'Would you like her to be the mother of your children, the *kula stree*, the presiding goddess of your family, who would surround you and your children with love and transmit your family traditions to your children?'

'I don't know,' Uddhava confessed. 'I have never thought of these things.'

'Then you are selfish; you have no devotion to offer her, you only want her for a passing glow,' said Krishna.

Uddhava was indignant, but speechless.

'Do think again and tell me. Do you want her to be a divinity to your children, loved, honoured and worshipped by them?' asked Krishna.

'Certainly, I would,' replied Uddhava.

'Well, then, when she grows old, ailing, decrepit, would you still be able to warm yourself? And when your life is running out, would you still be able to warm yourself at the dying fire?' Krishna insisted for an answer.

'How can I say? I am bewildered,' said Uddhava.

'If you cannot say it clearly, how

can you enshrine Shaibya in an altar?' slowly spoke Krishna and became dreamily reminiscent.

'Uddhava, Big Brother and you both have always upbraided me for leaving Radha behind in Vrindavan. But I did it because I want her to be my sacred fire. I would never have loved Radha had I not been sure that I was going to live in Vrindavan as a cowherd for ever. But when I was called to Mathura as Vasudeva's son, it would have been wicked to bring her with me. She was born to be an exquisite flower in the spring and would never have survived the hot winds of the life I was called upon to face. She would have never found her "Kahn" in Krishna Vaasudeva. And I, with my mission to fulfil, could not have played the gay cowherd, who was the very breath of her life. So I parted from her. She has always remained an altar fire for me and I have remained the altar fire for her. It was the only way,' said Krishna a little sadly.

'I wish we had all your wisdom,' said Uddhava.

'If you feel so, why not let me tell you what I think is wisdom.' Krishna was now speaking with authority. 'Man and wife, Uddhava, living in mutual lifelong devotion are at the root of *Dharma*. The creation springs from them. Don't destroy *Dharma* for a fleeting comfort at a wayside fire.'

'Remember what the Gods did in the days of old,' continued Krishna. 'They had to offer sacred *Purush* to make creation possible. Without a sacrificial offering, you cannot create anything,' said Krishna as if speaking to himself. 'If you want a woman, you have to offer something: a pre-

sent, a house to live in, lifelong protection. But that way you will only get a woman, her body, her services. The offering, however, is like offering ghee or barley or a lamb to get a place in heaven. If you want a divinity to inspire you to *Dharma* and multiply your strength a hundredfold, you must offer something vastly greater. Have not the Gods said: "*By the spirit of sacrifice alone shall sacrifice prosper*".

'Don't confuse me, Krishna,' said Uddhava. 'Tell me what I should do. I have always lived in and for you, always obeyed you. In this case too, I will follow your advice. You have the power to see, but I have not.'

'Then, brother mine, find out for yourself whether Shaibya is a wayside fire for you or worth enshrining in an altar. She is a wonder of a woman—a splendourous creature, not exactly made for a devoted wife or a self-effacing mother, unless she has learnt to give you the devotion which she gave to her uncle. She is at present a raging wild fire. She cannot be even a wayside fire, much less an altar fire—either for you or for Shvetaketu. Shvetaketu has accepted my advice and will wait till the raging flames—which is Shaibya today—subside,' said Krishna.

'Do you give me the same advice?' asked Uddhava.

'Yes. In the meantime, let each one of you build his own altar around her.... and who knows the fire will be tamed and declare its own guardian god,' said Krishna.

'It is a hard, hard way,' said Uddhava.

'The hardest way is the best—for it is the way of *tapas*, of the strength which comes of purifying the body and the mind. If *tapas* does not

partly passion, *Gandhi* themselves will be playing wayside fires; roaring like *Rudras*, they will sweep *Dharma* away. Then the unity of man and wife will be dissolved; the family bond will be snapped; the ways of our Fathers will be forgotten and the bonds which keep the worlds together will break. Men and women, lusting and irresponsible, incapable of *tapas*, will forswear *Rita*, to which even the Gods conform. In the end, *Dharma* will die and men and women will be worse than beasts,' said Krishna.

Uddhava kept looking down, listening to the words of his friend.

'I have never spoken to you so freely about this, for no occasion had arisen so far,' continued Krishna. 'But, Uddhava, listen. We cannot desert *Dharma*. We have still very far to go. I say we—for without you, I am helpless. Your faith in me keeps me on the path of *Dharma*. Don't forget it.'

'Lord, forgive me,' said Uddhava overborne by such affection. 'I am not worthy of such affection. Tell me what to do, and I will do it.'

'Tomorrow or the day after, Big Brother is going with King Kukudmin to capture Kushasthali. Go with them. Nothing makes it easier to prepare a good altar when we are away from the fire. By the time you come back, the raging flame which is Shaibya today, would have subsided; perhaps by then Shvetaketu might have returned to Mathura,' said Krishna.

'It is a terrible thing that you ask me to do. But I swear, I shall carry it out—even at the cost of my life,' said Uddhava.

'Great things, Uddhava, are always done at the cost of one's life,' said Krishna.

[To be continued]

Supplement to
'Bhavan's
Journal'
Annual,
1961.



BHARATA NATYA

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The Religion of **ZARATHUSTRA**

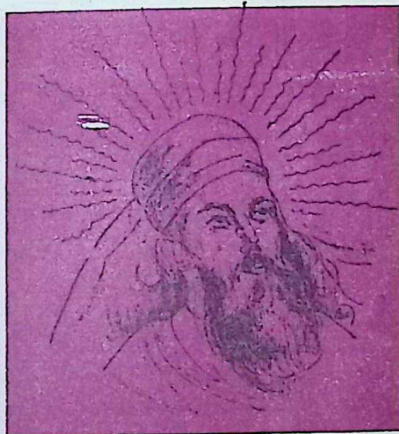
Dr. C. Kunhan Raja

THE religion of Zarathustra was founded in Iran about three thousand years ago.

Although it was founded in Iran, it spread far out into the world. But another religion practically swept away this great religion from its homeland towards the close of the first millennium of the Christian era.

At that time some people devoted to their religion fled from Iran and found an asylum in India; they set out from their homeland with their Fire in their hand and Faith in their God in their heart. They came to a very hospitable country. They are the Parsis.

In their own home, there are only a very few families remaining and



they are recognised as an important minority in that country, Iran. One going to Iran can meet them and they call themselves Zaradoshtis, the followers of the religion of Zaradosht.

Throughout Iran we can see in city-corners and on hill-tops many ruined square buildings which they call

Atesh-kade, i.e., place of fire. They are the temples where the followers of the religion of Zarathustra worshipped their Fire.

The religion of these Parsis was founded by a great Teacher by name Zarathustra who was born in Iran.

There are differences in the records relating to the exact place where he was born. We do not also know the time when Zoroaster was born.



The Author

Zoroaster mentions Vishtaspa with great admiration in his *Gathas*. Historians identify the King Vishtaspa of the *Gathas* with the father of Darius. There are others who believe that the Vishtaspa of the *Gathas* is a much earlier king, in so far as the father of Darius is too late a personality to be the contemporary of Zoroaster.

There are some Greek traditions which say that Zoroaster lived a few millennia earlier than the Christian era. But the generally accepted age of Zoroaster is about 1000 B.C.

All the Achaemenian emperors mention Ahura Mazda, the god of the Zoroastrian religion as having installed them on the throne; and Darius mentions this event of Ahura Mazda having placed him on the throne many a time, practically in all his inscriptions, and also as the Creator of the world and of man. The name of Zarathustra is not mentioned by them. But the figures carved on the walls in important places do in the

Achaemenian kings, like Persepolis and Susa show that they recognised him as the great Teacher.

In the *Gathas* it is specifically mentioned that God sent Zarathustra as a Teacher to the world to protect the earth and humanity from evil.

There is a great similarity between the birth of Zarathustra and of Sri Krishna, as given in the *Gathas* and in the *Srimadbhagavata* respectively. I need mention only the event as narrated in the *Gathas*. The event is described in the 29th Yasna, which is the second *Gatha*.

The Earth went to the great God Ahura Mazda in the form of a cow and complained to Him about her sorrows and asked Him why He created her, why He fashioned her. Passion and rapine outraged everywhere on the Earth and there was violence enmeshing the earth all-round. The Earth had no help outside of the great Lord. She implored Him to grant her some strong one to save her.

Ahura Mazda said that there was one man known to Him who had kept up all His commands, the Holy Zarathustra Spitama; He announced that Zarathustra was willing and eager to proclaim the eternal Laws of Ahura Mazda through songs and hymns and that for that reason He had granted to him the sweetness of voice.

On hearing this, the Earth in the form of the cow wailed, saying, "So I have to accept a feeble prop, the word of one who has no physical strength. It is a mighty prince that I want. Will such a one ever arise as I dream, one who shall protect me

AUGUST 6, 1961

Then she reconciled herself to the position and prayed that Ahura Mazda bestow His Grace on them who were to protect the Law of Ahura Mazda, that He might grant them the vital force, that the Leader of man might guide men to the condition of peace and rest. She promised to accept Zarathustra as the guide and Lord. She promised to serve with zeal both Ahura Mazda and His Messenger.

This is a free rendering of the substance of the *Gatha* in which the occasion for the advent of Zarathustra is described. There are some words like Asha and Vohu Mano, which will be explained presently. This episode has a close resemblance to the episode of the occasion for the advent of Sri Rama and of Sri Krishna in the Indian mythologies, which no one can miss. The only difference is that while Zarathustra and Jesus and Buddha are men, Sri Krishna and Sri Rama are Gods themselves incarnate as men; they are God giving instruction to humanity in person and not men passing on God's instruction to humanity.

Like Sri Rama and Sri Krishna and also like Buddha, Zarathustra had also royal connections. Sri Rama was heir to the throne and sat on the throne; Buddha was heir to the throne but left off his palace and his family before his father died. Sri Krishna killed a tyrant who had usurped the throne and he placed the rightful heir on the throne; he himself lived in royal style though he was not a ruler of any kingdom. Zarathustra was also known as Spitama, and it is supposed that Spitama was an ancestor of Zarathustra who was such

a great person that the descendants took that as the family name.

There is some doubt about the meaning of the name Zarathustra and Spitama. Etymologically Zarathustra means "one having an aged camel". The Sanskrit equivalent will be *jaarad-ushtra*. There are many words both in the *Avesta* and in the Vedas that have the name of an animal at the end, like *Krisasva* which means "one having a slim horse", and the Avestan equivalent is Karesaspa.

In the *Avesta* itself there are the names of others having the names of animals like Bull and Horse at the end, and even of Ushtra (Camel). But some people like the late Taraporewala hold that the name Zarathustra is not an original name, that it was applied to him after he was accepted as the Great Teacher and that it is very inappropriate to assign such a name to a Great Teacher. They derive the word from Harit in Sanskrit meaning "golden" and Ushtra from the root *Vas* in Sanskrit meaning "shining". There is another name in the *Avesta* where the ending is Ustra and that is Ferashaostra.

The meaning of the word Spitama is also not clear. Spitama was an ancestor of Zarathustra remote by nearly ten generations from Zarathustra. The late Taraporewala tries to relate it to the Sanskrit word Sveta meaning "white" and considers it as a superlative: I have my own feeling that the word should be related to Spenta, which is associated with Amesha (Sanskrit *Amrita*, immortal). The Amesha Spentas are six Divinities in the religion of Zoroaster. I cannot however enter into these philo-

logical considerations in this article.

Just as Buddha speaks about earlier Buddhas and the Laws of conduct established by the Aryas, Zarathustra also speaks of the earlier leaders of humanity like Saoshyantas and Angras (Sanskrit Angiras and Greek Angello, English Angel). There are also the Athruvas, the Atharvanas of the Vedas. They were all the wise people, the worshippers of the great God, the carriers of the Law.

Certainly there must have been decadence among the followers of the religion. God's Law was being violated and evil was getting dominant in the world. It is to restore the Law of God that Ahura Mazda selected Zarathustra as his messenger carrying to humanity the Law of Ahura Mazda. He was the best of men, the only man who had obeyed all the commands and Laws of Ahura Mazda.

Very little information is available about him in the portion of the Sacred Literature that has come down to us in what is called the *Avesta*. There are some occasional references to his parents and his relatives and to his place of birth and about other details. For Jesus Christ we have the *Gospels*; for Buddha we have the *Tripitakas*. For Sri Krishna and for Sri Rama we have exhaustive accounts: the *Bhagavata* and *Harivamsa* and *Vishnu Purana* for Sri Krishna and the *Ramayana* for Sri Rama, besides various Puranas and allied literature. Thanks to Alexander and his successors, much of this great literature relating to the Holy Prophet of Iran was lost.

The Spitama family must have been a noble one and there is mention of

Haechadaspa as also a Spitama. He must have been one of the relatives of Zarathustra. Zarathustra's father was Pourushaspa. Pouruchishta was his daughter and she is mentioned as Haechedaspama Spitami, which means a lady belonging to the Spitama family in the line of Haechadaspa. Zarathustra must have been his own name, which name the Greeks preserved as Zaratrades, or Zoroastres; this was again corrupted into Zoroaster by the Romans. This is the name by which he is now known in the European languages while in Persian itself the name came down as Zardosht. The Zoroastrians in Iran are known now as Zardoshtis.

Zarathustra might have been born in Bactria, known in the *Avesta* as Barekhdha and Bakhdhi. Vishtaspa mentioned by Zarathustra in the *Gathas*, presumably as the name of the reigning king, cannot be the Vishtaspa, father of Darius. But there are some people who identify them. Darius gives the list of his ancestors and there are evidences in the *Avesta* on which the genealogy of Vishtaspa mentioned in the *Gathas* could be reconstructed. Ferdousi also mentions the Vishtaspa of the *Avesta*. The two lists are quite different from each other. There is no reason to believe that Zarathustra was a contemporary of the father of Darius of the sixth century B.C. He must be much earlier. We do not know how ancient Zarathustra was. All that we can say is that Zarathustra and the *Avesta* have a very high antiquity.

Modern scholars attempt to differentiate between the real historical man named Zarathustra who reformed

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the religion of Iran and the prophet around whom many anecdotes and many miracles have gathered and who thus became a mythological character. This is a doctrine which modern scholars restrict to matters within the Hindu and the Zoroastrian religions. I have not seen any serious work done by a recognised author who has drawn a distinction between the Historical Jesus and the Jesus of the *Gospels* with various miracles associated with him. What is found in the *Tripitaka* about Buddha Siddhartha is accepted as facts relating to the Teacher. No one would dare to raise such points relative to the Prophet of Arabia. As for Hinduism, even the historicity of Sri Krishna and Sri Rama is questioned! The divine nature of Sri Rama, according to scholars, is a later concoction of priests patronised by kings. There are different Sri Krishnas according to scholars!

Zoroaster was far above the other persons on the earth at that time in point of certain qualities, and such qualities made him really superhuman and a worthy vehicle for the Almighty God Ahura Mazda to spread the teachings about His Law among men. His qualities were known to God, and God selected him for the great task. There were various temptations which he was able to resist. Demons attempted to kill him but he vanquished them. The miracles and superhuman qualities relating to Zarathustra have not been preserved through contemporary records in the same way as we have the records of other Teachers like Jesus Christ contained in the *Gospels*. No teacher of the world has had such biographers as Valmiki for Sri Rama

and Veda Vyasa for Sri Krishna. It is not that Zarathustra did not have contemporaries who realised and recorded his glories. But we have to thank only Alexander and his followers for the loss of such records.

The great quality of Zarathustra's teaching lay in the fact that his was not an aggressive religion. There was the Vedic religion on the east; neither the Zoroastrian traditions nor the Vedic traditions preserve any record of a war between the followers of the religion of Zoroaster in Iran and the followers of the Vedic Path on the eastern border. Buddhism came later and spread along the area where the Vedic Religion also was current and came to the borders of the region of the religion of Zoroaster. There are archaeological remains to show that on the border areas of India and Iran both the religion of Zoroaster and the religion of Buddha lived side by side along with the religion of the Vedas.

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The original *Avesta* of Zarathustra with the Pahlavi commentaries form the basic text of the religion of Zoroaster as it is now current.

The *Avesta*, the original text of Zoroaster, as it is now available, consists of a few distinct parts. What we have now is only a small part of what they had in the earlier days. There is a tradition found in the Greek literature, as recorded by Pliny on the authority of Hermippos, that Zoroaster had actually composed two million verses. There is an Arab tradition preserved by Anu Jaffir Attavari that the writings of Zarathustra covered twelve hundred parchments.

Considering the extent of the available Vedic literature, which is only a small part of what actually existed, there is nothing improbable in the Zoroastrian literature too being of such considerable length. The Greek historians themselves attest the atrocity committed by Alexander during his invasion of Iran. The original texts, according to the tradition, must have been in twenty-one books. Much about the personal history of Zarathustra has been lost through the destruction of these books called Nasks.

The nineteenth Nask is preserved in full and that is now called the Vendidad. The word is really Vi-daevadad, or the Laws (Dad) against (Vi) the demons (Daeva). Another large section of the *Avesta* is the *Yasnas*. The *Gathas* form a part of the *Yasnas*, scattered between the 28th (which is the first) and the 53rd *Yasnas*. There are *Yasnas* that are not *Gathas* coming within this group of *Gathas*. There are five groups of *Gathas* differing in metre, each group having a separate metre. They are prayers with philosophical and abstract thoughts contained in the poetry.

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Here I must say that Zarathustra is one of the few Teachers who was also a great poet; all the Vedic teachers from the beginning have been poets. The *Yasna* consists of 72 sections. The text falls into three divisions, one from beginning to the 27th, where the *Gathas* start in the 28th. Then there is the portion between 28th and 53rd where the *Gathas* appear and then the portions after the *Gathas*. The divisions are more or less

equal. The *Yasnas* are used at the worship (*Yasna*, Sanskrit *Yajna*). The *Visperad* (*Visve Ritavah* in Sanskrit) are supplementary to the *Yasnas*. The *Yashts* (*Yajatis* in Sanskrit) consists of twenty-one hymns or rather adorations of the *Yazatas* (Sanskrit *Yajatas*), the adorables i.e. the Divines. Along with the *Vendidad* which are codes of Law more or less, these three texts form the chief portion in the *Avesta*. The *Yasnas* and the *Visperad* are not mentioned in the *Dinkard*, the Pahlavi text where there is a description of the contents of the ancient Nasks that are now practically lost to us.

In the *Gathas* we find the noblest and the sublimest specimens of poetry and in the *Yashts*, not completely in metre, we find some of the best specimens of literary art.

The texts are closely related to the Vedas. So is the religion. There are many parallels between the two. The *Haoma-yasna* of the *Avesta* is the *Soma-yajna* - (*Soma-yaga*) of the Vedas. *Ahura* is the *Asura*, (an appellation of the highest gods in the Veda). *Mitra* of the *Avesta* is the *Mitra* of the Veda. Some gods in the Veda have become evil spirits in the *Avesta*; this is the case with *Indra* and *Nasatya*. *Apam Napat*, a deity in the Veda remains as such in the *Avesta*. The river *Sarasvati* (the river basin, really) of the Veda becomes *Haraquiti*, a region created by *Ahura Mazda* in the *Avesta*. The *Sapta Sindhu*, the seven streams of celestial bliss in the Veda, becomes another region created by *Ahura Mazda*. *Ahura Mazda* created sixteen regions where the God's Law prevailed; that

is how the text of the Vendidad starts. His enemy Angra Mainyu created sixteen corresponding regions of evil and suffering. The Vendidad is the text where are given the Laws to keep away the demons and their laws.

The religion founded by Zarathustra is a noble religion full of ethical grandeur. Ahura Mazda is the supreme god. He has six Divines around him, being known as the Amesha Spentas. Amesha is the equivalent of the Sanskrit Amrita. Spentas are the Holy Ones: Three of them are male and three are female. The male divinities are: the Asha (Sanskrit *Rita*) the Vohu Mano (Sanskrit *Vasu Manas*) and Khashatra (Sanskrit *Kshatra*). Asha is usually mentioned as Asha Vahishtha and Khashatra is mentioned generally as Khashatra Vairya. Vahishtha means the greatest (Sanskrit *Vasishtha* and Modern Persian Behesht). Vairya in Sanskrit is *Virya*. Aramatti (Sanskrit *Aramati*), Haurvatat (Sanskrit *Sarvatati*) and Ameratat (Sanskrit *Amaratati*) are three female divinities. As the enemy of Ahura Mazda there is Angra Mainyu with six evil spirits around him; they are Aka Manah, Indra, Saurva, Taromaiti, Tautu and Zairica. The triumph of the light against the darkness is the central doctrine of the religion of Zarathustra. That is why it is such an ethical religion. The religion preached by him had a glorious life of over a millennium and a half. The religion was practically crushed in the land of its birth; but the religion triumphed in the world, and the ethical doctrine of the triumph of the good over the evil was established.

There are various points of simi-

ilarity between Zarathustra and Sri Krishna. I have already mentioned that both had royal blood in them. Both were born in a city on the bank of a river. There were miraculous events on their birth. Both had life in forest in the early days. Both had to fight against the demons and both triumphed. The circumstances of their advent are also identical. Their achievements too are of the same degree.

One of my greatest privileges in my life as a student, one thing of which I am really proud, is that along with my studies of the Sanskrit literature, especially the Vedas, I had the fortune to study the *Avesta* and the old Persian inscriptions by emperors who were the early followers of the religion established by Zarathustra.

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Attempts have been made by some scholars to show that there has been a severe conflict between the religion of Zarathustra and the religion of the Vedas. It is said that Zarathustra not merely reformed the religion of his time, but also changed the whole of the Vedic beliefs and Vedic practices found in his time. This is the same story as the story of Buddha being an enemy of the Vedic ways. I have nothing but admiration for modern scholarship so far as history and grammar are concerned; but I have my own views about the value of modern interpretations of ancient texts from the cultural point of view.

There are differences, but there are such differences between the Vedic religion and the later religion of India. *Daeva*, Sanskrit *Deva*, became the

term for the evil spirits in the *Avesta*, and *Asura*, the name of the great god, became the name of the demons in Sanskrit of a later day! But these are only changes in the meanings of words and not in facts. There is nothing to show that a single one of the gods of the Veda was declared to be a demon by Zarathustra. All his six *Amesha Spentas* (the Holy Immortals) are divinities in Veda and not one of his demons is a Vedic god. *Indra* is the name of a demon in the Zarathustrian tradition, but *Vritra-ghna* remained a god, and *Indra* of the Vedas is the *Vritra-ghna*. And such changes in meanings are very few. The retention of the nature of the gods found in the Veda, even in the *Avesta* is far more prominent than such a change in meaning.

Zarathustra never condemned the religion on the eastern side of his country and never asked the king or his followers to go with sword and fist against their neighbours. He had no need to reform the religion on the eastern side, since the religion there represented the Law of God. The enemies of the Vedic people whom *Indra* exterminated are not certainly the gods found in the religion of Zarathustra.

There must be a new approach to the study of Zarathustra and his teachings in India to reach the true position regarding the relation of the Vedas and the *Avesta* on the cultural side.

*Ashem Vohu Vahishtem Asti
Ushta Asti.*

"Righteousness is the highest Good,
is the Illumination."



This is the first article in
the new series—Current Trends in World
Literature—to be published
at intervals during this year.—Ed.



German Literature Today

Dr. F. W. Hellmann

ANY attempt to give a short review of contemporary German literature includes several imponderables. Apart from lack of space, a critique of contemporary literature will always be coloured by personal preferences and aversions more than it may usually happen with literary works of older times. Even the best critic is apt to be influenced by the number of printed and sold copies, in other words, the commercial success of a literary work. And so far as contemporary literature is not looked at in a merely abstract way but as an important source of knowledge for the understanding of a society, then the consideration of the literary best seller may indeed not seem to be too irrelevant.

For a just appraisal of contemporary literature especially of Germany, it is very important to be well conscious of its past. Nobody can expect

the German cultural life after the end of the Second World War to be an even continuation of the cultural life at the time of the Weimar Republic. Nazism and the War interfered stronger in the field and had more disastrous consequences on it than, for instance, on the economic field. It would be too much to expect the same fast recovery of the cultural life as it happened in the field of West-German economy.

The poets, philosophers, and other artists cannot overcome so quickly the psychic shock of a complete collapse, the chaos of Nazism, of participation in guilt, of the defeat, the destructions, the partition of the country. Real psychic and intellectual mastery and reorganization will be done only slowly if it is to be done sincerely. That is true, especially with regard to the German character.

This survey is called "German Lite-



Thomas Mann

ature Today" though it is only concerned with the literature of West-Germany, that is, of the Federal Republic of Germany; for, the literature which up to now has been published in the eastern part of Germany must strictly follow a one-sided political doctrine and can therefore not show the variety of the free intellectual life in Germany.

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In the realm of fiction the first ten years after the last war were influenced by those writers who had already begun to write in the twenties. Indeed, many of them became known only now, for instance Franz Kafka. His short stories and the two great novels *Das Schloss* (The Castle) and *Der Prozess* (The Trial) had a very strong influence upon the younger writers because of Kafka's completely new simple-looking but in fact very complicated, ambiguous, surrealist, fan-

guage and imagery. Many books of the other authors like Hermann Broach, Robert Musil, Heinrich Mann, his more famous brother Thomas Mann, and Alfred Doeblin had been written before or during the War, but since they had been forbidden by the Nazi Government or since these authors had been in exile, many of them came only now into the consciousness of a broader literary public.

Besides them there were, of course, new works which tried to conceive the situation of the present, to describe the disaster of the war or even to master the dreadful experiences of the previous ten years. Here we have to mention first and foremost Thomas Mann's *Doktor Faustus*. He transformed into modern times the old German tale of the scholar Doktor Faustus who, full of thirst for more knowledge, formed a pact with the devil. In Mann's novel, Faustus is a modern composer whose life is symbolically connected with the disastrous fate of the German nation up to the terrible end of 1945. This novel showed once more Thomas Mann's eminent poetical insight and can be counted among the best novels in German language.

Another fascinating novel which also comprehends the time from the 1920s up to the present is Alfred Doeblin's *Hamlet oder Die lange Nacht nimmt ein Ende* (Hamlet or The Long Night Comes to an End). It is the story of the illness of a young English soldier who was heavily wounded and, with an emotional shock, is brought back to his parents' home. He is far from accepting any soothing convention and any lies about the cruel rea-

lity of life and can only find his way back into existence by absolute truth. He pulls down the rotten walls behind which people tried to hide themselves. To divert his mind, his father tells him stories, the motives of which reach from the myths of Persephone, from the Celtic stories of King Lear to the love-ceremonies of the French Troubadours; but the son recognizes in each of these stories a relation to present life and to persons of his surroundings. Thus these entangled motives form the meaningful background for Doebelin's moralistic criticism of life. The instant desire for truth of this modern Hamlet effects the collapse of the bourgeois facade of his parental home and shows that what was inflicted upon him by the war, was only the last consequence of an old debt of his family which had increased from the oldest times up to the present. Like Thomas Mann's *Doktor Faustus*, Doebelin's novel sums up the most important tendencies of the last decades.

By this time, the number of prose writers increased and they were trying now, partly in a more traditional and conservative manner, partly in an experimenting and *avantgardistic* way to overcome the past and to conquer new areas in their novels and short stories. As representatives of the more conservative way may be mentioned Werner Bergengruen, Gertrud von Le Fort, Edzard Schaper; the books by Stefan Andres, Ernst Juenger, Luise Rinser, Heinz Risse mean a kind of transition to the very modern books of Wolfgang Borchert, Arno Schmidt, Hans Erich Nossack, Siegfried Lenz, and Hans Bender.



Heinrich Boell

Out of the great number of contemporary German writers only a few may be marked out: Heinrich Boell has become well known by his novels and short stories during the last ten years. He illuminates his characters with a kind of Dickensian humanity, but controls his emotional vitality with a sharp consciousness of form and language. With his last novel *Billard um halbzehn* (Billiards at Half-Past-Nine) where he relates within the framework of one day in 1958 the story of three generations of an architect family, he again proved the rare ability of writing in a manner that can make a direct appeal to the general reader and can also arouse the interest of the literary critic.

Gunter Grass wrote perhaps the most controversial of last year's novels in West-Germany, *Die Blechtrommel* (The Tin Drum). The narrator and central figure, a dwarf, looks upon his life in Nazi Germany and in the post-

war years from the vantage-point of a mental hospital where he is forcibly detained. The novel is a brilliant and provocative review of the last thirty years in Germany. Gerd Gaiser is another moralist and critic of skill and self-critical discernment. His novel *Schlussball* (Coming-Out Dance) satirizes the new affluence of economic recovery in Western Germany.

This glance on modern German fiction cannot be finished without mentioning the German-written novels of the Swiss Max Frisch, especially his novel *Stiller*. A man who is arrested at the border of his Swiss native land obstinately denies his identity. This man Stiller is the home-comer who does not want to come home because one cannot get twice into the same river. The individual "I am" is critically analysed. Stiller plays the role of a nobody in order to learn about his own real existence. Stiller is an individual character symbolical enough to stand for an actual problem but at the same time original enough not to fade into a merely conventional pattern. The success of the novel "Stiller" is caused by this double liability: to show an actual problem and to show it at the same time as the symbol for something general which points beyond a certain historical time.

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In the field of philosophical thought too a nihilistic end, a zero-point seemed to have been reached with the collapse of the Third Reich and the Nazi *Weltanschauung*. The search for a new starting point, for a new metaphysics led here also back to the pre-Hitler

days of free philosophizing. More than in other cultural fields, the men who had played a decisive, though not exclusive, role in the 1920's reasserted themselves. Those philosophers who represented the living tradition of the pre-Hitler days came to dominate the field and seemed to have dominated it ever since.

Nicolai Hartmann who died in 1950 was too old to change his views; he continued his teaching and completed the last volume of his systematic work *Philosophie der Natur und der Aesthetik* (Philosophy of Nature and Aesthetics). Hartmann went back to the pre-Kantian ontological tradition and tried to lay the foundations of a new Science of Being. He was a commonsense realist and so rejected Kant's revolution, that means the dependence of the objects of our knowledge on the concepts and models of our mind. Though he still has followers, his influence decreased more and more.

Karl Jaspers came from medicine and psychiatry to philosophy and this psychiatric experience gave him deep insight into the psychology of individuals and types. By trying to preserve the freedom and the authentic being of man, he became the originator of German *Existenzphilosophie*, which stands as a method in the tradition of the German philosophy and should not be mixed up with the more popular French existentialism of Sartre, Camus, and Gabriel Marcel.

Just before Hitler came to power, Jaspers had published his three-volume *Philosophie* with the most important volume *Existenzzerhellung*. After 1945, Jaspers played an important role in



Dr. Karl Jaspers

the reconstruction of Heidelberg University and has taken part in the discussion of vital problems for which his latest book *Die Atombombe und die Zukunft der Menschheit*—(The Atom bomb and the Future of Mankind) is characteristic. Here again he tries to arouse conscience on the fate of man, of the deadly danger of atomic warfare and appeals for a change of heart of every human being. At the same time he attempts to lay the basis of a political philosophy. Altogether Jaspers is well aware of the duty of the philosopher to pay his contribution to the solution of the vital problems of our time.

The most influential philosopher, however, in West-Germany is Martin Heidegger. After *Sein und Zeit*, the chief work of German Existenzphilosophie, he brought out a large number of books. He rejects traditional metaphysics and wants to go back to

the pre-Socratics, analysing man as a being-within-the-world. The mixture of his rational thinking with etymology and irrational mythology has favoured the fact that his philosophy has not only become the leading philosophy but a fashion.

The main importance of German Existenzphilosophie, however, is its great influence on almost all fields of the German cultural life—on theology, literature, art, and even pedagogics. There are of course also other philosophical trends in Germany of today but Existenzphilosophie as a development from *Phaenomenologie* is still the leading trend.

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Poetry has ever been the favourite form of literary expression in Germany and seems to be so nowadays too, though it has changed very much. The variety of forms of poetic expression is characterized by the two poles: Gottfried Benn and Wilhelm Lehmann.

The modern poet's activity is often described as that of the laboratory, and this metaphor describes exactly the works of Benn, describes the atmosphere of controlled experimentation and discovery which lends a peculiar excitement to his poems. Like the phoenix out of the ash, out of cynicism and nihilism, out of the irremediable collapse of values a new beauty arises in Benn's works. Gottfried Benn died in 1956 but many of the younger poets are strongly influenced by him. At the other end of the range of contemporary German poetry arises the beauty of the mysterious nature-poetry of Wilhelm Lehmann. Here

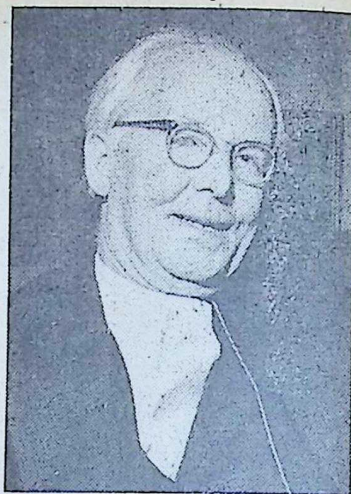
the old myths, the simple nature, the native landscape are still valid.

Between these two there is a large number of other talents. One finds the poems of *Bertolt Brecht*, the power of simple, unaffected speech after the rhetoric and slogans of the Hitler years; the poems of Hans Magnus Enzensberger as the expression of the malaise of the angry young men; the poems of Karl Krolow, Guenter Grass, Ilse Aichinger, Guenter Eich, and Heinz Piontek; and finally the works of the two most respected of recent German poets, Ingeborg Bachmann and Paul Celan. While the poetry of Bachmann goes back to the lyrics of Goethe and the Romantics, Paul Celan who also translated Valery and Alexander Blok has learnt much from modern European poetry. But he also stands securely in a German tradition that starts with Hoelderlin and passes through Rilke and Trakl.

Many poems express the feeling of horror of the war and all the consequences of war. Almost all poems are experiments, since the poets are trying to express not clearly definable feelings by simple but uncommon abstract images, to disclose new spheres where the essential things of the world of today occur. All their poetry reflects the attempt to make language capable of embracing more of an increasingly complex and questionable reality. How much of it will survive? Time alone can tell it. But reading their poems means taking part in human reorientation.

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In German theatrical life, the zero-point 1945 was emphasized by the phy-



Wilhelm Lehmann

sical destruction of most of the play-houses. What could not be destroyed was the passionate love of the theatre. Within a few years, modern play-houses went up in the cities, even in the smaller provincial centres. This reconstruction and the whole theatre management was only possible because of the old German tradition of subsidizing the great majority of theatres by the town, or the State, or by both. Thus the West-German theatres are largely unhampered by commercial or political limitations.

The usual day-to-day-repertory of German theatres largely consists of classics and of almost all significant new plays from abroad, often before they are produced in their country of origin (for instance the plays of the American, Eugene O'Neill). These plays far outweigh those by contemporary native authors. The collapse of

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the Third Reich left a vacuum there also. Only a few playwrights of the pre-war years survived: The dramatic work of Gerhart Hauptmann, mainly his early naturalistic plays, are still alive on the German stage. The plays of Bertolt Brecht, though he settled in East-Germany have a very great success in Western Germany. Carl Zuckmayer who had conquered the German stage already in 1925 by his rustical comedy *Der froehliche Weinberg* (The Merry Vineyard) returned from exile in 1946 and brought with him *Des Teufels General* (The Devil's General), undoubtedly the best play about Nazi Germany and the greatest theatrical success of the post-war years.

Of course fresh talents also come forth and new plays are produced. Just after the war, Wolfgang Borchert wrote his only play *Draussen vor der Tuer* (Outside at the Door); the tragedy of the returning soldier who finds himself a hopeless outcast in a world that wants to forget. A more satiric variation on almost the same theme, Karl Wittlinger's *Kennen Sie die Milchstrasse?* (Do You Know the Milky Way?), became the greatest success of recent years (in 1959 produced in 33 theatres). There is *Philemon und Baucis* by Leopold Ahlsen, a play about the Greek resistance fighters; Wolfgang Hildesheimer wrote a witty version of the Turandot story, named *Der Drachenthron* (The Throne of the Dragon); and there are Mattias Braun's free adaptations of Greek drama, "*Die Troerinnen*" (The Women of Troia), *Medea* and *Der Bar*

ser (The Persians), expressed in a powerful language and reshaped in the light of recent history.

But the most respected playwrights writing in German today, are the Swiss Max Frisch; for instance his comedy *Don Juan oder Die Liebe zur Geometrie* (Don Juan or The Love for Geometry) and Friedrich Duerrenmatt. His macabre parables especially *Der Besuch der alten Dame* (The Visit of the Old Lady) are a valid expression of the anguish and moral dilemma of Germany.

Especially the last two of all the new playwrights have learnt much from Brecht's work and his theory of the "epic theatre", the intention of which, in short, is not to stir the emotions of the spectator but rather to stimulate his sense of criticism.

In conclusion, there is a vivid theatrical life in West-Germany of today but a dearth of outstanding new plays. This lack can only partly be explained by the long dictatorship of Nazism. Another important reason may lead deeper to one vital problem of modern literature: the collapse of values. Only where the belief in value and meaning of life or in any other value is strongly alive, only there real emotion can arise from the dramatic conflict between this value and any opposite power. The pure intellect-bard of any belief can only reflect on himself; the dramatic antagonism must be shown within the one character. But that means intellectual reflection for which the literary form of fiction is more adequate than the drama which lives from acting.

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Visual Illustrations of Indian Melodies



Prof. O. C. Gangoly

THE differentiation of *Raginis* from *Ragas* is a peculiar feature of Indian melodies.

The evolution of the *Raginis* as a class of melodies to be distinguished from *Ragas* properly so-called is a matter of later history.

The word *Ragini* with a feminine ending does not occur in the works of Dattila, Bharata or in the *Brihad-Desi* of Sage Matanga.

Raginis are believed to be graceful, minor, diminutive or abbreviated forms of *Ragas*. At an earlier stage, such as we find in *Brihad-Desi*, they were looked upon as the derivatives of the root-*ragas*, and as reflecting the basic character of the *ragas* (*chaya-matranuga*). They were first designated as *bhasas*, *vibhasas*, and *antara-bhasas*. And each of the several earliest *grama-ragas*, or *raga-gitis*—the earliest forms of the melodies

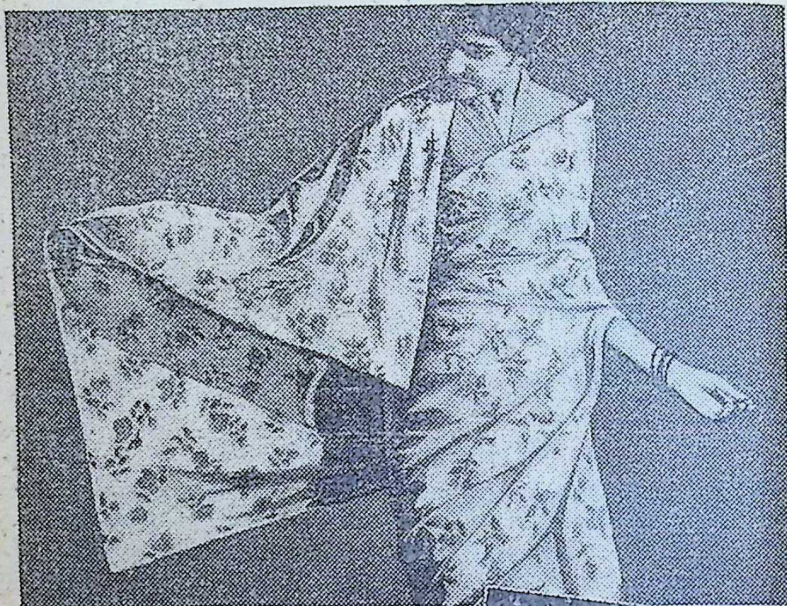
—had particular *bhasa-gitis* assigned to them.

According to the definition of Matanga, the *bhasas* were derived from the *grama-ragas*, the *vibhasas* spring from the *bhasas* and the *antara-bhasas* were born of the *vibhasas*.

In the nomenclature of this definition, and in the feminine endings given to these early derivatives of the root-*ragas*, we have the seeds for the later classification of *ragas* and *raginis*, the latter being picturesquely called as the wives of the *ragas*, and the classification of *ragas* and their derivatives as the sons (*putras*) of the *ragas*. The three types of derivative *ragas*, mentioned by Matanga, have names with feminine endings (*stri-pratyaya*).

The conception of *ragini*, as a graceful, delicate, or a diminutive phase of a *raga*, and designated with a femin-

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ine ending appears to be a peculiarity of the Northern system. Saranga Deva does not recognise *raginis*. The differentiation of female melodies is first met with in the text of *Sangita-Makaranda* by Narada, a Northern author, who gives three classes of melodies under the headings of (i) male-ragas (*pum-linga-raga*), (ii) female-ragas (*stri-lingas*), and (iii) neuter-ragas (*napumsaka-ragas*). This classification is ascribed to Brahma, and the three groups are allocated to three different types of emotive values. Thus the male melodies are assigned to the sentiments of Wonder, Courage, or Anger; the female melodies are assigned to the sentiments of Love, Laughter, or Sorrow; while the neuter melodies are assigned to the sentiments of Terror, Fear, Disgust, of Peace.

This basic differentiation between male and female types of melodies provides the basic materials for the visual forms of melodious types.

By a long tradition Indian music is very happily related to and linked with Indian pictorial art and the designs and compositions of pictorial artists. The ancient theorists of Indian music have continuously sought the aid of the visual artist to demonstrate and interpret the fundamental characteristics of each melody by visible diagrams and dramatic picturization of the emotional significance of each of the different melody-types (*ragas*, or *raginis*). Each of these melodies, though falling into certain cognate and agnate groups, is of different and clearly differentiated psychic values and is suitable for effectively interpreting one particular emotional state

of the mind, and should, therefore, be employed in demonstrating, interpreting and expressing that particular type of emotion. The Ragini pictures offer correct diagrammatic guides to the uses and application of the melodies.

According to the doctrines of Indian music, it is believed that each *raga* or *ragini* has its peculiar psychic form, corresponding to its sonal body over which the former presides as the nymph, deity or the *devata*, the presiding genius or god of that particular melody. This deity or image-form dwells in the super-terrestrial region,—the Paradise of Musical Symphonies—from which Ethreal Region—it could be invoked and induced to descend to this earth through the prayer of the musical performer with the aid of a definite symphonic formula peculiar to each melody. This peculiar doctrine is embodied in an ancient text, ascribed to Narada:—

“*Ragah sadatha raginyah*

sad-trimsat charu-vigraha

*Agata Brahma-sadasi Brahmanum
sompupasate*”

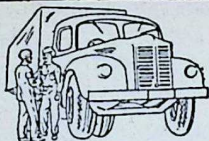
(Naradiya-Pancama-sara-

Samhitiyam)

The six major melodies (*Ragas*) and the thirty-six minor melodies (*Raginis*)—with their beautiful image-forms or bodies—emanate from the Abode of Brahma—the Transcendental Being—and sing hymns in honour of Brahma Himself.

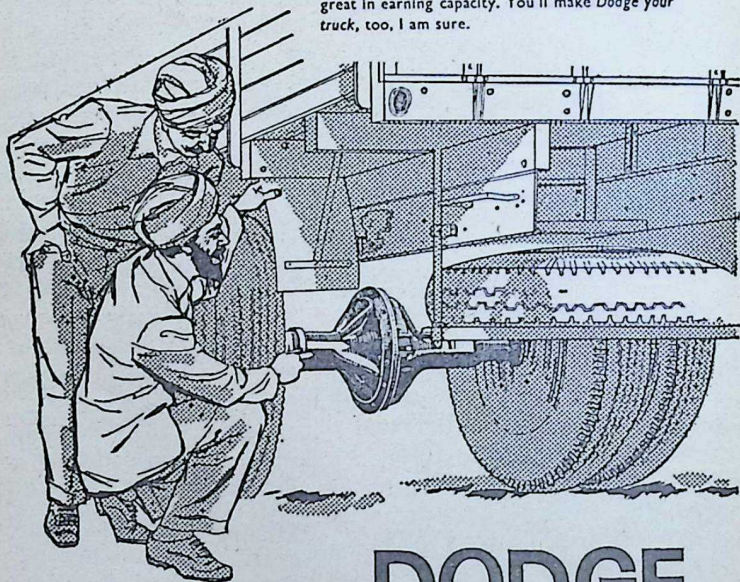
The application to the theory of Indian music of the age-old Hindu-Brahminical religious thought and image-worship, i.e., the idea of invoking the presiding deity or the spirit of the divinity by means of a *dhyana*-formula—an evocative scheme of pray-

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ers for contemplation—has led to the conception of the Forms of 'Ragas' and 'Raginis' in dual aspects, namely as audible SOUND-FORMS, and as visible IMAGE-FORMS—*Nada-maya-rupa* and *devata-maya-rupa*.

This doctrine inherent in the theory of *ragas* is casually alluded to in some of the earlier texts, but is not clearly enunciated and formulated in any texts before the *Raga-Vinoda* composed by Somanath in 1609 A.D.

Before he can call up the *devata* of any *raga* by his prayers, the interpreter, that is to say, the worshipper of the melody (*sad-haka*), has to visualize the image in his mind—or musical consciousness. For this purpose, the *dhyanas*, or the contemplative verses appear to have been formulated and composed. These *dhyanas* (prayer-formulas) are the sources

and the bases of all pictorial representations of the Indian melodies—the well-known Raga-mala pictures. To invoke the *rasa*, one must meditate upon the *rupa*. Each particular *raga* is suitable for the expression of a particular type of *rasa*, that is to say, each *raga* is associated with and is the medium of a particular sentiment or emotion, its characteristic and definite *ethos*.

In this way, we have a complete vocabulary in terms of significant melodies to express the whole gamut of human feelings in all shades and varieties of moods—in all kinds of drama-

tic situations and emotional crises,—skilfully woven with the moods of Nature—and related to our reactions to the various situations of life—of actions, of love, of suffering, of enjoyment.

Thus Bhairavi Ragini illustrates and interprets the spirit of the perennial prayer for the Divinity personified and visualized in the picture of Parvati worshipping Shiva in a temple in the Himalayan Abode.

Lalita-Ragini is the visualization of the Lament of the Beloved for being separated from her Lover—at daybreak—which brings a chapter of a Lover's Night to a sorrowful termination, as the Lover must depart to attend to the duties of the day.

Let us demonstrate the *rasa*-value and emotional content of another Ragini—with illus-



Malkaus

trations of its contemplative verse, its interpretative comments and its visual illustration.

This is KAKUBHA RAGINI affiliated to Megha-mattara Raga. Its speaking Note (*amsa*) as well as its terminating and initiating Note (*graha* and *nyasa*) is Dhaivata. Its *dhyana-sloka* runs as follows:

Supositangi rati-manditangi candra-nana campaka-dama-yukta,

Kataksini syat parama vicitra damena-yukta kakubha manojna.

(Sangita-sara-Samgraha).

The Hindi descriptive text explicitly

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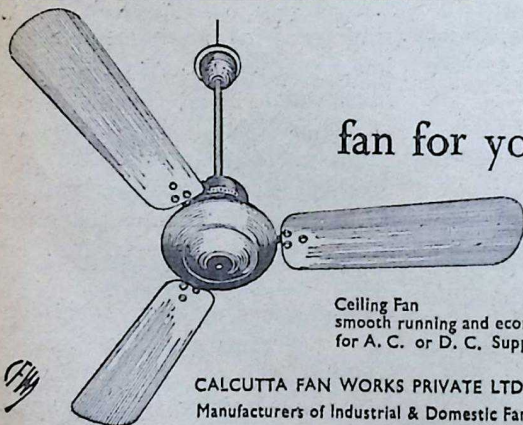
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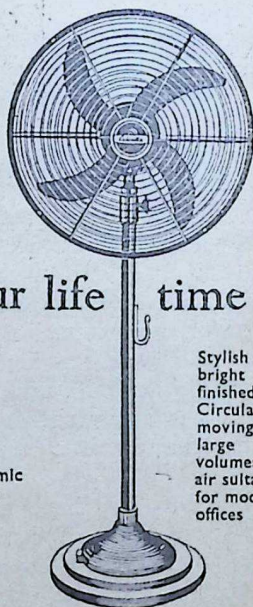
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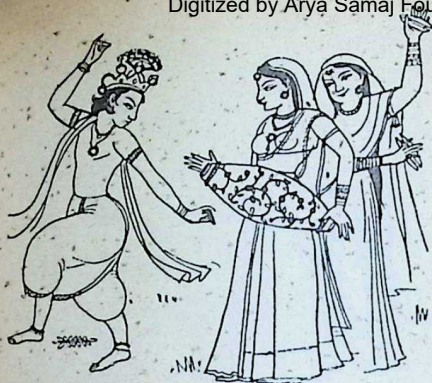
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Vasanta Ragini

interprets the nature and essence of the Ragini:—

*Viihuri alakain akhiya lalakain duti
jovan-ki jhalakai tanmain,
Pata kesariya ubhari chatiyan daraki
angiya pari-rambhanamain.
Sava raina jagi pala nahin lagi cha-
lasonkari mitthagi vanamain,
Pika vola sune dukha pavati hai ka-
kubha tiya rovatī kunjānamain,
(Kavya-Prabha Kara)*

Her hairs dishevelled, her eyes cast anxious looks around, while the flame of youth flashed on her shining frame. Her robe of yellow colour hardly covered her bosoms, for her bodice was split by repeated embraces. Keeping awake all night, she had not a wink of sleep. By tricks her lover has enticed (and deserted) her in the garden. The voice of the cuckoo brings pain to Lady Kakubha as he weeps in her bower.

As suggested in the verses quoted, —the melody is personified as a *sura-tanta nayika* (one who has ended or accomplished her love-union). According to the Hindi verses quoted, the *nayika*, after the union, has been treacherously deserted and left by her lover alone, in her bower, dishevelled and weeping. As she stands, forlorn, awaiting the return of her lover, still carrying the garland of *champaka*, the

symbol of her union, the voice of the cuckoo agitates the heart of the damsel and intensifies her separation.

The illustrative picture reproduced in the colour-plate (elsewhere in this issue) accurately visualizes the emotive flavour (*rasa*) of the tragic dramatic situation of a forlorn lady, deserted by a faithless lover. The garden is suggested by a series of flowering plants, two peacocks, two antelopes and a lotus-lake in the foreground.

The unknown master who has visualized the melody in a captivating, dazzling picture has introduced an amazing tree under which the lady stands with her garland in her hand. It is a tree with its branches glistening with gems, skilfully composed in the form of a fragrant nosegay. Such 'bejewelled trees' are described in many of the romantic tales of the *Katha-sarit-sagara*. We have space for only significant extract:

*Atarkya-siddhi-vibhavam bhasvan-
mani-maya-drumam,*

Ekavriksotgataneka-jatiya-

kusumotkaram.

A Garden of which the magic splendour was inconceivable, the trees of which were of glittering jewels, had this peculiarity, that one tree produced a great many flowers of different kinds.

These are some of the visions which flit across the Indian musical imagination.



Bhairavi



Classical Dances and Dance-dramas of India

1. *Bharata Natya & Related Forms*

Mohan Khokar

INDIA has a heritage of dance of which she can justifiably be proud. But the pity is that much of this dance wealth remains unacknowledged and goes unsung.

Take India's classical dances, for instance. It is generally believed that there are only four styles of classical dance in India, namely, Bharata Natya, Kathakali, Kathak and Manipuri. It is not so widely known—as it deserves to be—that, apart from these, there are at least a dozen other forms of traditional dance in India which, too, can be labelled 'classical', 'classical dances' being those which con-

form in style or composition to the rules enunciated by ancient scriptures of the dance, such as the *Natya Shashtra* and *Abhinaya Darpana*, and which are marked by clarity and precision of pose, movement, rhythm and expression. It must be noted, though, that the appellation 'classical dance' is commonly used to include forms of dance which have the element of drama as well and which, therefore, are sometimes spoken of as 'dance-dramas'.

Of the various classical dances of India, Bharata Natya is believed to be the oldest, because it is the form



A pose from the *Nrita* part of *Sadir*.

which is based to the largest extent on ancient Hindu scriptures on the dance and related arts. Actually, Bharata Natya is not a style of dance, but a technique, and one that can be presented in at least five cognate forms: *Sadir*, *Kuchipudi*, *Bhagavata Mela Nataka*, *Kuravanji* and *Mohini Attam*.

The *Sadir*, which is also known as *Dasi Attam* or *Chinna Melam*, is the best known facet of Bharata Natya, for it is, in fact, the same dance which we generally refer to as Bharata Natya today. It is the dance which was for centuries performed by the *devadasis* in the temples and *darbars* of South India, in particular, of course, of Tamil Nad. It is performed solo, conventionally by women alone, and it consists of *nrita*, pure dance, as well as *nritya*, expressional dance.

The *Sadir* is in essence a dedicatory dance, and this attribute of it is evident in most of the items which

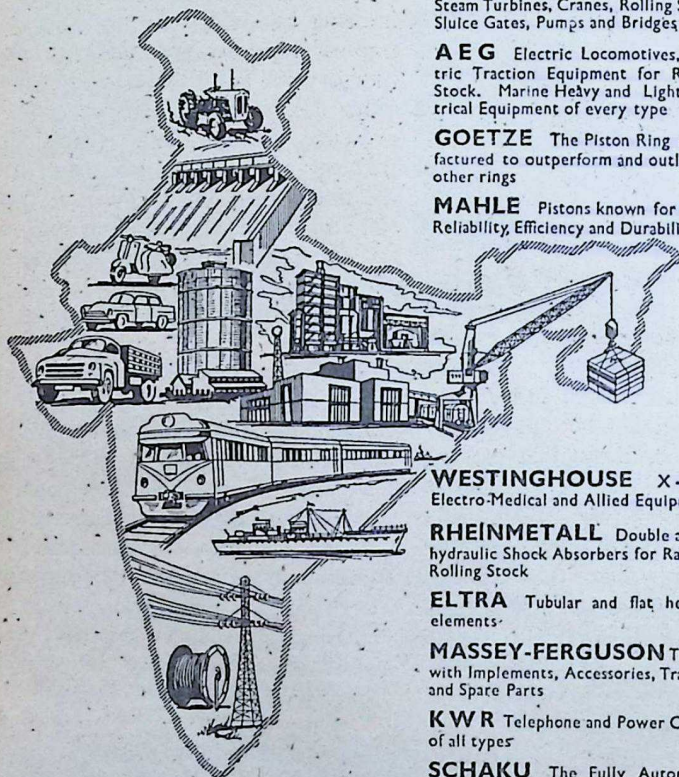
constitute the repertory of this art. The very first item, the *Alarippu*, is a dance of invocation, and this is patterned to give the effect of the body offering itself, through movement and rhythm, to God. The *Alarippu* is a composition in *nrita*, which means that it consists of movements and poses which are harmonious and decorative but which do not convey or express any meaning, and to the same category, in *Sadir Natya*, belong two other items: the *Jathiswaram*, which presents parallel and synchronized patterns of rhythmic beats and musical notes, and the *Thillana*, in which varying patterns of rhythm and pose and movement are interlaced with a sequence of dance syllables which is rendered in the form of a musical refrain.

The *nritya* aspect of *Sadir* comprises items such as the *Sabdam*, *Padam*, *Javali*, *Kirtanam*, *Slokan*, *Varnam* and *Swarajathi*, and in these the interpretation is effected through the use of suggestive facial expressions, codified gestures of the hands and symbolic poses of the body. In all

The Kuravanjis are ballets in which women alone take part and they all have a common theme.



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these items, the accompaniment is provided by songs, and though in latter-day Sadir songs pertaining to certain kings and personages also came to be used, a large segment of the *nritya* part of this art concerns itself only with gods and their proteges. It is also to be noted that the songs used in Sadir are not necessarily compositions which were specially prepared for this art. For the fact is that apart from the *Varnams* and *Swarajathis*, many of which were especially composed for Sadir, the lyrical content of this art consists of material that has been borrowed from the whole range of poetical literature in Tamil, Telugu and Sanskrit, and to a lesser extent, Kanarese. In this ample gamut are included items which are in the form of excerpts taken from the classics as well as from the inspired effusions of the numerous saint-singers of South India.

Another point worth noting is that though *Sringara Rasa*, or the erotic mood, is given much importance in Sadir, the relevant items do not deal with love in its everyday, mundane sense but rather give it an uplifting and a somewhat spiritual flavour.

The Kuchipudi, which is a dance-drama, is an offshoot of Bharata Nāṭya. Kuchipudi, actually, is the name of a small village which is situated in the estuary of the River Krishna, and the Kuchipudi dance is so called because it was developed in this village. This art, it is said, came as a revelation to an ascetic, Sidhyendra Yogi, who lived about 400 years ago, and he, it is ^{then} believed, taught it to the male members of certain

Brahmin families of his village. Thus was formed a group of Kuchipudi dancers, who, on acquiring mastery, obtained an audience with the ruler and the nobles of Vijayanagaram. The performance in the court was very successful, and it won immediate recognition to the art.

The Kuchipudi is a highly systematised art, being based strictly on the tenets embodied in such ancient and authoritative texts on dance and drama as the *Nāṭya Śāstra*, *Abhinaya Darpana*, *Rāsamanjari* and *Sabharanjani*. The first item which Swami Sidhyendra Yogi composed and presented through his disciples was the *Parijatapaharana*, which is also known as the *Bhama Kalapam*. This was in the form of a dance-drama which retold the story wherein Sri Krishna is compelled to bring the celestial *parijata* flower to his consort, Satyabhama. The *Bhama Kalapam* is acknowledged as the greatest dance-drama in the Kuchipudi repertory, and when presented in full it takes from seven to ten nights. The majority of themes used in Kuchipudi are based on the *Bhagavatam*, and for this reason the performers are known as *Bhagavattulus*. The *Bhagavattulus* are all men, and women have no place on the traditional Kuchipudi stage.

The Kuchipudi art started as a dance-drama. It still largely remains so, though, through the years, the technique of this art has developed to give scope to independent dance items as well. These items may be in the form of pure numbers of pure and decorative dance, such as the *Ja-*

thiswaram or *Thillana*, but the majority of solo dances in the Kuchipudi technique pertain to *Bhavabhinaya*, or expressional exposition. In this category, the love lyrics of Movva Gopala, also known as Kshetrappa, the *Ashtapadis* of Jayadeva, and cantos from the *Krishna Leela Tarangini* of Tirtha Narayana constitute some of the numbers which have enjoyed sustained favour with Kuchipudi artistes and audiences alike.

Closely allied to the Kuchipudi is the Bhagavata Mela

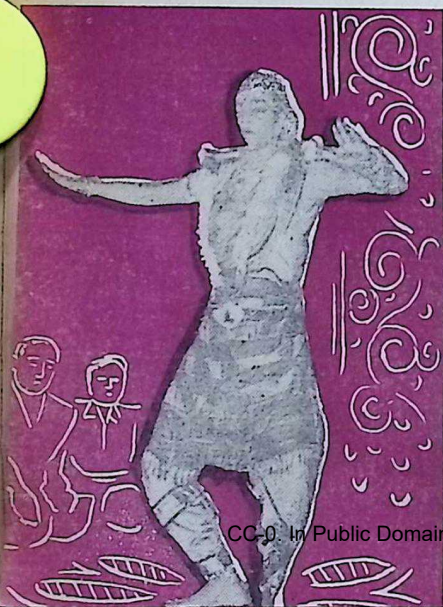
The Bhagavata Mela Nataka plays, which are performed by men alone, often use decorative sequences of pure dance, some from one of which is seen here.



The Mohini Attam, of Kerala, is a dance in which the sensuous element is predominant.

Nataka, a form of dance-drama that has been in existence for about 300 years. The Bhagavata Mela is, in fact, a counterpart in Tamil Nad of the Kuchipudi of Andhra, and it owes its existence to the initiative of the Telugu Raja Achyutappa Nayak who presented the village of Melatur, about ten miles from Tanjore, to 501 Brahmin families for the avowed purpose of serving and promoting the Bhagavata Mela art. Since then the Bhagavata Mela plays have been presented more or less regularly, year after year, in six privileged villages in the district of Tanjore. The plays are enacted in connection with the annual festival of the Vaishnavite temples in these villages.

Though the Bhagavata Mela art began about 300 years ago, the form in which it exists today was given it about 150 years ago by a great genius of music and dance, Venkatar-



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ma Sastri, who lived at Melatur. He wrote twelve dance-dramas, all in Telugu, and till now these are the only plays which are presented in Bhagavata Mela. The performers are all men and they are Brahmins and are known as *Bhagavatars*.

Each play is enacted strictly as it was written by the author. The musicians sing the text which the dancers interpret through gestures and expressions. Sometimes, in place of songs, there are dialogues, and with these also the dancers employ gestures and expressions. The music accompanying the plays is of the purest classical tradition. And, as in the Kuchipudi, the Bhagavata Mela plays are also interspersed with items of pure and decorative dance, such as the *Jathiswaram* and *Thillana*.

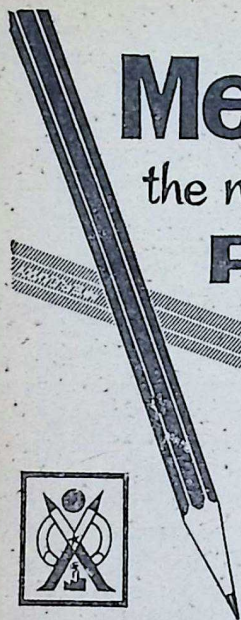
The Kuravanji represents another

form of dance-drama in the Bharata Natya technique. However, while the Sadir is danced solo by a woman and the Kuchipudi and Bhagavata Mela Nataka are dance-dramas in which men alone take part, the Kuravanji is a type of ballet in which the performers are all women.

The Kuravanji plays appear to have come into being later than the other forms of Bharata Natya. The earliest known Kuravanji is the *Thirukuttrala Kuravanji*, and this was composed in the beginning of the 18th century by Thirukuda Rajappa Kavirayar who was a poet and musician of eminence. After this, about a dozen other Kuravanjis have been composed, prominent among which are the *Sarabhendra Bhupala Kuravanji* and the *Devendra Kuravanji*. The latter, incidentally, is in Marathi, and it is the only Ku-

In Kuchipudi, the performers are all men, and even roles of women are taken by male dancers.





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ravanji which is in a language other than Tamil.

The Kuravanjis are a type of literary compositions written in poetic form suitable for interpretation through the dance. They consist of verses intended to be sung by the different characters, and some of them also have the relevant *raga* and *tala* mentioned against each verse. Some of the Kuravanjis also contain *jathis* or sequences of rhythmic dance syllables. The Kuravanjis all have a common theme: the fruition of the love of a girl for the hero, who is either the deity of the temple or the king to whom the play is dedicated. The Kuravanjis were formerly danced only by the *devadāsīs*, and that too only at the time of the annual festivals of certain Shiva temples in Tamil Nad.

The Mohini Attam, which belongs to Kerala, is a tradition of dance parallel to the Sadir of Tamil Nad. Like the latter, it is a solo dance and is intended for performance by women alone. It has a preponderance

of the sensuous element, hence Mohini Attam, Mohini being the celebrated seductress of Hindu mythology.

The technical structure of the Mohini Attam is fairly similar to that of the Sadir, though the former might appear to be more consciously graceful than the latter. There are no abrupt jerks or leaps in the Mohini Attam; nor is there any inordinately hard stamping of the feet. The gesture-language of the Mohini Attam is largely similar to that of Bharata Natya, but it also incorporates elements from the Kathakali tradition. Like the Sadir, the Mohini Attam too has items of *nrīta* as well as of *nrītya*. The music used in Mohini Attam is classical Carnatic music, but the language of the songs is Malayalam. The dance can be performed anywhere and at any time, though in the past it was performed as a complement to domestic festivities.

[In the next issue: *Kathakali and Related Forms*]

GERMAN LITERATURE TODAY—Contd.

In the field of German radio plays, a number of the theatrical successes were written for broadcasting, before they were adapted for the stage. Borchert's "*Draussen vor der Tuer*, Ahlssen's *Philemon und Baukis* were first heard over the air. Guenter Eich, Ernst Schnabel, and Ingeborg Bachmann mainly write for the new medium. Even Duerrenmatt alternates between the stage and the radio.



After sixteen years, Germany still suffers from the immense consequences of the last war. The West-German cultural scene is full of activity and promise. A fuller judgement, however, must still await. This short review of the literary life could only show that everywhere numerous talents are active to overcome the past, to find new connection with the world literature, and to offer a German contribution to the intellectual mastering of our existence.



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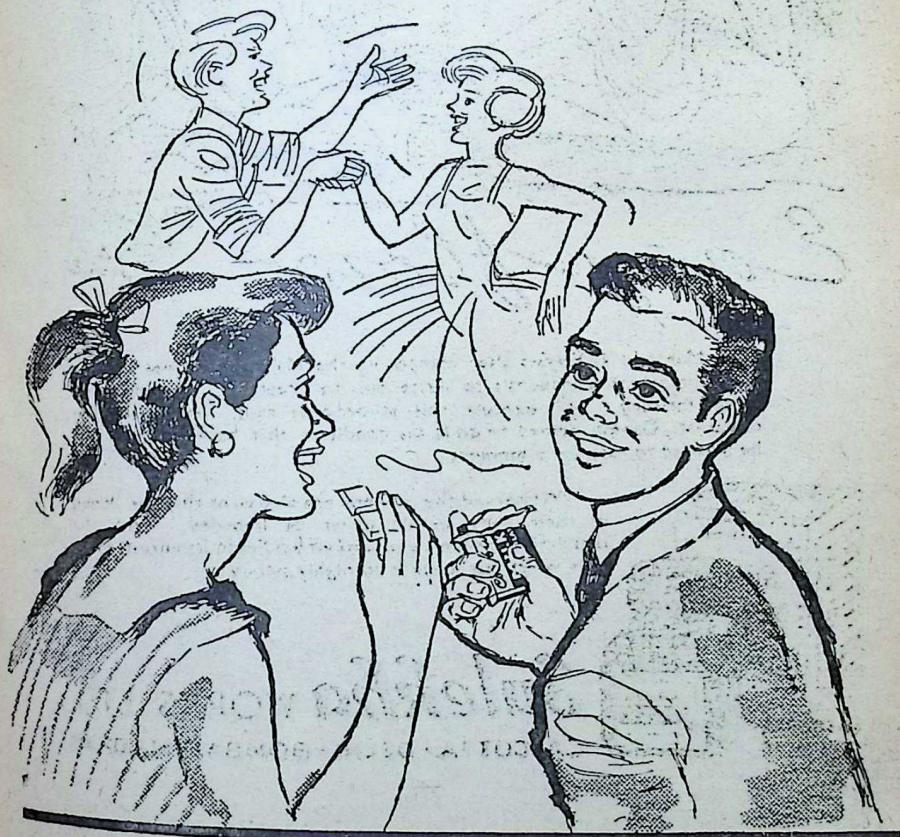


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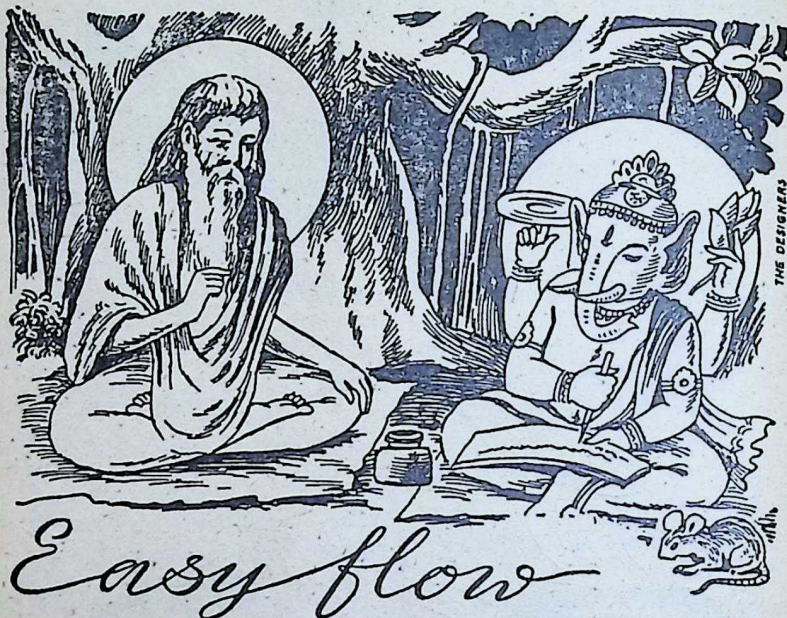
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Sri P. L. Khanna, Jullunder City.

Q: They say that one's duty should be selected according to one's Rasi. Do you think that is the case? Is there any book in English on that subject?

A: We cannot select any duty according to Rasi. Rasi may indicate our temperament, aptitudes, and perhaps the trend of one's activities. But where is the astrologer who can correctly describe what your duty is? The best guide is to do the duty of the hour in a spirit of dedication to God.

931

Sri Trinath Maharana, Banpur.

Q: Why is it that your Journal always supports God?

A: Because God supports all—you and me, the planets and the stars.

932

Sri V. Kameswara Rao, Vijayapuri.

Q: I am anxious to study philosophy, but I fear I may be forced to neglect my domestic responsibilities. Will you please tell me how

I can benefit from philosophy without failing in my responsibilities?

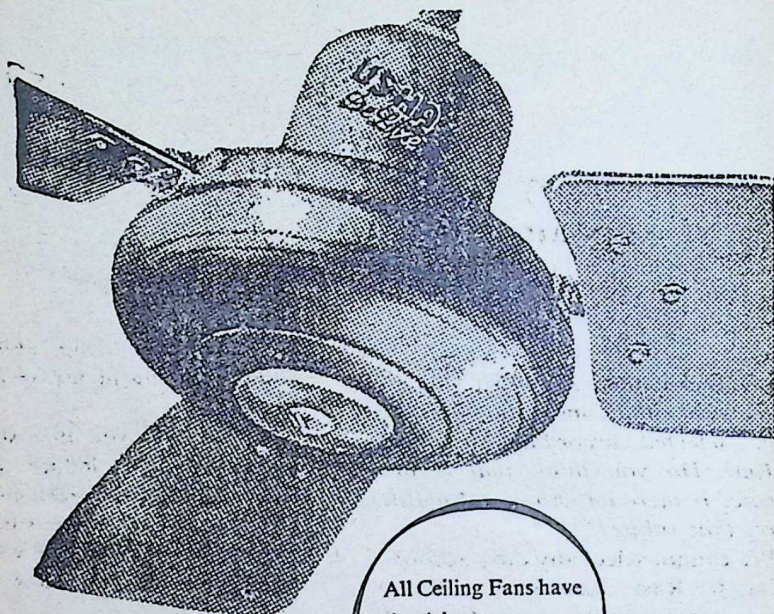
A: Whoever told you that study of philosophy will induce you to neglect domestic responsibility? On the contrary, the study will teach you to discharge your responsibilities wisely and well.

933

Sri K. Rama Naik, Cochin.

Q: Why is it that in spite of Kerala being the most progressive state in India; no Keralite with the exception of the late Sri A. J. John was appointed as the Governor of any State?

A: First, you assume that Kerala is the most progressive State in India, implying that others are in the dark ages. Secondly, you assume that governorships are to be filled by some foot-measure of provincial progressiveness. Public officers are selected from the most suitable available. Maybe the authorities in some cases are guided by their prepossessions. How can I reply to your question when I don't accept these assumptions?



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934

Sri M. R. Srinath, Hindupur.

Q: Do you think that man after his death finds a place in heaven or hell? What are the two entities described in the Garuda Purana?

A: In my opinion Garuda Purana is not a book to be relied upon. After death, a man is reborn.

935

Sri M. D. Narasimha, Bhalla.

Q: Do you think that science or religion can give us lasting tranquillity by themselves alone or together?

A: Religion can. Science never, unless it accepts the moral and spiritual foundations on which religion is based.

936

Sri A. B. Pal, Bihar.

Q: In my opinion a person adopting 'naishthika brahmacharya' fails in his duty to this world. Do you agree?

A: Not necessarily. If the brahmacharya is staunch and true, it is the highest form of tapas, which leads to a sublimation of animal instincts and leads Godward. But it is very difficult to attain.

937

Sri A. Veerabhadra Rao, Masulipatam.

Q: I am a graduate, 24 years of age, employed in Central Government. It is my earnest and sincere desire to serve society. In what way can I do so?

A: By doing your duty—to office, to family, to society—conscientiously. 'Yoga is perfection in action' says the Lord.

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Hydrotherapy

Dr. P. Raghubhai Shastri

HYDROTHERAPY is the scientific name given to the application of water, externally or internally, for therapeutics.

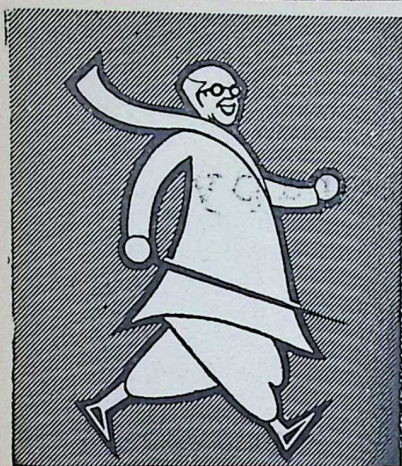
It is based upon a general principle which states: healing power is not possessed by physicians nor by remedies but that the curative process is simply a manifestation of the forces which dwell within the body and which are normally manifested in creating and maintaining the organism; in other words, *the body heals itself*. Further, water, applied externally or internally, and at such temperatures as may be required, is an agent which more fully than almost any other co-operates with the healing powers of the body in resisting the onset and development of pathogenic processes.

Besides being easily available, water has the following properties, to which it owes its value as a therapeutic agent:

(i) Its great power of absorbing and communicating heat. This property

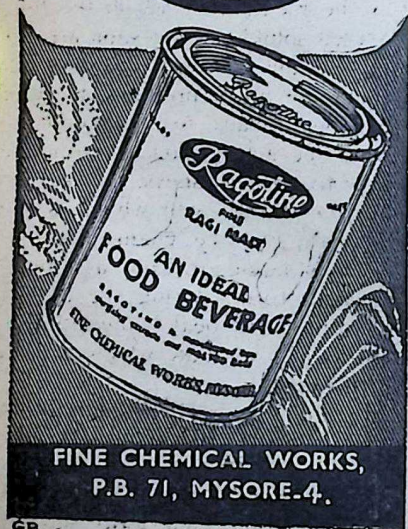
exactly adapts it for making thermic applications of either heat or cold to the human body and for this purpose it is superior to any other substance. (ii) Its solvent property, it being the major solvent. In the human body it is the medium by which the foods rendered soluble by digestion are conveyed to the tissues to be assimilated and the waste products generated are brought back to the blood current, to be acted upon or eliminated by the liver, the kidneys, the skin, etc. (iii) The facility with which its physical state may be changed from a solid to a liquid or from a liquid to a gaseous form, during the changes, large amount of heat being either absorbed or given out, which is called 'latent heat.'

For the present we shall confine our attention to the external application of water. Here a word of caution may not be out of place. To use water most profitably, one must have an especially good understanding of the



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anatomy and physiology of the skin, the circulatory system and the nervous system.

Anatomically, the skin is a structure about one-eighth of an inch in thickness, consisting of a framework of white and yellow elastic fibres, in which are suspended a countless number of glands, especially sweat glands, blood vessels, and nerves. The whole is covered with cells joined by a cement-like substance. Perhaps it may be interesting to note that the area of the skin covering the whole body is about 19.6 square feet.

Whatever effect is produced upon the outer portions of the skin is likewise produced in the internal vascular area and nervous centres associated with them. Also in using water we are in fact producing two types of effects viz., excitant effect and sedative effect. Excitant effects are further classified as primary effects and secondary effects or as action and reaction. Practically, cold *contracts* while heat *dilates* the blood vessels at the moment of application. But excitant effects can be produced both by hot and cold water. Extreme hot or extreme cold are mostly excitant (primary). Secondary excitant effects are mostly derived from cold application. Contracted blood vessels expand and the nervous system is invigorated by these secondary effects. The sedative effects are further classified as those of the circulatory system, the nervous system and metabolic activity. A prolonged application of cold and a short application of heat are alike in producing first stimulation and later sedation.

Actual treatment in hydrotherapy

AUGUST 6, 1961

depends upon the condition of the patient. A detailed description of various modes of treatment is not possible in this short article. But still a few remarks can be made.

The modes of treatment generally fall within three main heads: (1) Mechanical (2) Thermal (3) Chemical.

Mechanical: Jet-baths, shower-baths, douche-bath, sprays, fraction-baths, etc. fall in this category, the general principle kept in mind being to supplement thermic impressions by mechanical effects. The mechanical effects are produced either (a) by giving more or less vigorous movement to the mass of water brought in contact with the skin, or (b) by manual manipulation, such as rubbing or friction and percussion (i.e. producing vibration by striking). Natural falls are also employed for mechanical effects.

Thermal: The applications in this class are without vibration, pressure or friction; in other words: they are purely passive in character. Of this class are immersions, general and partial, when not accompanied by friction; compresses, hot and cold (i.e. application of water at any temperature by means of a cloth, a sponge, or other suitable medium); packs (prolonged application of hot compresses); hot air, vapour and electric-light baths; irrigations (i.e. smooth flow of water); applications of coils or rubber bags filled with hot or cold water. Natural hot springs are advantageously used.

Chemical: Dilute solutions of chemicals in water are used for bath; alkaline baths are desirable in cases of rheumatism. Saline bath, pine-needle

bath, mustard bath, alcohol-sponge bath, sulphur bath, (used in some skin diseases) and carbon-dioxide bath etc. are commonly used.

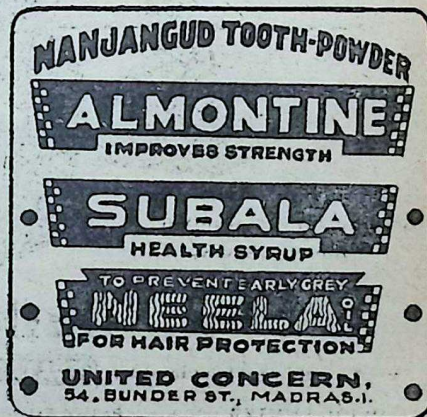
In the end we shall mention a few cases in which hydrotherapy is most profitably used. They are as follows: (1) Nervous disorders (2) Digestive disorders (3) Most of the fevers (4) Swellings (5) Rheumatism (6) Diabetes (7) Arthritis (8) Paralysis (9) Arteriosclerosis and (10) Pneumonia.

The science of natural therapeutics is based on a use of the same five elements in the treatment of disease which constitute the human body. These are earth, water, ether, sunlight and air.... Hydrotherapy is a well-known and ancient form of therapy.

—Mahatma Gandhi.

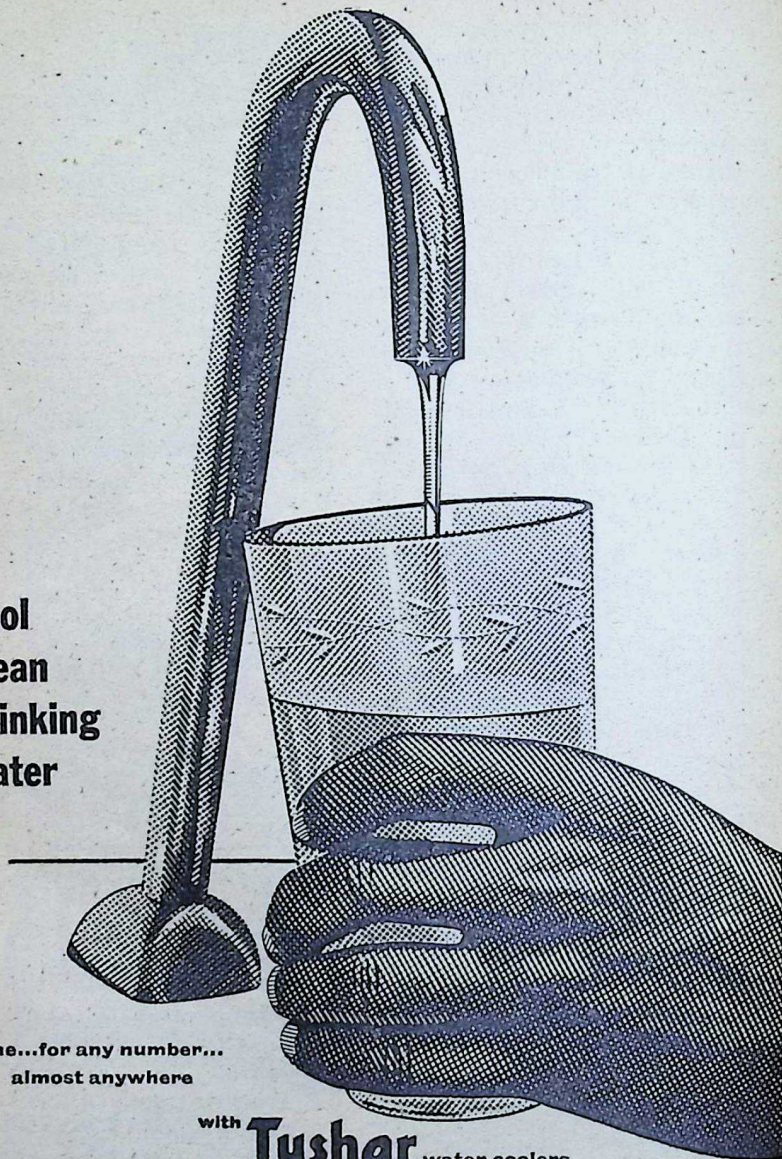
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PART II

TAPASVINI

K. M. MUNSHI

*Translated from Gujarati by
H. M. Patel, I.C.S. (Retd.)*

53. Ravi takes to a new life

AT five o'clock, drums began to be sounded and the headman of the village followed by a couple of hundred men and women—among whom was Ravi—marched to the outskirts of the village to receive Sardar Vallabhbhai, who soon arrived in a cart, drawn by a Ford car! He was accompanied by some local leaders in bullock-carts, among

whom were Jagjivan, Bhagwandas and Sheela.

As soon as Sardar and his colleagues alighted from the carts, they were greeted by the women of the village with garlands and *kumkum* (the auspicious red powder). Then they all formed themselves into a procession, and led by the headman, followed Sardar and the visitors into the vil-



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lage, singing songs, full of challenging slogans. When they arrived at the village square where a vast concourse had assembled to listen to Vallabhbhai, Sardar was greeted by loud cheers and cries of 'Victory to Mahatma Gandhi.'

Sardar walked slowly towards the platform, greeting as he marched forward thousands of people seated on either side of the passage. When he had taken his seat, a group of Brahmans came up to the dais and blessed the meeting, and welcomed Sardar, marking his forehead with the auspicious red mark. The recitation of Vedas followed, charging the atmosphere with solemnity. This reminded Ravi of his childhood when his grandfather recited the Vedas regularly.

Then the leading farmers and their womenfolk one by one came forward to greet Sardar, and after wishing him a long life by the usual symbolical gesture, placed a rupee or two, each according to his or her means, on a piece of cloth which had been spread in front of Jagjivan. Then the headman of the village made a brief speech concluding with the remarks: "Sardar Sahib, you have blessed our village by coming to it."

Then Sardar began his address in a conversational tone. And as he proceeded, he became eloquent in a manner which amazed Ravi. First he talked of Gandhiji; then reminded them of their pledge not to pay the unjust levy of land revenue. He attacked with withering scorn the Government in general and the local officers, the policemen, the Pathans and the Commissioner of the division.

His way of speaking was most effective.

One moment he would speak ironically, and the next, he would be making fun of the Government and their instruments, only to end up by frontal destructive attack. He made the people laugh. His fallacies evoked vigorous applause. "You are complaining that you have to keep your buffaloes indoors, tied up in a closed shed all the day. You say they are beginning to lose their colour and become pale. Don't you know that your fair skinned English Commissioner does not like your black buffaloes? He prefers them fair, like his fair womenfolk." Loud roars of laughter greeted this sally. The anger of the people was dissolved in laughter. Gradually, he worked them up into tremendous enthusiasm.

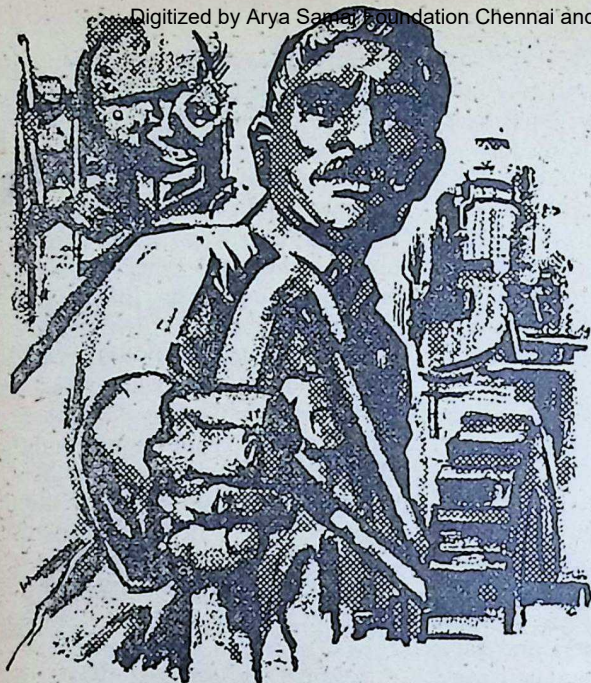
Never had Ravi listened to such eloquence. The language was simple, at times even uncouth; what was said, was said with the assurance of a prophet and, despite the serious stakes, Sardar could make his audience laugh at will. He held his listeners, in their thousands, spellbound, swaying them exactly as he wished.

The meeting ended with loud shouts of 'Vande Mataram' and 'Victory to Mahatmaji.' "This", said Ravi to himself, "is power."

● ● ●

Ravi spent three days in the Ashram at Bardoli, and attended three such meetings. At each of these, he had a glimpse of the tremendous affection of the people for Sardar; at each he witnessed the extraordinary effect of Sardar's eloquence on the thousands of men and women who had gathered to listen to him.

Interesting stories of events in



man's faith

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That melts rock, shapes granite; transforms
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A faith in the living future:
in a world that offers a little more —
a little less of the care, a little more of the joy.
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cleaner, healthier, happier. But today we are also working for ...
Tomorrow, when the evergrowing urge for better living
will demand still greater efforts. And we shall be
ready with wider service, new ideas, new products ...

Today and Tomorrow... Hindustan Lever serves the home

different parts of the Taluka were brought to the Ashram every day. There was the story of the wife of the farmer who, when she found her husband weakening and getting ready to pay the land revenue, threatened to break her bangles to bits, a most effective and spectacular way of announcing her determination, for it implied that if he resiled, she would regard him as dead and herself a widow. In another village a weakening farmer was held to the straight and narrow path by the father of the girl who had been engaged to his son, by threatening to break the engagement!

Sardar's hold over the people was acquired by no underhand methods. There was no jealousy, no hatred, no intrigue and no violence in the campaign. There were no workers whispering in groups, or conspiring against each other, as was the case with the members of the Communist Party. All talk was open and overboard. Even the police were faced boldly and frontally.

Ravi tried to analyse the causes of the power and influence which Sardar wielded. Was the main issue that of a reduction in land revenue assessment? No. That was certainly an important issue at stake, but that was not everything. Did Sardar's influence depend upon intrigues? No. On the contrary, his methods were quite different: he guided his co-workers, insisted upon discipline being maintained among all of them, and constantly exhorted his followers, so that none of them weakened in his determination. He discussed everything freely and frankly with everybody, just as readily as he gossiped and laughed and made others

laugh; but seeing to it above all that everybody did his assigned task well.

Gandhiji stood behind him and he drew inspiration from him. In fact it was Gandhiji who was the centre of all power and influence. What then was the cause of Gandhiji's tremendous influence? How was he able, sitting so far away in the Ashram at Sabarmati, to make himself felt? Every man and woman was convinced that he was invincible. What magic gave him this reputation for invincibility? Was it because he was a devotee of truth and non-violence? Ravi's mind was busy all the time solving numerous riddles.

Jagjivan was the secretary in charge, and held a key position. Whenever he went to Bombay, he met important people to win their sympathy for Bardoli. How had he managed to secure a position of this importance? Everybody had regard for Bhagwandas. He was a good man and a devoted follower of Sardar. Even though he had neither personality nor influence, everybody respected him. How did that come about?

Sheela lived in Bombay in a way befitting the wife of a prosperous well-to-do husband. Here there was no place for wealth or ostentation. Everyone behaved towards her with the same goodwill as they did towards other women workers.

But Sheela in a way stood apart from all other women workers, though she had acquired leadership over them. Everyone seemed to be her friend. Whoever worked with her, enjoyed being in her special confidence. Her manners were superb and she was cultured and personified. She also seemed

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to enjoy herself in this new world, though she had little experience of it. Bhagwandas, Jagjivan, Uday and many others trusted her implicitly.

Ravi found it difficult to judge the precise source of her strength. It was clear that Gandhiji's inspiration and Sardar's backing played a relatively minor part; nor would it be correct to say that truth and non-violence were particularly characteristic of her nature! Nevertheless she seemed to be able to win the friendship of everybody. What was the secret? Could he not do the same?

● ● ●

Sheela and Ravi returned to Bombay, and throughout the journey Ravi's mind was engaged in finding an answer to these questions. The position of influence which he had secured in the Communist circle seemed to him to be of no real worth. He was not at all certain if he had not taken the wrong turning.

On his return from Bardoli, Ravi gave a detailed account to Mona of what he had seen there.

Mona was irritated at Gandhiji being praised so unreservedly. "To launch a war against the British this way! You must be mad," Mona remarked. "You have studied for years our basic teachings of Communism. Is this your understanding of them?"

"I wonder," rejoined Ravi quietly, "why is it that these principles do not find favour with our people? How else are we to explain Gandhiji's incredible hold over the people?"

"You had better re-read the articles in the *Pravda*. Gandhiji is an agent of the British. He is a reformist and a counter-revolutionary. Were that

not the case, would the rich men of Bombay and Ahmedabad give him so much money? Why is he waging a war today on behalf of the peasants? A peasant is a selfish individual. His land is dearer to him than his life—that one fact alone has given so much trouble to our Communist revolution."

"Mona, do not get excited. Gandhiji is fighting the British. He is not a British agent."

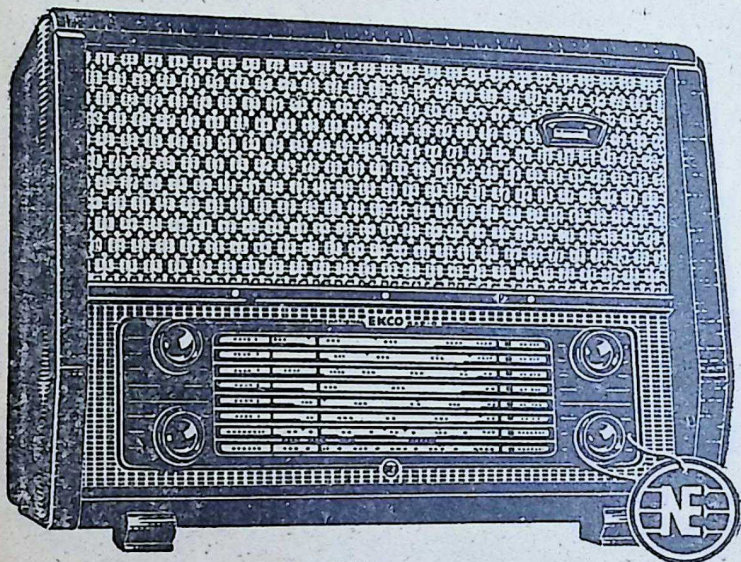
"Fighting the British if he were not a friend of the British, why would he preach the cowardly doctrine of non-violence?" interjected Mona fiercely. "If he were not their friend, he would have joined forces with us."

"The domination which we have secured over the workers is nothing compared to the devotion with which the farmers are overwhelming Vallabhbhai," Ravi replied. "Indeed if such fearlessness were to be found among all our people, the British would not be able to stay here a day." It was his duty to make her see and think clearly.

"Utter nonsense. You have become blind. Within three days, you have become a reactionary. You surely do not imagine that the British would depart as easily as that?" Mona twisted and turned this way and that through sheer indignation. She went on even more fiercely. "Justice and freedom can come only through Russia's triumph. There was only one way to independence and that was the way of Lenin—class hatred, violent revolution, the preaching of fanaticism among the labourers and the farmers, ultimately dictatorship of the proletariat." Mona continued talking to herself. "He is a mad woman."

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For a little while Ravi sat quiet. Then he said: "I have seen today how those 80,000 people behave. The police just do not know what to do." Mona's anger had made Ravi keen to keep up the discussion.

"Not one person among these thousands will hold his ground if the British army comes and starts shooting," remarked Mona contemptuously. "Your Sardar will go peacefully in jail, while these poor people will have to pay the price."

Ravi smiled. He did not like giving in. "And are we doing anything different? We get the strikers to make mischief and then when the police come, they, poor devils, pay the price; we go and hide ourselves underground!"

"Oh! Have you gone so far!" asked Mona.

"If 80,000 men observe their pledge to maintain peace and non-violence, whom will the army shoot? And if the farmers show themselves capable of showing so much restraint and self-confidence, then it is certain the very foundation of the British rule will be shaken."

Mona went close to Ravi, stood in front of him and glared at him as she trembled with anger. "So you really think that they can get independence by taking pledges and holding meetings. That is how you think the bourgeoisie can be destroyed. My God!"

Mona's face had become red with anger; she was looking at him with fierce and cruel eyes. Realising that he had gone far, Ravi began to make amends. "Mona!" he called out in a soft voice.

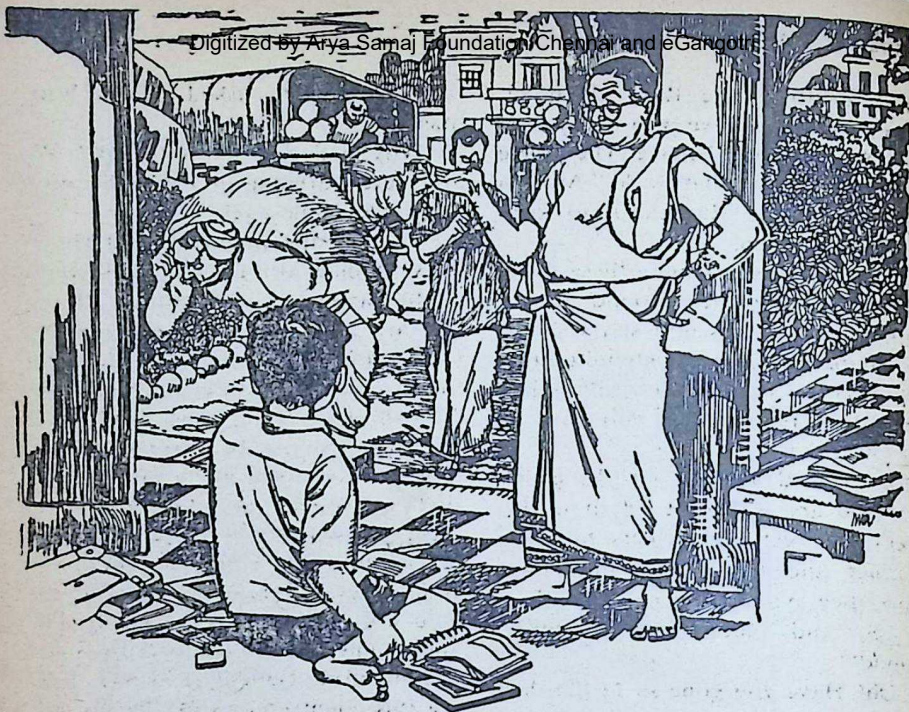
"Well, what?" asked Mona brusquely.

"Why are you so impatient? We are merely arguing in a friendly way. What has come over you?"

"You ask that question?" said Mona. This humble attitude of Ravi seemed to annoy her still further. "Ravi, you are a stupid fool. You have lost your senses. You went to Bardoli and this is what you have come back with. Non-violence, truth, peace and pledges! I would not be surprised if tomorrow you come along and suggest that we should go into the Parliament to achieve our objective. What has happened to you? You became a counter-revolutionary in three days? You are talking like a Congressman and counter-revolutionary. This is not Communism. Gandhi is merely making this country cowardly by his talk of non-violence. We allowed ourselves to be subjects to foreigners, thanks to our battle-cry of 'mercy to animals and to all living creatures.' If we are to accept Gandhi's non-violence there would be no revolution. Our objective is to get the workers to destroy mills and factories. We want to arm the landless labourers and get them to chop off the heads of the zamindars. We have to bring into being class struggle. I see now that you are not made of the stuff of revolutionaries."

"But, Mona, is not India our Motherland?" Ravi thought he would as a skilful debater meet Mona's arguments from a new angle. To him all this was still a matter of debate.

"Why do you keep talking such nonsense?" said Mona in despair. "You do not seem to understand the meaning of internationalism. There is one



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world and Russia is its leader. For us Marx and Lenin are the real teachers. It is only those that have no knowledge of history who talk in terms of 'do the right thing even if the heavens fall'!"

● ● ●

The discussion went on in this manner until midnight, when, tired, both of them lay down to sleep. However, for hours Ravi could not get sleep, nor could Mona. She lay awake, preparing, it seemed, fresh arguments for resuming the discussion in the morning!

Ravi began at last to think more clearly, calmly and dispassionately. He was not concerned with what was the right view. In reality, he had been impressed with several things in Bardoli, by the unflinching faith and determination of the women, by the effect upon the people of the recitation of the Vedas by the Brahmans, by the magic of Sardar's powerful eloquence, by even the faith of the audience as they sat patiently on the ground, having locked up their buffaloes in their houses; lastly by the vigour with which the boys and girls sang 'Vande Mataram.' There passed before his eyes a series of pictures which he had seen in Bardoli. He felt hurt that Gandhiji who was inspiring this spirit of fearlessness was called a counter-revolutionary.

He also felt he must wake up Mona and make her see that there was something genuine in Bardoli which was not to be found amongst their party men. The strength of the Bardoli movement lay in the determination of the people themselves. That kind of determination was not to be found in

the strikes engineered by the Communist leaders. But how to convince Mona of all this? How to persuade her of the realities of this situation?

All night long Mona lay stiff and aloof, determined not to be reconciled. She did not want even to touch Ravi by accident lest he might misinterpret it as a desire for truce. Since Ravi had allowed himself to be deflected from loyalty to the teachings of Marx and Lenin, there was nothing else for her but to despise him.

Meantime, Ravi for his part had begun to analyse his real feelings towards Mona. Had he become enslaved to her for life? Had he ever felt genuine love for her? Did she love him? What was love? He had never given any thought to these questions.

Some months earlier Mona had said to him: 'Ravi, you are everything to me.' Nevertheless today on the slightest difference of opinion, she had made her choice and shown clearly that the teachings of Marx and Lenin were more dear to her; violence, class-war, revolution and Russia were more precious to her. Or was he deceiving himself?

On many an occasion, Ravi also had overwhelmed her with affection and given pledges of everlasting love. What had he meant when he used to say to Mona: 'I love you, Mona'?

Surely love meant something very different and more. It cannot be merely bedroom co-existence. It cannot be merely participation in a common activity, just as it surely cannot be merely a partnership in wealth and passion. Ravi had read somewhere that love was something very different, a powerful force which kept two indi-

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AUGUST 6, 1961

viduals united together for ever, so that, even if they wanted to, they could not part.

"If I were to leave Mona and walk out of this house never to return, what will happen to me?" asked Ravi of himself. "Will I not be as lonely as I was before? I would miss Mona's company, her conversation, her help, her encouragement. Would it leave a permanent void in my life? What exactly would be my loss? I shall go my own way and do whatever I think proper. Who can compel me to do anything different? If there is no one to criticise me and nag me continuously, I might even be able to develop my personality better, perhaps. But, in any event, I

shall be free from the domination of Politbureau. At the moment I am nothing more than a slave of the party, of Politbureau, and of Mona. By serving them slavishly, I am merely increasing their power and influence and in no way helping myself."

Such thoughts in their various permutations and combinations kept him awake almost until it was daybreak! When he woke up, he found that Mona had gone out, leaving behind a note to say that she would be at the office.

Ravi got ready quickly, and after taking a cup of tea in the restaurant on the ground floor of his tenement, he too set out for the office.

[To be continued]

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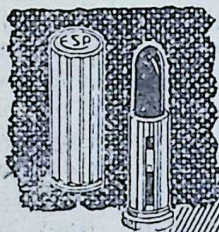


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THE King of Kalinga felt gratified that his daughter Amritavalli was safely back and the demon who had decoyed her had been killed. So, he took the Minister's son on a caparisoned elephant in a procession through the city and followed him along with his daughter and the Princess of Kalakanthpur on rich palanquins. Reaching the palace, he entertained the whole city to a rich repast in token of his joy.

For some days the Minister's son lived in the palace as a valued guest and on an auspicious day the King gave away half his kingdom as per his promise to the Minister's son and coronated him King.

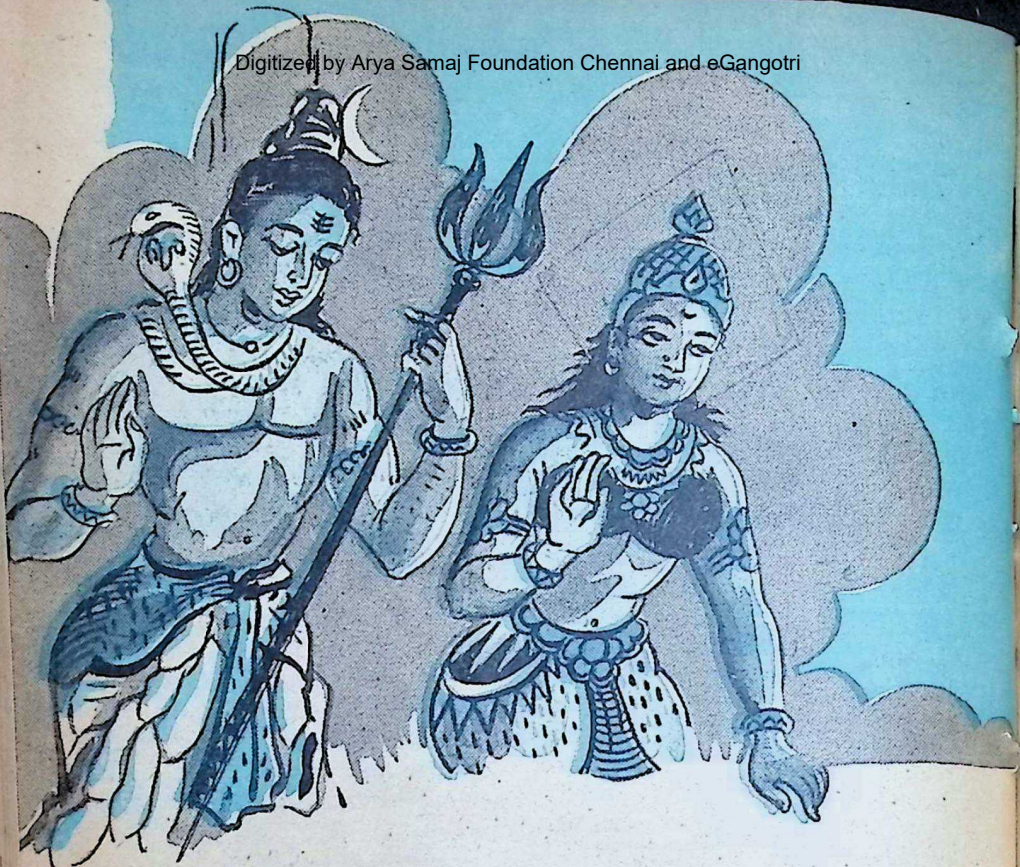
After this event he called the Minister's son and asked; "My son! I want to fulfil the next part of my contract too. I want to give my daughter away to you in marriage and I believe you would naturally want to marry the other Princess too, being her deliverer".

"I am at your service" replied the Minister's son.

When, however, the King approached the Princesses, they said: "We would like to observe Gowri Vrata before marrying. It will take six months for its completion."

When the King communicated their desire to the Minister's son he had no other alternative but to accept the inevitable.

Let us now follow the Prince who fell down unconscious at the Patalok. For quite a long time, he remained unconscious. When, however, the cool and bracing breeze of the nether world wafted over his face, he slowly regained power over his senses and, not being too hurt providentially, he was able to sit up and recall the events. Being under the impression that the rope-chain broke accidentally, he rued his own fate. But being a man of courage, he took recourse to the one way left: he entered into Yoga-samadhi, seeking divine help. For a full month, he remained in that state and when he reached the point of exhaustion, Lord



Siva, accompanied by Parvati, appeared before him.

The Prince opened his eyes and seeing the Divine Pair, fell at their feet which he made wet by his tears of joy.

Asked Siva: "My son! Ask of me of any boon you may require!"

"Lord! What else do I require now, but get away from this place? Please give me a Garuda form to enable me to fly out of the nether world and reach Bhuloka where I may regain my form!"

"So be it!" blessed the Lord and disappeared.

Assuming Garuda form, the Prince

flew through the giant aperture through which he had descended and reached Bhuloka. Not finding either the Princesses or his friend at the mouth, the Prince took to wings and flew to Kalakanthpur where he alighted. Regaining his human form, the Prince sought board and lodge in the home of an old woman and got there.

Meals over he sat on the pial of her home and asked her, "Mother! Could you tell me of anything of extraordinary interest about this city?"

"Oh Yes!" replied she and said: "The King of this city had a beautiful daughter. Some months back, a

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demon had abducted her to the nether world and for a long time we did not hear of her. Suddenly one day a Prince from some other country came to the King and offering to rescue the Princess, took from him miles of rope-chain. But nothing has been heard of him and of the Princess since that day!"

From this conversation, he was able to gather that the Minister's son had not returned to Kalakanthpur but, possibly, had gone to Kalinga. So, early in the morning he payed off the old woman and taking leave of her, walked briskly in the direction of Kalinga. For ten days he trudged along, crossing mountains and valleys, swimming across rivers. At last he reached a village on the border of Kalinga where, exhausted by the strenuous journey, he fell unconscious before a house.

That house belonged to a Brahmin who coming out saw the fallen man and exclaimed: "He seems to be a Prince and fallen unconscious for lack of food, due perhaps to some misfortune!"

Calling out to his wife, he asked her to bring some cool water and the milk-pudding which he had dedicated to his deity a short while ago. He fed the Prince tenderly with that rich food whereon the Prince regained consciousness. Explaining that he had to go without food for ten days, he expressed his desire to have some more food. The Brahmin promptly took him inside the house and fed him with a rich variety of food.

When he was thus refreshed, the Prince asked the Brahmin: "Sir! Is there anything of extraordinary interest in your country?"

The Brahmin thought for a while



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and replied: "Yonder is the capital where the King has his seat. Some months ago an elephant—you will be surprised to hear—had abducted the King's daughter and kept her closely guarded. Recently a Prince like you had killed the elephant, rescued the Princess and brought her back to the King. The King who was overjoyed, gave away half his Kingdom to that Prince and made preparations for the marriage of his daughter with that brave Prince. I think it was part of the contract. It seems that Prince had rescued another girl too in the same exploit. Now, would you believe it—the girls said they were not ready for the marriage and went on a vow, performing Gowri-Vrata!"

"So, that is the story!" thought the Prince who could now understand the perfidious character of his friend. As it was, the situation had not quite gone out of control; he could still play the trumpcard, decided the Prince.

After staying for two or three days in the home of the Brahmin, the Prince started towards the capital after entrusting the princely paraphernalia to the Brahmin's care.

Soon after entering the city, he gathered that the Minister's son had set up spies to be on the look out for a prince of his description and to put to death any one found of that description. The Prince gasped with surprise. But he was not to be out-done.

He contemplated on the tiger-King whereon, the animal stood before him. With its help, the Prince disguised himself as a Brahmin and managed to get the tuition of

Princess Amritavalli. By his excellent talks, he soon gained her confidence and one day he revealed himself in his true form, when Amritavalli became immensely joyous and exclaimed: "Gowri has granted our prayer," and bowed before her liberator, wondering all the time at his ingenuity in gaining admission into her harem. She promptly confided her discovery to her mate, the other Princess from captivity.

After the Prince had resumed his dance-teacher form, Amritavalli related to him *tete-a-tete* all that had taken place since his friend's scuttling; his overtures to them and their own final strategy. The Prince on his part related all that had happened to him since they met last. The three shed tears of joy. They programmed a plan of action on the spot and according to it the two girls expressed their readiness for the marriage to the King.

Preparation for the marriage went round the clock—the interval being too short. Invitations had been sent out to all dignitaries and Kings of neighbouring kingdoms. The day arrived. All important invitees had arrived and were suitably lodged. The father of the impostor was one among them, as also the King of Kalakanthpur who fully endorsed what the King of Kalinga did.

On the marriage-day, the bridegroom, i.e., the Minister's son, rode on the state-elephant. Asked to accompany him on the same elephant, the two girls expressed their preference to ride separately on another elephant. When people heard of it, they looked at each other meaningfully.

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Procession over, the bridegroom sat before the marriage-fire and when the *mangal-sutra* was handed to the bridegroom, Princess Amritavalli stood up and addressing the Acharya who officiated, said: "Please stop giving it to him and hear me say a few words to the assembly."

Princess Amritavalli bowed profoundly to the august audience and asking for their indulgence exposed in pindrop silence the perfidy of the Minister's son who sat before the Vedi. In the end, she said: "I have an unchallengeable proof in the person if my dance-teacher who will now vouch for all the statements I made."

As she said, the dance-mistress stood before the assembly. After bowing respectfully, she threw off the veil that surrounded her body and revealed the immaculate personality of the

Prince! The whole audience was dumb-founded. Asking the excited people to sit down the Prince introduced himself and confirmed all what Amritavalli said and when he ended his peroration, the priest was shocked to see the Minister's son falling down unconscious. Before people could mount the rostrum to belabour the impostor, he was removed to safety and the Prince was made to occupy the seat vacated by the Minister's son. The Prince tied the *mangal-sutra* on the neck of both the girls whose eyes danced with joy.

Then Chaturya asked the Princess "Don't you too want a husband like that Prince?" It was day-break and the Princess rose and went inside the palace.

[To be continued]

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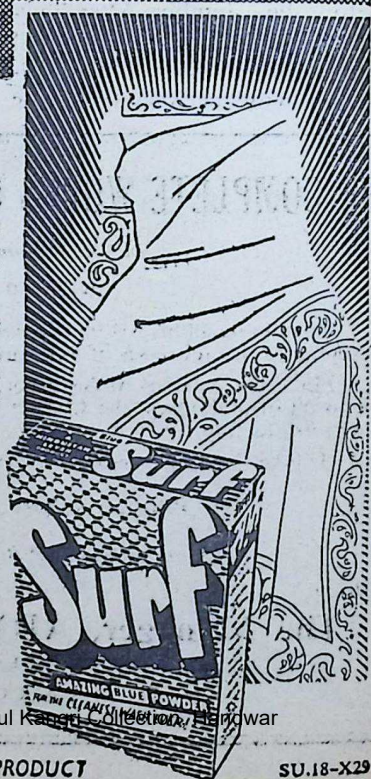
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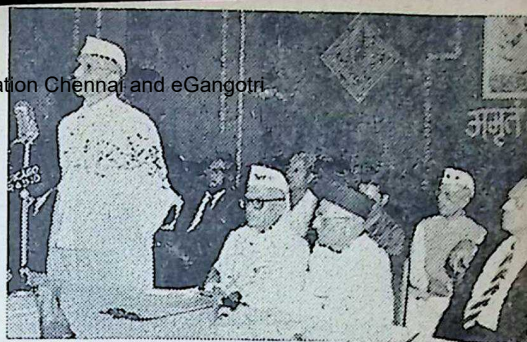
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Sri Morarji Desai speaking.

NEWS & NOTES

BHAVAN'S COLLEGE OF JOURNALISM

SATURDAY the 15th July, 1961 was a red letter day in the annals of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, for on that day was inaugurated the Bhavan's College of Journalism, Advertising and Sales Promotion and Printing, by Sri Morarji Desai, Union Finance Minister. A distinguished audience consisting of top men in the respective professions, business men and others was present.

Sri Sri Gopal Nevatia read the messages received from Rashtrapati Rajendra Prasad, Dr. Radhakrishnan, Sri Jawaharlal Nehru and others wishing the College godspeed.

Welcoming the Chief Guest Sri

Morarji Desai, Kulapati Sri K. M. Munshi who presided, said:

I am very happy that the College of Journalism, Advertising and Printing is being inaugurated today by my friend Sri Morarji Desai.

My interest in journalism and printing is abiding, for, to take you into an autobiographical secret, in 1907, when I first came to Bombay, I had to live partly on the income which I received as a proof-reader. Since then, I have been associated with all kinds of newspapers, journals and presses. Naturally, therefore, I feel grateful to God that I should be given the opportunity to be instrumental in establishing what is perhaps the first college of its kind in India, perhaps in the East.

In 1950 I felt the time had come when part-time vocational training facilities in a press should be made available to the students of our Sanskrit Mahavidyalaya and the College to supplement their income. With this object in view, interest in the Associated Advertisers and Printers Ltd., was acquired and a Printing Academy planned.

The Printing Academy was started when the Bhavan purchased the press in 1957. Preparations were thereupon taken on hand to train staff which



Sri Munshi welcoming the Chief Guest.

could do justice to the project of the College.

The scope of the College is to cover the entire range of arts and sciences associated with mass communication media in the modern world. The city of Bombay, with its international outlook and wide facilities, is appropriately a centre where such a College can be started and the facilities provided by the Bhavan would, to a large extent, render the College more useful.

The College specialises in three courses: Journalism; Advertising, Sales Promotion and Public Relations; and Printing.

I am glad to say that we have received the cooperation of every one in promoting this venture. Eminent men in the fields of journalism, advertising and printing have joined our Board of Advisers. Top men in their specialised fields have been invited to be teachers. Students have come from all parts of India, and even some of the State Governments have sent their staff members for preparation and training. And on account of the heavy



A section of the audience.

who have shown extraordinary aptitude in the test.

In these days there is need for specialised training in journalism, advertising and printing. Mass communication media have increased so much in scope and usefulness that amateurish work, as in the old days, is not of much use in this age of specialisation.

Let me therefore hope that the College will serve a useful purpose.

Apart from the usefulness of the College as a vocational training institute, it has a great part to play in our country. A free and independent press is an essential factor in a free democracy and in a rapidly shrinking world, we want men and women qualified and competent, not merely to be successful journalists but by their independent and objective attitude competent to educate the masses and stand foursquare against all forces which might come in the way of a free and healthy democracy. In that sense, let me hope that this College will be instrumental in training newspaper men and women who will become bulwarks of democracy in this country. For, all over the world, insidiously but steadily the net appears to be closing in on independence of thought and action which the press alone can effectively break through.

I take this opportunity of thanking all who have co-operated with us in organizing and setting up this College. In particular I must express my deep appreciation of the tremendous work



Mr. Louis Fischer speaking.

rush, we have had to raise the original intake of 180 to 240.

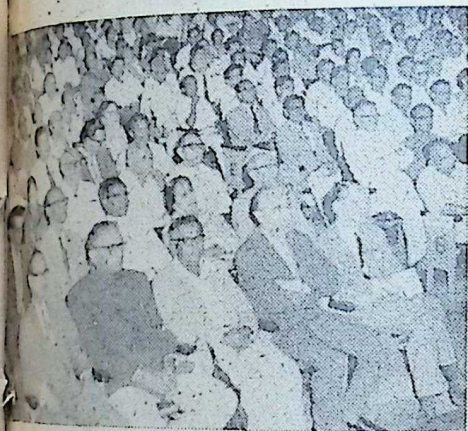
The selection of the students was made on the basis of a written test and a personal interview, and I am glad to find that though many of the candidates selected are graduates and double-graduates, some of them are under-graduates and even matriculates

done by the Executive Secretary of the Bhavan Sri S. Ramakrishnan, and his band of co-workers.

I am glad that, my friend Sri Morarji Desai could find time to be our Chief Guest today. He has been a friend of the Bhavan and I am sure he will be as glad as anyone of us that the Bhavan has been able to add one more institution to the chain of institutions which it has set up during the last twenty years.

LEAVE ALONE THE EDITOR

Mr. Louis Fischer, the world renowned American-Journalist, spoke next. Describing himself as 'a writer and not a talker,' he spoke directly and simply about what he regarded as

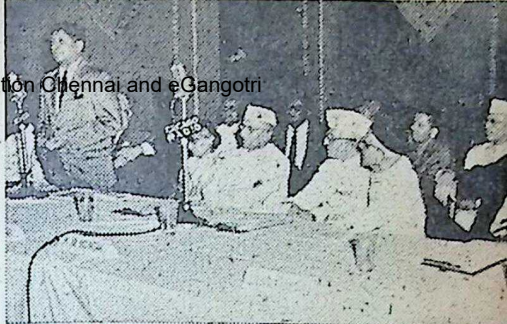


Another section of the audience.

"major propositions." He said:

In a country like India where at present there is no loyal opposition party, you need a strong, free and independent press in order to preserve democracy. I should, therefore, think that the Government should leave the press alone. When there is an excessive sensibility to criticism in high places, the press suffers, and this should not happen in a country like India, which I know is devoted to democracy.

I could say one other thing to the people who own the newspapers. Un-



Sri Moraes speaking.

fortunately, newspapers are owned by people who have a lot of money—by the capitalists. Now I do not object in the present circumstances to their making money out of the newspapers, but I advise them that they can make more money out of newspapers if they leave their editors and journalists alone. The business side is one thing. The words are another. I call on the owners of Indian newspapers not to meddle in what goes into their editorial columns and into their newspaper reports.

Finally, as a journalist, I want to talk to the journalists—those who are and the potential journalists. A journalist must know his language and must know it well, and must work at it. He also must have a complete devotion to truth. He must not be a petty debater. He must not torment the people whom he interviews. He must elicit news and opinions out of them and leave his own opinions out until he is asked for them. He must know a great deal. Too many journalists don't know anything.

PAY JOURNALISTS WELL

Now, you get good journalists when they have training, also when you pay them enough. Unless you pay the journalists, you are not going to recruit the proper type of persons to go into journalism. If you want a good press, you have to encourage those concerned to pay more to the journalists. I read the Indian press not only when I am here, but also when I am abroad that is when I am in the United States or elsewhere. You have

some excellent newspapers. I think what India needs is a good political weekly. Political education is not at the highest possible level in this country; and there is a potential of improvement, because this country has a very large intellectual middle class and others—working class—people who are coming up, people who are learning fast, and they need guidance; they need help; they need education. It is a fact that India is really one of the very few pillars of freedom and independence. Gandhiji used to say: "I do not merely want a free India; I want a free Indian in a free India". And I would look for more free Indians in a free India, and freedom means to say what you think without fear.

FIRST CASUALTY

Frank Moraes, Editor-in-Chief of the Indian Express Newspapers, in the course of his speech said:

I have been told on fairly good authority, which is reinforced by what my old friend Mr. Louis Fischer has just said, that a successful newspaper needs two things: It needs a live editor and a dead proprietor. I do not know how live I am and my relations—those varied with proprietors—are extremely good with my present proprietors. But nonetheless what Fischer said, rang a bell in my mind and should ring a bell in the minds of everyone too. I talk here to the group of potential journalists who, I hope, will come in great numbers to this College to their advantage.

You know, as Louis Fischer again said, a free press is the best insurance for democracy in a country. And it is proved by the fact that in a dictatorship, the first casualty is the free press. Napoleon should have known when he used to say that five hostile newspapers are more to be feared than five thousand men. But nonetheless I would like to say that young potential journalists have to try as far as possible—and it is not always possible—just to be frank, to maintain one's independence and the integrity of the newspaper users as far as possible.

Many youngsters come to me and ask: What is that which makes good journalists? I think the most valuable factor in journalism is not the style but the ability to write clean, simple, concise and clear English or whatever language you write in; that is a very necessary prerequisite for the success of a journalist. Comment is free, but the facts are sacred. This means that a newspaper or a journalist is entitled to say what he likes about what is happening in a country or outside it. But he has no right to distort news or to convey it in a sense different from what is meant. Comment is free, but facts are sacred. That is one of the prime slogans which should affirm itself in the minds of every potential journalist.

THE ART OF INTERVIEWING

Now, there are various departments of journalism. There is what Mr. Fischer again referred to as the interviewing or the interviewer. A reporter has to interview very many people and personalities, and in my time I had occasion to interview a great many. And I always found it a very good rule so far as the reporter is concerned and particularly in an interview to remember never to ask a question unless you know the answer. Always go prepared at least with the minimum background of the men you are interviewing and the subject you wish to talk about, so that he cannot fool you. He may fool you upto a point, but if you know something of the answer, it will be extremely difficult.

I have often been told, 'Well, it is no use having democracy, because moderate men fail.' Of course moderate men fail. But moderate men fail not because they are moderate, but because they are few. And I think that is what the journalists—the potential journalists—should realise; moderate men fail not because they are moderate, but because they are few. The more we add to their number, the better for the individual and the society and for democracy as a whole.

And the last thing I would like to

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impress on our potential journalists is this: that the first duty of a newspaper or of the press is not to the government of the country; the first duty of the newspaper or the press is to the people. It is unfortunately not realised in our own country, where many of those in authority appear to assume as a right that one should reflect their views. The prime obligation, prime responsibility of the press or the newspaper is not to the government of your country or any other country, but to the people.

Let me wish Mr. & Mrs Munshi and the sponsors of this school of Journalism and you who will join it, I hope, in vast numbers, a good luck, happiness, and I hope, prosperity.

KNOW THE CUSTOMER

Sri P. L. Tandon, Chairman, Hindustan Lever Ltd., speaking next said:

The College of Journalism, Advertising and Printing is an effort which we, in industry, greatly admire, although I noticed in the syllabus that there is a greater emphasis on journalism and perhaps printing after that. I feel in time to come advertisement may have to become a faculty on its own, particularly with emphasis on sales promotion. I was particularly struck, going through the syllabus, by the one word 'consumer'. As Mr. Moraes and Mr. Louis Fischer have in their way been dedicated to journalism, to the public, I had the privilege of spending the last 25 years in a sort of dedication to the consumer. The consumer always does not agree with you; but at least let us find out who the consumer is and what he wants. I do feel quite sincerely that in India, in industry which has an attractive market at the moment, where developing economy creates the market before you have the full means of catering to it, where your demand is always in excess of supply, there is a danger to those who are in the industry to take the consumer for granted. I reckon the last thing one can do is to accept that. Many years ago I began my career in market research before the War. I

think in the very first week I learned my first profound lesson. We happened to be doing a research job among housewives in Bombay, into the habit of using soaps and I had an Englishman to join our firm to develop and start a market research department. And if I may take the liberty of dwelling upon history, one of the questions we asked was: "Which soap do you buy and who buys the soap?", and invariably the answer came: "The husband chooses; the husband buys". The Englishman was rather puzzled: "I can understand that your social customs may be such that the husband does the shopping, but I refuse to think the husband chooses the soap". I told him, "It is quite possible because our women are very husband-oriented. They are dutiful wives; they give the husband still more privileges than your women do. I hope that our advertising does not proceed to correct that. I would rather leave it as it is." However, he refused to accept that. He said: "Let us do a little probe into this and really find out. I have done market research in most parts of the world and I know that when women want something, they choose." So we asked the next investigator who was going out into the field: "When a lady tells you 'The husband chooses', drop the interview along the lines of the questionnaire and have an open interview and ask her more about it. At the very first interview, the truth came out. The interviewer said to the lady: "Do you really mean your husband chooses the soap? Because most soaps have different perfumes, different colours." They got no answers. "And I should have thought that you would perhaps like this sort of soap (that you like) rather than let your husband decide what you should buy". She said: "I know what you mean and I will tell him what to do". So there I got my first profound lesson. The Indian housewife knows her mind. I think the pity is that we in industry who cater to her tastes don't know it. I sincerely hope in the

part which concerns advertising, in the part which concerns sales promotion and marketing, a great deal of enthusiasm would be placed upon understanding the consumer. And by consumer I do not mean merely housewives; I mean everybody.

SERIOUS BUSINESS

Mr. E. J. Fielden, Managing Director of J. Walter Thompson Pvt. Ltd., was the next speaker. He said:

Dr. Munshi mentioned to you one of the things that advertising people do is to find out what other people do. I think it might be fun sometimes to find out what advertising people do. If you were to ask them what are the most persistent troubles that they face in the business of advertising, I am very certain that the dearth of qualified advertising personnel would come out right on top of the list. Certainly, so far as I am concerned, I can say that during the last 30 years that I have been running an advertisement agency here, this business of perpetually looking for people to come in and help a growing organization is perhaps the biggest headache which an administrator in advertising has. I realise that the advertising business is not unique or alone in this. It is a problem which we share with every specialised industry in a growing economy. We all do what we can to cope with such a situation. We run training programmes of our own, which has very great advantages, and also certain disadvantages. When you take in a trainee and bring him into your organization and start to teach him, you are teaching him the knowledge which you have. What we should like is to bring people from outside and bring in fresh knowledge and fresh ability, in order to expand the capabilities of our organization. Therefore it was with considerable relief and great interest and thankfulness that I welcomed the invitation to be associated with this College of Journalism, Advertising and Printing.

I am often asked what the advertising business is really like—particularly

by young men and women who feel they would like to be interested in it. Well, one thing I can say at the start is that it is certainly not like what most of them seem to think it is. The world of advertising is not that glamorous thing where an executive with a fabulous salary goes to countless parties, dashes off slogans which miraculously cause thousands of people to rush and buy products that they never wanted before. It is not like that. That belongs to the dream world of novels and movies. Actually, advertising is a serious business. It is the business of employing talent, time and money, to promote the sale of goods. For me it is a fascinating, exciting business, and I cannot think of any business which has more interest, that is interest and excitement for those people who are mentally and temperamentally suited for it. And not everybody is. In fact, for those people who are not properly suited, I imagine that the business of advertising is a very distressing one, because jobs in advertising are not secure; the work is hard, you have to work for long hours; the demand is great, and the pressures are very heavy, and you know, creative people are actually somewhat temperamental, and when pressures are very high, the work is not smooth. To get along, one has to have, I think, boundless imagination; he has to be very much of a doer and be, above all things, highly adaptable. I think one of the attractive things about advertising as a business is that it offers such a wide scope for so many diverse talents. One is apt to think of advertising as merely the production of advertisement. Of course, advertisements are the end-product of what we do, and the people who actually do the writing are very important to us. But nowadays, very seldom is advertising the result of one person working or even the result of one group of persons working. Advertising has become so important that normally it is team work, between a group of specialists working in different fields.

AUGUST 6, 1961

There are jobs in advertising for a great variety of interests and people. For instance, for those with an inquiring mind and statistics, there is research work. You cannot produce proper advertising without having facts. A tremendous number of facts about all sorts of things—facts about the products, of markets and of people, and these are got together, found out, researched and interpreted by people who have special training in the modern technique of market research. Then there are jobs in what we call "production". Written words and pictures have to be turned into material, which can be printed by newspapers or posters, and so on. Then technicians are required for directing and producing advertisement films, or the designing and constructing exhibition material and many many other things as well.

SRI DESAI'S SPEECH

Inaugurating the Bhavan's College of Journalism, Advertising & Printing, Sri Morarji Desai, Union Finance Minister said:

The essence of freedom is not to defend one's individual freedom alone, but also that of others. India cannot claim to be really free unless its people develop a sense of self-respect and in that regard newspapers can play a very vital role. Journalism he said, was a difficult profession with tremendous responsibilities which it is not always possible to fulfil. He advised the students not to consider the acquisition of the degree or the diploma as the end of the education, for, education was a continuous and never-ending process. Paying a tribute to Kulapati Sri Munshiji, he said that the constant additions to the Bhavan's activities was an indication that the older Sri Munshi grew up, the more energy and life he infused into the institutions he had founded.

Sri Joseph John, Principal of the College, proposed a vote of thanks.

for quality SUITINGS AND SHIRTINGS

ask for



KRISHNA FABRICS



RAMKUMAR FABRICS

Sri Krishna Spg. & Wvg.
Mills (Private) Ltd.

Ramkumar Mills (Private) Ltd.
BANGALORE-2



The
Nation's
Favourite
Food
Flavouring
and
Preservative

**COMPOUNDED
ASAFOETIDA**

LALJEE GODHOO & CO.
Sowcarpet, Madras-1

H.O. Bombay..... Branch: Kumbakonam

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ALL ABOUT MADRAS

A COMPREHENSIVE GUIDE &
DIRECTORY TO THE CITY

with a large size four-colour map of the City
Where to Stay — Places of Interest — Amusements — Picnic Spots Around Madras — Public Offices — Bus Routes — Industrial & Trade Index — Postal & Telegraphic Information — Etc.

- 400 p., +48 p. in Art Paper (106 Views of the City)
- Price Rs. 3.00 ; By Post Rs. 4.05

LITTLE FLOWER CO. (LIFCO), MADRAS-17; M. DAMODARAM & CO., APPAH BLDGS., MADRAS-1; HIGGINBOTHAMS (PRIVATE) LTD., MADRAS-2; THEIR BRANCHES & THEIR RLY. BOOKSTALLS; AND THE POPULAR BOOK DEPOT, BOMBAY-7.

Bank
with
the

**STATE BANK
OF
INDIA**

India's Leading Bank

When at MADRAS on Business or
at tour Stay at

TOURIST HOMES

opp.—EGMORE RLY. STATION
Vegetarian Boarding & Lodging

- ALL ROOMS WITH ATTACHED BATH & SHOWER
- TELEPHONE IN MOST ROOMS
- MOST CENTRALLY SITUATED
- TAXIS, BUSES at DOOR

P. G. S. MANI, A.M.H.C.I.

Mg. Director,

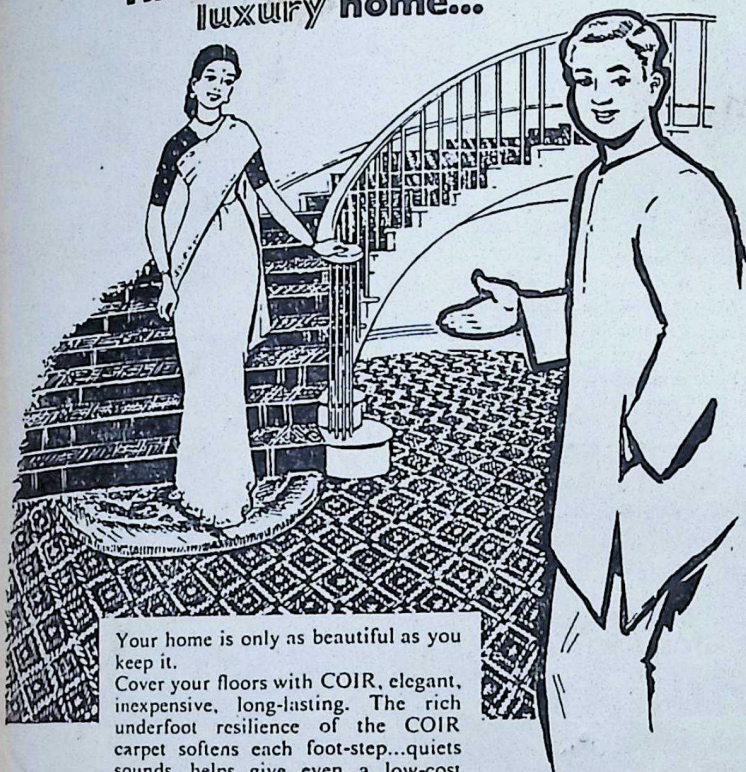
TOURIST HOMES (P) LTD.

EGMORE, MADRAS-8

Phone: 85200 & 83512

Grams: **TURIST**

**The mark of a
luxury home...**



Your home is only as beautiful as you keep it.

Cover your floors with COIR, elegant, inexpensive, long-lasting. The rich underfoot resilience of the COIR carpet softens each foot-step...quiets sounds...helps give even a low-cost home an air of tasteful luxury. And restful, too!

*See the range of Coir mats, mattings and carpets
at your nearest Coir Board Showroom.*

COIR BOARD

SHOW ROOM & SALES DEPOT

- KASTUR NIVAS, FRENCH ROAD, BOMBAY-7. PHONE: 74053
- 5, STADIUM HOUSE, CHURCH-GATE, BOMBAY.
- 16-A, ASAF ALI ROAD, NEW DELHI-1. PHONE: 26988.

- 1/155, MOUNT ROAD, MADRAS-2. PHONE: 85787.
- 1-A, MAHATMA GANDHI ROAD, BANGALORE-1. PHONE: 70216.
- 22, LOUDON STREET (ENTRANCE ON PARK ST.) CALCUTTA-16. PHONE: 44-5287.

COIR BOARD (Govt. of India) ERNAKULAM

FP

Frequent colds and coughs lower vitality... reduce resistance against bronchial infections

Coughs and colds are not only troublesome in themselves, but recurrent attacks can open up the way to far more serious sickness. So take care — start taking Waterbury's Compound immediately.

Waterbury's Compound

- ★ *Relieves coughs and bronchial congestion*
- ★ *Builds resistance against coughs and colds.*
- ★ *Aids digestion*
- ★ *Tones up the entire system*



Fortified with Creosote and Guaiacol, Waterbury's Compound breaks up bronchial congestion and stubborn coughs and colds. It tones up the entire system, builds up rugged resistance to illness and helps you keep fit all the year round. It is equally effective for adults and children.

Take pleasant-tasting

WATERBURY'S COMPOUND

RED LABEL

to keep you fit

Also available: Waterbury's Vitamin Compound with the Saffron Label. Recommended as a general tonic.



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SHAVAN'S JOURNAL

FOR NIGHTLY
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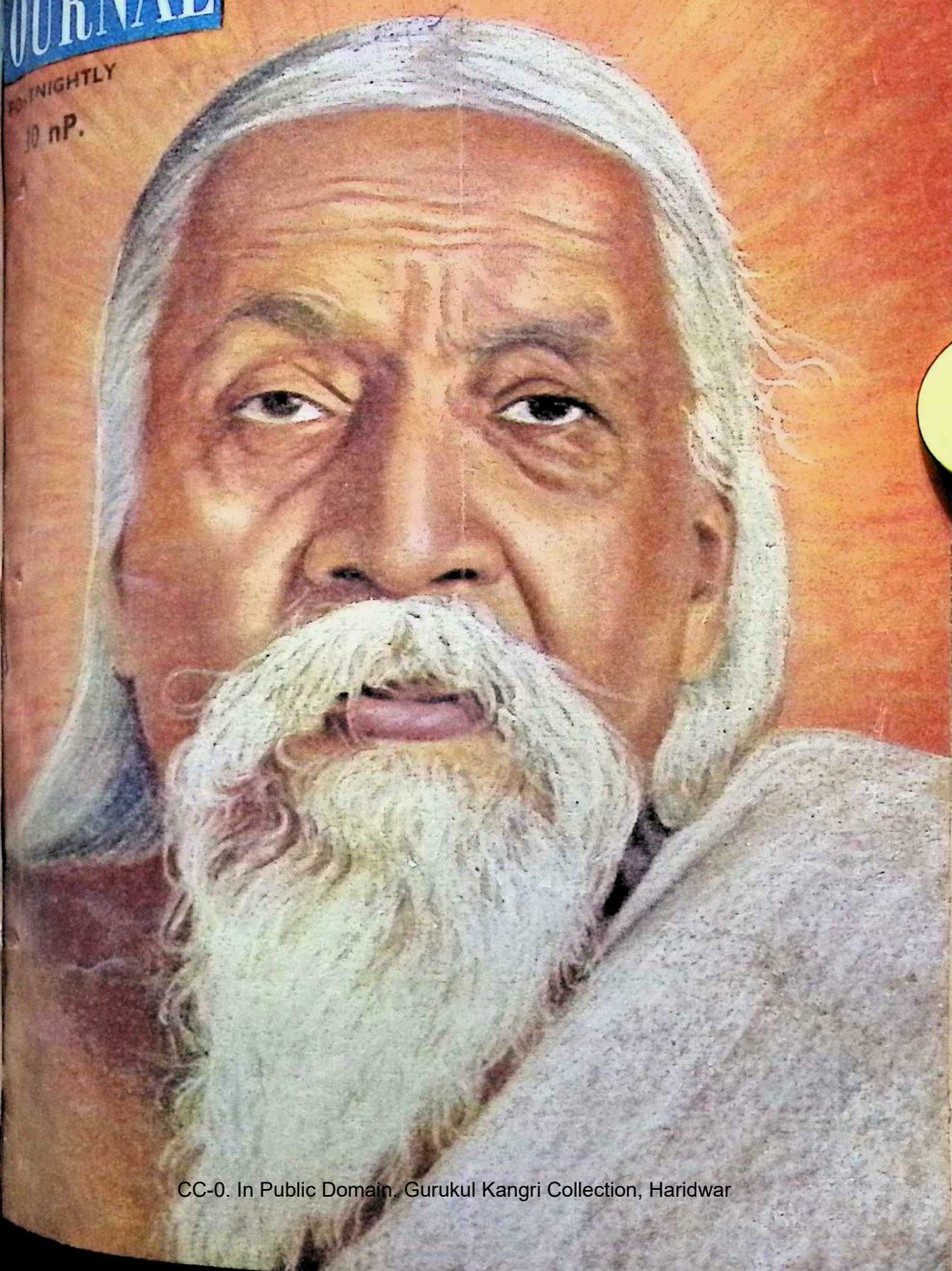


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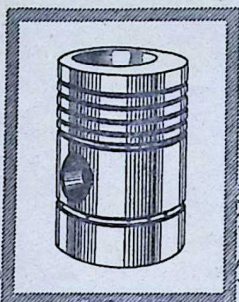
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AUGUST 20, 1961

Vol. VIII No. 2

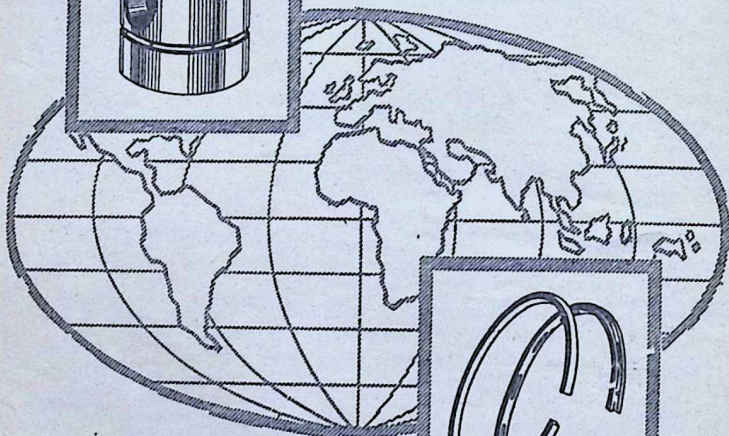


*Products of distinction known
throughout the world*



MAHLE PISTONS

*Known for their reliability,
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and high performance*



ORIGINAL GOETZE PISTON RINGS

*Engineered to outperform and
outlast all other rings!*



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Automobiles : Central Automobiles Private Ltd., 466, Sardar Patel Road, Bombay-4 (for Bombay State)

Tractors : Standard Spares & Machinery Corporation, 105, Apollo Street, Bombay-1 (for Bombay State)

Industrial Engines : Elva Business Contact Corporation, Green Street, Fort, Bombay-1 (for Bombay State)

Sole Selling Agents :

ESCORTS LIMITED

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BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

*Fortnightly, Devoted To Life,
Literature and Culture*

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FRONT COVER

SRI AUROBINDO

Artist: Sri V. N. O'key

Editorial & Business Offices:

BHAVAN
Chowpatty Road, Bombay-7.

**YOUR
COUGH
WILL GO
QUICKLY**

IF YOU TAKE

PEPS

**THROAT AND
CHEST TABLETS**

Suck a PEPS and *feel* its healing vapours at work helping to ease the pain and dispelling the germs of sore throat, bronchitis, cough or cold. PEPS give instant relief and rapid cure.

PEPS contain no dangerous drugs
May safely be given to children
QUICKLY RELIEVES

**BRONCHITIS
SORE THROAT
CATARRH
CONGESTION
COLDS and
COUGHS**

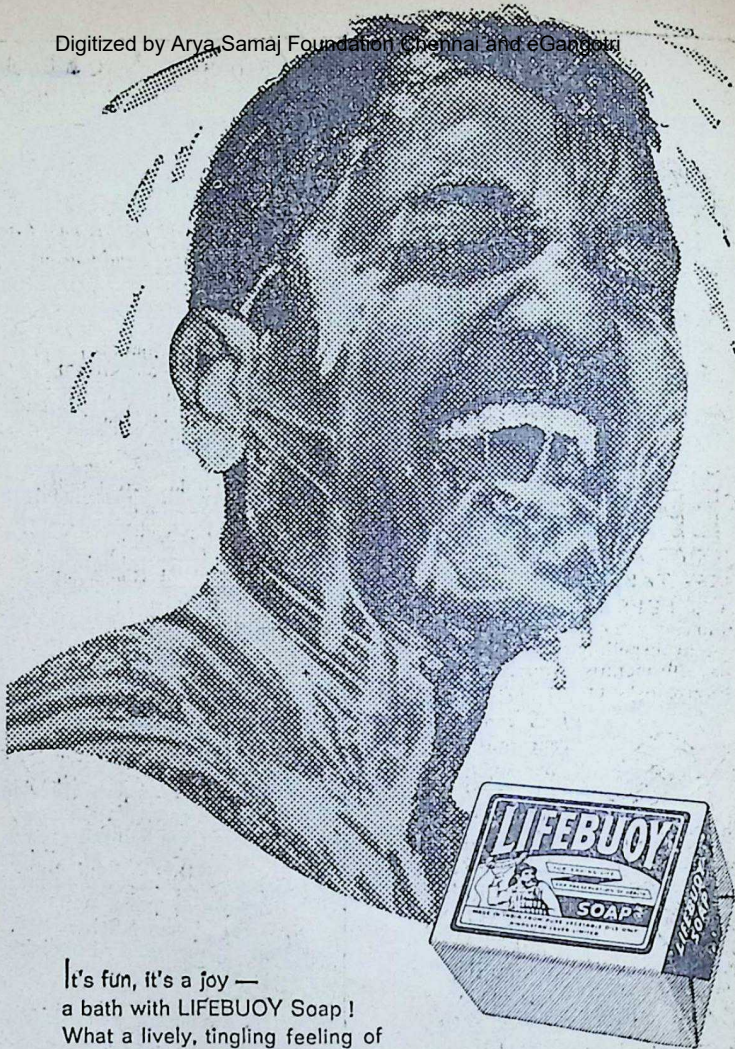
Sold by all medicine dealers

E. FULFORD (INDIA) PRIVATE LTD.

Sole Agents for Bombay

Messrs. KEMP & CO. LTD.

P. O. Box 937.



It's fun, it's a joy —
a bath with LIFEBUOY Soap !
What a lively, tingling feeling of
freshness ! And LIFEBUOY washes
away the germs in dirt — keeps
the whole family healthy !

Where there's **LIFEBUOY**
there's health !

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WHAT SECRET POWER DID THIS MAN POSSESS?



FRANCIS BACON (A Rosicrucian)

WHY was this man great? How does anyone—man or woman—achieve greatness? Is it not by mastery of the powers within ourselves?

Know the mysterious world within you! Attune yourself to the wisdom of the ages! Grasp the inner power of your mind! Learn the secrets of a full and peaceful life! Francis Bacon—world famous English philosopher, scientist—like many other learned and great men and women—was a Rosicrucian. The Rosicrucians

(NOT a religious organization) includes in its membership—people from every walk of life—from every race and creed. Today, headquarters of the Rosicrucians send over seven million pieces of mail annually to all parts of the world.



THIS BOOK FREE!

Write for YOUR FREE COPY of "The Mastery of Life"—TODAY. No obligation. A non-profit organization. Address: Scribe J.E.N.

The ROSICRUCIANS

(AMORC) 25 GARRICK ST., LONDON W.C.2, ENG.

—SEND THIS COUPON—

Scribe J.E.N.

The ROSICRUCIANS (AMORC), 25 Garrick St., London W.C.2, Eng.

Please send me the free book, *The Mastery of Life*, which explains how I may learn to use my faculties and powers of mind.

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CITY _____

ZONE _____

STATE _____

TRADE WITHOUT TEARS

Metric weights have come into use. Prices are expressed in terms of Metric units. And yet, transactions involve irksome calculations. — Why?

Because the Metric concept is not followed. Commodities are asked for either according to old weight or its equivalent:

233 grams — for one pao
454 grams — for a pound
175 grams — for five palams

Either way the advantage of the reform is not realised.

The right way is to ask for

200 or 300 grams
400 or 500 grams
100 or 200 grams

This way we will get full advantage of the reform. Combined with decimal coinage, transactions will be simpler and calculations much easier.

Ask for your requirements in

ROUND **METRIC** UNITS

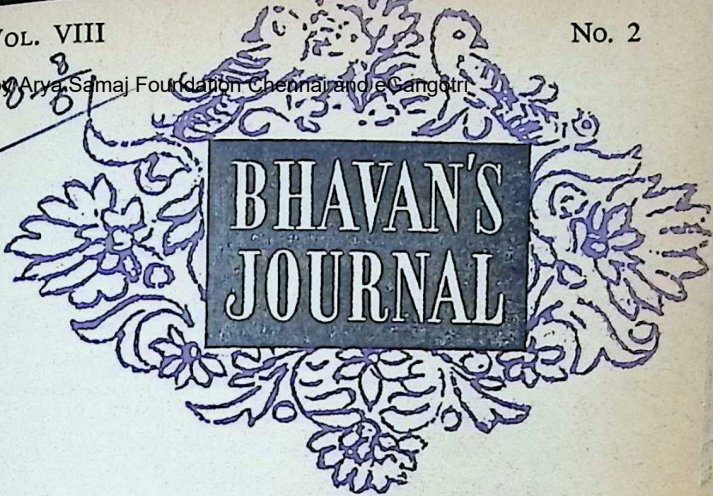
IT HELPS YOU



AND THE TRADER

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BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

आ नो भद्राः कृतवो यन्तु विश्वतः।

Let noble thoughts come to us from every side

—Rigveda, I-89-i

PRAYER FOR HAPPINESS

सना च सोम जेषि च पञ्चमान महि श्रवः।

अथा नो वस्यसत्सृद्धि।

Oh Most Loving and Gentle God ! Thou art Holy; dost always put down the wicked, and sanctify Thy devotees. Thine is all greatness and glory. Bestow on us, we beseech Thee, wealth, great peace and happiness in life.

—Samaveda II, 397.

Kulapati's Letter

ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 238

INDIAN UNITY AT CROSS-ROADS

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN,
BOMBAY,

AUGUST 20, 1961.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

TILL 1947, we were united in securing freedom. On August 15, 1947, we looked forward to a glorious destiny by welding ourselves into a powerful nation. In 1948, Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel, mostly by willing surrender of separatist tendencies, united the country as never before. On November 26, 1949, when the people of this country gave unto themselves the Constitution, we were one in unity of purpose and mission to build a great democratic Republic.

Of late disintegration has been growing apace, and not a day passes without our receiving a rude reminder of it.

The symptoms are many and varied.

The Cachar incidents, the tension between Assam and Bengal, the unmistakable recrudescence of communalism, the bid for new separate States and the growth of linguism and the militant regional chauvinism which it has given birth to the

tempts to harness linguism to religion and casteism are symptoms of a disease in the national mind, which, if not checked without further delay, will place our very national existence in jeopardy. Something, therefore, has to be done promptly to find an effective remedy for the malady, irrespective of party alignments and the countering of political manoeuvres.

It is being forgotten or ignored that India, as a nation, is a mixture of races, creeds and language-groups and that, in the interests of national solidarity, the component States should conform to this pattern as far as possible.

Linguism, which many people once thought was a transient and harmless phenomenon, has emerged as the most powerful group sentiment which is being used both as a weapon and protecting cover for chauvinism creating in most of the States serious problems affecting peace and pro-

AUGUST 20, 1961

Whereas before freedom we had two or three minorities in the whole country, linguism has been responsible for creating minorities and serious grievances in almost every State. In each State, the linguistic majorities have been developing the attitudes and techniques of a ruling race towards the minorities, and legislation, executive authority and State patronage are brought into play to place the minorities in the position of permanent aliens.

In such States, at the State level, the linguistic majorities have been developing an aggressively possessive attitudes towards their State, coming to look upon it as their own exclusive property to be defended against other States and the Centre. This finds expression in diverse ways.

Almost all States have been developing as against neighbouring States an attitude of mutually distrustful nation-States running a cold war against one another rather than functioning as administrative units of the same national union. Sometimes they become warring States engaged in a hot battle, as in the recent case of Assam and Bengal.

Each State insists upon education being given in its own language, forcing it on unwilling linguistic minorities, with the result that a situation is developing in which our national consciousness, which in the past has been the product of English education, and a long common struggle for freedom, is fast growing dim and is often entirely lost.

Efforts at thus forcing English out before Hindi is accepted by the whole country as an all-India substitute has

already led to a North-South feeling and if this feeling is permitted to become more articulate, it will add to the disintegration already developing.

The introduction of regional languages for higher administrative and educational purposes and the demand for the acceleration of this process are leading to a regional isolation of the higher services, and naturally the institutional unity of the country which the British gave through the all-India services is rapidly getting weaker.

Each of these States is developing an insular regional outlook on all Plans which, instead of being looked upon as a national effort, has led to the rise of regional pressures on the Centre; to inter-regional jealousies; to attempts of each State to be at once industrially self-sufficient by having a steel mill, a refinery, a fertiliser plant, an atomic reactor and the like regardless of natural facilities and in complete indifference to wastage. This is paving the way to a claim to autarchy which is likely to affect the national economy as a whole.

Several universities in the States are switching over from English to the regional language with the result that the psychological and social unity of the elite in the country, which during the last hundred years had led to the rise of Indian nationalism and a common Indian guiding class, is slowly being undermined under the pressure of emotions infused by regional linguism working for the glory of the particular region.

One of the results of this tendency has been that professors and teachers from outside the region are weed-

ed out, restricting the scope of inter-regional contacts between the intellectuals of the country. In fact, regional compartmentalism in the sphere of education and intellect is already very much in evidence.

Linguistic isolationism is taking the place of healthy all-India competition. The consequent difficulties in comparing and pooling the results of scientific, technological and other research activities will be a major nullifying factor in the nation's scientific and technological progress.

In some of the States, there is already in evidence a tendency to subordinate the memory and achievements of the national heroes by resurrecting the memory of hitherto unknown or little known regional heroes of the days of medieval particularism. If this process gathers strength, the new generation will be deprived of a living national heritage of common heroic achievements without which the general will to nationhood is sure to wither away.

The Assam-Bengal tension which has made each linguistic State a guardian of its linguistic minorities in other States is a logical outcome of the new development. In such conflicts, the Centre is sure to become the common target, eventually weakening its authority.

Due to aggressive regionalism, movements are already developing in several States to look upon the Centre with suspicion, and views are often expressed in favour of reducing the plenary powers vested in the Centre by the Constitution and thereby invite the fate which has overtaken all weak central governments in world

history, particularly in Indian history.

A secessionist outlook, though somewhat inarticulate, is already developing among politicians in some parts of the country. This attitude is being fostered by the Communist Party of India which is openly working for the balkanisation of the country so that it may more easily achieve its purposes.

The time has come to drive home in unmistakable terms that the administration and education of the country as a whole is a national concern and in administration and education language is only *one* element, not the most *important*, much less the *sole* one.

Communalism has been another unfortunate factor which has come to the fore in recent weeks. The implications of democratic freedom require that while religious communities should be free to organize themselves to the fullest extent for religious and social purposes, any attempt on their part to enter the field of politics is dangerous. If any such community as a religious group attempts to develop separate political consciousness, it will only preclude its members from the opportunity of being absorbed into the body politic as common citizens of a free country. No realist can ignore the possible reaction to such an attempt.

We, therefore, need to think afresh on these problems if democracy is not to fail in India. We have bitter experience of such action and the reaction which it evoked in pre-partition days and could never forget the heavy price we have had to pay for

AUGUST 20, 1961

that folly. We must avoid it at all costs.

The situation in the country as a whole makes prompt action necessary on the part of the Central and State Governments, political parties and voluntary associations to release positive forces of integration. Among such forces the most important, in the nature of things, are: (a) more and more all-India Services; (b) zonal implementation of the Plan; (c) statutory safeguards for the minorities in all States; and (d) All-India Universities with English and Hindi as media, and *above all, the building up of an atmosphere in which regionalism is looked upon as anti-national.*

What is needed immediately above everything else is an agreement on an all-India basis between political parties on the problems of unity and solidarity which would keep these out of election manoeuvre. It will mobilise public opinion; it will prevent national parties from seeking party advantages on issues likely to weaken national solidarity; it will enable national parties to resist the attempts of parties owing no such allegiance to disrupt the country.

Unless the psychology of unity is firmly re-established, our will to unity will always remain weak. But that involves the restoration of the moral fibre among publicmen and particularly in those in power. It can be restored only by the leaders of all the parties developing it and agreeing to accept certain solutions as above party strife. This is the only way to restore strength and vigour to the

fundamental issues of national unity and independence.

In the country's interest, therefore, it is high time that the issue of integration is placed as a national platform by the leaders who are pledged to preserve the stability and integrity of the nation. Then only can the elections be fought on clear-cut political and economic issues strengthening the national basis of our life.

It may be that in order to implement such a programme of integration, difficulties—constitutional, administrative and political—may have to be surmounted. But the preservation of national solidarity demands concerted action well ahead of the ensuing General Elections. It may not be an exaggeration to say that it is a question of now or never.

I would, therefore, suggest the possibility of taking steps to convene a National Convention for the purpose. The report of the Integration Committee of the Congress has not effectively halted the disintegrating forces. It has suggested certain measures which do not go far enough, nor can they achieve anything effective, knowing as we do that not a few leading Congressmen in some States are ardent in their advocacy of regionalism.

A national platform of integration is, therefore, clearly indicated.

Yours sincerely,

K. M. M. S.

Bring music into your home
with this fine, low-cost

NATIONAL **EKCO** Radio



Model 717: U-717; 5 valves with 8 functions,
3 bands; B-717 has 4 valves with 6 functions.
Moulded cabinet. **Rs. 270.00**

Inclusive of Excise Duty; Taxes Extra

THIS beautiful NATIONAL-EKCO radio, in two models—AC/DC or Dry Battery—is waiting to bring the happiness of music into your home! A pleasure you can afford, Model 717 combines high quality reception with low cost, gives you entertainment for years, and carries a one-year guarantee. See and hear it at your nearest NATIONAL-EKCO dealer's as soon as you can!

National-Ekco radios are better—they're

MONSOONIZED



GENERAL RADIO & APPLIANCES LIMITED

Bombay • Calcutta • Patna • Madras • Bangalore • Delhi • Secunderabad

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A Symposium on Dharma

धृतिः क्षमा दमोऽस्तेयं शौचमिन्द्रियनिग्रहः ।
वीर्यं ज्ञानं सत्यमक्रोधो दशकं धर्मलक्षणम् ॥

Courage, forbearance, self-control, non-stealing, purity, continence, knowledge, learning, truth and absence of anger are ten of the marks of dharma (righteous living).

—Manu.

अथातो धर्मं व्याख्यास्यामः ॥
यतोऽभ्युदय निःश्रेयससिद्धिः स धर्मः ।
तद्वचनादान्नायस्य प्रामाण्यम् ।

We shall now describe dharma. That which gives rise to prosperity in life and later emancipation is Dharma. The Vedas are authoritative because they tell of dharmas.

—Sage Kanada.

अहिंसा सत्यमक्रोधं आनुशंस्यं दमस्तदा ।
आर्जवं चैव राजेन्द्र ! निश्चितं धर्मलक्षणम् ॥
धर्मः पिता च माता च धर्मो नाथः सुहृत् तथा ।
धर्मो भ्राता सखा चैव धर्मः स्वामी परंतप ॥
धर्मदिश्यंश्च कामश्च धर्माद्भोगाः सुखानि च ।
धर्मदिश्यंमेवाग्र्यं धर्मात्स्वर्गो गतिः परा ॥
जन्मान्तरसहस्रैस्तु मनुष्यत्वं हि दुर्लभम् ।
तदगत्वापीह यो धर्मं न करोति स वञ्चितः ॥

Non-injury, truth-speaking, absence of anger, kindness, self-control, straightforwardness, O great king, are determined to be the marks of Dharma. Dharma is father, mother, husband, friend, brother, comrade and master, O valiant one!

From Dharma flow Artha and Kama, pleasures and comforts. From Dharma alone flow prosperity first and eternal bliss later.

Human birth is unobtainable even after thousand births and even then if man does not observe Dharma, he is really unlucky.

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—Mahabharata.

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If you think he's easily pleased...



...YOU'RE WRONG,' says Mrs. R. R. Prabhu, D/8, Union House, Mahim, Bombay 16. 'And when it comes to clothes...

'Now I wash all his clothes with SUNLIGHT — and he's happy! So am I; SUNLIGHT lathers wonderfully, makes my work so light!

'And everything comes up so white and bright — really clean! Nothing but SUNLIGHT for me!'

Housewives find there's nothing like pure, mild SUNLIGHT to care for clothes. So will you.

Sunlight



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There is a
difference
between giving
over and
giving up....



TRUE RETIREMENT

ONCE when the Enlightened One (the Buddha) was staying in the Anga country, there came to him a retired householder who had given all his property to his sons and had retired from active life.

The Enlightened One greeted him saying: "Pray be seated, householder."

This made the retired householder very angry and he entered into argument with the Enlightened One, asking why he addressed him as a householder when he had actually retired and given over all his wealth.

The Enlightened One then said: "There is a difference, householder, between giving over and giving up. Listen, I will tell you. There are eight states of consciousness which conduce to "giving up" and these are:

(1) All killing should be banned, by holding life sacred.

- (2) Theft should be banned, by never taking what is not given.
- (3) Lying should be banned, by strictly adhering to truth.
- (4) Slander should be banned, by not speaking ill of others.
- (5) Greed should be banned, by never coveting what belongs to others.
- (6) Taunts should be banned, by speaking only sweetly.
- (7) Anger should be banned, by peace and placidity.
- (8) Arrogance should be banned by humility.

"These, householder, are the eight ways of giving up."

The householder then requested the Enlightened One to expound these states in detail and the Enlightened One said:

"When I said killing should be banned by holding life sacred, and

theft and lying, etc., should be banned, I did not fully exhaust the things to be given up. For a universal giving up, the Noble Path provides fuller instruction."

"What is the universal giving up, please explain," said the householder, and the Enlightened One spoke thus:

"1. A dog famished with hunger finds his way to a slaughter-house and the butcher there throws before him a bone without any trace of flesh on it. Can the hunger of the dog be satisfied with that?"

"No, Sir."

"In the same way the pleasures of the senses cannot satisfy the inner hunger of man. One who has realised this truth can shed all desire and attachment to the things of the world.

"2. A vulture flies high into the sky with a piece of flesh and other vultures keep on attacking it to snatch that piece of flesh. What do you think the vulture should do?"

"If it does not let go the piece of flesh it may be mortally wounded and the attacking vultures may snatch it," said the householder.

"In the same way, the pleasures of the senses should be given up. One who has realised this truth can shed all desire and attachment to the things of the world.

"3. A man carries a blazing hay-torch against the wind. If he does not drop it, will not the flame burn his hand and the rest of his body? What should he do, householder?"

"He should drop the torch, Sir."

"In the same way, the pleasures of the senses should be given up. One who has realised this truth can shed all desire and attachment to the things of the world.

things of the world."

"4. Suppose there is a deep pit filled with burning coal. And a man who is fond of life and does not want to die is dragged to this pit by two strong men. He will try his utmost to get out of the grip of the stalwarts for fear of being thrown into the burning pit."

"Yes, Sir."

"The pleasures of the senses are like the burning pit, that must be avoided. One who has realised this truth can shed all desire and attachment to the things of the world.

"5. A man may dream of delightful woods and lakes, none of which will be seen when he rises from sleep.

"Similar are the pleasures of the senses. One who has realised this truth can shed all desire and attachment to the things of the world.

"6. Suppose a man has taken a loan from somebody and from the borrowed money he buys himself jewels and fine clothes and then appears in the market-place to make the folks feel that he is wealthy. And then the money-lender takes back from him all his property in satisfaction of his claim.

"The pleasures of the senses are like a loan that has to be paid back. One who has realised this truth can shed all desire and attachment to the things of the world.

"7. Suppose in a jungle near a town there is a tree laden with ripe fruit, but no ripe fruit have fallen below it. A hungry man in search of fruit comes along and, having not found any fallen, climbs the tree with the intent of eating the fruit to his heart's content. He is taking away more in his

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pouch. Suppose a second man comes along meanwhile and he too is desirous of eating the fruit, but is unable to do so because he does not know how to climb the tree. The second man then decides to fell the tree with his axe so that he may eat the fruit to his fill. What should the first man, who is at the top of the tree, now do, householder? Should he not climb down quickly to avoid being hurt or killed when the tree falls to the axe of the second man?"

"Yes, Sir."

"The pleasures of the senses are like the fruit hanging on the tree. One who has realised this truth can

shed all desire and attachment to the things of the world.

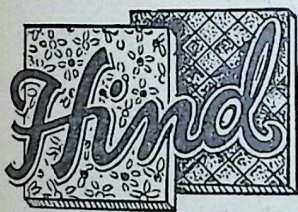
"Giving up the pleasures of the senses, realising their perils, is the universal giving up, followed by those who tread the right path. While giving over your wealth to your sons, have you given up all in the manner now described by me? Speak, householder."

On hearing this the retired householder realised the pettiness of his giving up and took refuge in the Enlightened One.

[From *Sermons and Sayings of the Buddha* by Sudhakar Dikshit. Chetana, Bombay]

They can, because they believe they can.—Virgil.

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*Are the countrymen
of Bhaskaracharya
and Sankaracharya
inferior to the countrymen
of Newton and
Darwin?*

ARISE, AWAKE, GREAT INDIA!

Sri Aurobindo

THOUGHT builds the universe.
The mind alone is real. All
that is seen is but a dream.

There is such a thing as the conscious holding of a thought. When this is done, all that opposes it, or seems contradictory to it, gradually melts away, and we wonder what has become of it, or why we were at one time under its illusion.

Anything may be achieved by thought. Death, disease, poverty, humiliation, any or all of these may be overcome.

The one thought, "I am the strong! I am the strong!" earnestly held, calmly, confidently held, calmly, confidently, unwaveringly, and yet silently asserted, is enough.

In the presence of one strong thought, all of a contrary opinion or

party become apologetic, and seek to defend themselves, or to explain why they cannot quite agree. And this without one word being said.

Immense batteries may be made, by numbers of people uniting together to think a given thought.

If the whole of India could agree to give, say ten minutes every evening, at the oncoming of darkness, to thinking a single thought, "we are one. We are one. Nothing can prevail against us to make us think we are divided. For we are one. We are one and all antagonisms amongst us are illusion,"—the power that would be generated can hardly be measured.

This force ought always to be used in constructive forms. We ought always to devote it to what are called positive ends.

We ought never to use it for hatred or jealousy or anger, but always in love and faith, and for the upbuilding of something.

Even when evil is to be destroyed, or a lie overcome, we must think of the truth that is to be revealed or the good to be done, and not the evil or the falsehood.

The less selfish the things we wish for the greater and keener will be the accumulated and multiplied power of our thought battery.

"Awake, awake, great India" is an ejaculation which, said within the mind quietly by hundreds of thousands of persons at a given hour, would produce immeasurable force, in proportion to the depth of their concentration on the thing itself.

Our thought must be cleared and ordered. When this is done, we shall see, to our surprise, that it has become creative.

The world without begins to reflect the world within. Men and women become incarnated ideas.

Let us take the question of education, for instance.

At this moment, it seems to be slipping out of our grasp.... But what right have we to depend on anyone but ourselves, for the preventing of this?

What obstacle has anyone to fear, in robbing us of knowledge, but the might of our own minds?

Who is it that will sacrifice and labour and build and struggle till we have grasped and mastered our intellectual heritage?

Ourselves. Ourselves. Always ourselves.

Because we know and with all our might will demonstrate the truth that knowledge is more precious than rubies, we cannot be effectively deprived of it.

At whatever sacrifice, we shall insist upon it.

We shall give our very lives for it.

We must have knowledge at all costs.

We must be educated men.

As a nation, we must lead the culture of the world.

In days when that culture was classical, literary, and psychological or mathematical, we led it.

Now that it is scientific, with side issues in mechanical application we must again lead it.

We shall never be content with even a second place in these things.

The whole history of the world shows that the Indian intellect is second to none.

This must be proved by the performance of a task beyond the power of others, the seizing of the first place in the intellectual advance of the world.

Is there any inherent weakness that would make it impossible for us to do this?

Are the countrymen of Bhaskaracharya and Sankaracharya inferior to the countrymen of Newton and Darwin?

We trust not.

It is for us, by the power of our thought to break down the iron walls of opposition that confront us, and to seize and enjoy the intellectual sovereignty of the world.

[Courtesy: Aurobindo Ashram]

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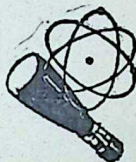
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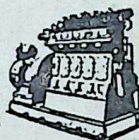
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ॐ गायत्रं त्रैष्टुभं जगद्विश्वा रूपाणि संभृता । देवा ओकांसि चक्रिरे ॥

The poetry of the Holy Vedas dressed in its innumerable forms, of the gayatri, tristubh, jagati and other metres, contains a clear and faultless account of all objects and laws beneficial to humanity.

—Samaveda.

Gayatri Upasana

Dr. I. K. Taimni

THE word Gayatri is used in Hindu scriptures in three different senses: firstly, for the particular well-known *mantra*; secondly, for the *chhandas* or metre in which the above *mantra* is cast; and thirdly, for that Devi who wields the power of this *mantra*.

According to Hindu philosophy, in the state known as Nirguna Brahman, Consciousness and Power are present as One, undifferentiated and indistinguishable. Conversely when manifestation takes place, the One polarises as Consciousness and Power or Siva and Shakti. Shakti in its involution differentiates into multifarious functions, each power of Shakti being matched by a corresponding function of Consciousness. The latter are called Devis or Devatas.

Now, Gayatri is conceived as a triad of Devatas—Saraswati, Lakshmi

and Kali. Therefore if a devotee wants Vidya or learning, he worships as Saraswati, as Laxmi if he wants wealth and as Kali if he wants help in calamity.

But, be it noted, if he does not want anything which this triad can give through their respective Shaktis he invokes Ishwara through Gayatri who acts as a catalytic for the union of his consciousness with Ishwara.

This latter union takes place at three levels: intellectual, intuitional and the Real (*pratyaksha-jnana*). Gayatri-upasana leads to the gradual unfoldment of human consciousness at the above three levels step by step. Vedas in their general sense mean the totality of knowledge which exists on the higher planes. Inasmuch as Gayatri is the means to that knowledge. She is called Veda-mata. The Rishis "saw" the Vedas.

The knowledge which the devotee

acquires by coming into contact, through Gayatri, with the Universal Mind is of the lower level. This is symbolized by the book in one hand of Brahma. The other two stages take him into deeper levels of consciousness. The main point to be stressed here is that the *upasana* and *japa* of Gayatri are the means of unfolding human consciousness without any limit.

Before any spiritual light from the innermost recesses of our being can break through into the realms of our mind, impurities have to be removed, distortions straightened out, and the vehicles harmonized. All these are accomplished in the first stage of Gayatri-upasana. This is the real meaning of the *sankalpa* performed on the "day of the Gayatri-japa."

A *mantra* is a particular combination of some letters of the Sanskrit alphabet, arranged in a certain way to bring about a specific result. Each of these constituent letters represents a particular sound, possesses a certain power or potency which is inherent in it in the same way as certain properties are inherent in every kind of chemical atoms. These specific powers associated with the letters or rather the sounds which they represent are rooted in the highest plane in the solar system and can therefore work on all the planes constituting the solar system.

This idea is sought to be conveyed in the well-known doctrine that the letters of the Sanskrit alphabet emanate from the *damaru* of Shiva. The *damaru* of Shiva is a symbol of the Nada which lies at the basis of the manifested universe and the state-

ment that the letters emanate from it, means really that the subtle powers inherent in the corresponding sounds are rooted in that Great Power or Shakti which maintains the worlds in manifestation through the potency of that mysterious sound called Nada. Alphabets of the Sanskrit language are mentioned because our Rishis who developed this science worked and experimented with the alphabets of this language.

Anyone who knows the potency of the sounds has at his disposal tremendous power. But since the effects produced by a certain permutation and combination of letters are not the sum of its effects, the science is not as easy as it appears. The production of pre-determined effects requires deep knowledge of the subtler planes and careful experimentation.

Japa is the repetition of a chosen *mantra* with the object of bringing about certain changes in our mind, resulting in the long run in an influx of powers and forces from the higher planes and experiences of higher states of consciousness.

A *mantra* may be uttered aloud, silently muttered, or mentally repeated. Their effects are progressively higher, the mental repetition with the meaning, acting directly on the mind.

The success of a *Japa* is possible only when all the powers and faculties of the Sadhak are concentrated and polarised in the direction of the objective.

The Gayatri which is a Vedic *mantra* belongs to a class. We have a Gayatri for practically every important Devata. But, in all these, the words *dhimahi*, *vidmahe* and *prach-*

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dayat are common which lead to the inference that these are the words in which the essential significance of the Gayatri pedigree is contained.

The original Gayatri is more elaborate and richer in meaning, but the general idea behind this *mantra* too is also practically the same as that of other Gayatri. The main difference is that in the latter, Savita or Surya Narayana is the Devata of the *mantra* while in others, other *devatas* like Shiva or Vishnu are invoked.

There are also other varieties of Gayatries in *Trishtup* and *Jagati-chhandas* which are meant for "shatriyas and *Vaishyas* respectively.

Another important fact to note is that a Gayatri-mantra is both a *mantra* and prayer in one. A pure *mantra* depends for its effectiveness upon the *mantra-shakti* or power inherent in sound. It may or may not have any meaning. But a Gayatri-mantra, has for the reason quoted above, also the tremendous power of prayer (*Gayantam traeti iti*). It embodies in the form of a *mantra* the highest spiritual aspiration of which a human soul is capable.

Let us examine our original Gayatri further. The first part of the *mantra* consists of *Pranava*, and *Mahavyahritis*; the second part: the sentence *Tat Savitur Varenyam Bhargo Devasya Dhimahi* and the third part *Dhio Yonah Prachodayat*.

What is the particular function of each of these parts?

To put it in a nutshell, the first part is to arouse in the vehicles of the *sadhaka* certain powers which prepare the ground for the effective functioning of the second and third



कौसल्या सुप्रजा राम !

पूर्वा सन्ध्या प्रवर्तते ।

उत्तिष्ठ नरशार्दूल

कर्तव्यं देवमाल्लिकम् ॥

महर्षेः परमोदारं वचः श्रुत्वा नरोत्तमौ ।

स्नात्वा कृतोदकौ धीरौ जेपतुः परमं

जपम् ॥

"O, Rama! Beloved son of Kausalya! The morning Sandhya has started. Wake up, best among men, the divine ablutions have to be performed."

Listening to the obliging words of the great sage (Vishwamitra) the two great men (Rama and Lakshmana) took their bath, offered ablutions and the valiant brothers performed the great Japa (Gayatri).

—Valmiki Ramayana.

parts. These powers are aroused by the agency of the sound or *Vak* which harmonizes and attunes the vehicles to the forces from the higher planes and makes it possible for the higher states of consciousness to manifest through them.

The second part is meant to stimulate in the mind of the *sadhaka* an

वाचं निशम्य भगवान् स तु नारदस्य
प्रचेतसः प्रवचसां प्रथमः कवीनाम् ।
माध्यंदिनाय नियमाय महर्षिसेव्यां
पुण्यां अवाप तमसां तमसां निहन्त्रीम् ॥

After listening to the exposition of Sage Narada, the first poet (Valmiki), the son of Prachetas repaired to the worshipful river Tamasa, the killer of Ajnana, to perform the midday ablutions.

—Bhoja Champu.

intense aspiration or determination to come in contact with the consciousness of the Savita or the Presiding Deity of our solar system.

His consciousness is already a part of that Universal Consciousness but owing to its being involved in the limitations and distractions of the lower worlds, he has lost his awareness of this fact of the oneness of the two. He sets out to regain the direct awareness of this unity and with this purpose in view, intensifies his aspiration for *mumukshutwa*. For, it is only as this aspiration is intensified that the fusion of the *Jivatma* and *Paramatma* can be progressively brought about.

The third part is meant to bring about an attitude of self-surrender or *atma-samarpan* which is essential for the descent of Divine grace or *Kripa*.

After intense aspiration in which consciousness plays an active role, the *sadhaka* abandons himself to the mercy of the Great Lord and makes himself passive and open to the forces which are aroused by the aspiration.

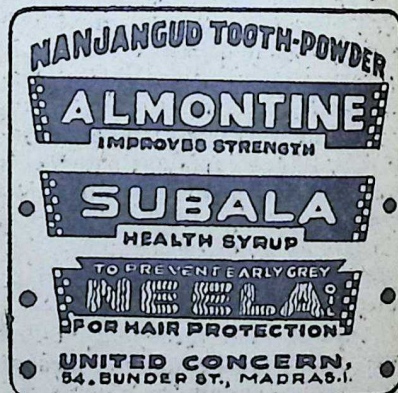
It is only under these conditions that the forces can flow freely into

his vehicles and prepare his mind for spiritual illumination.

Modern conditions are so different from those prevailing at the time when these things were promulgated for the first time that adaptation to the new conditions has become unavoidable. It would be foolish for a person to give up Gayatri-upasana simply because he is unable to perform his *japa* exactly at the time of *sandhya*. Commonsense and spirituality both require that necessary adjustments be made and the essentials be not sacrificed for the non-essentials. Intelligent adaptation of means to ends is one of the cardinal principles of Hindu religion and it is this principle which has enabled it to survive the ravages of time.

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Symbology of Ranganatha

B. R. Rajam Iyer

IT enlightens us a great deal to discuss the symbol as famous as that of Nataraja, viz., Sri Ranganatha. Both the names mean the very same thing and refer to very nearly the same conception, only differently expressed.

Nataraja is the lord of the stage, so also Ranganatha (*Ranga* means stage). The stage is the stage of the world, of the cosmos, or better still of the body and the senses. The one dances in Chidambaram, i.e., the sphere of wisdom, the other sleeps on the milky sea.

We cannot sufficiently describe the imagination of the mind that could have originally conceived the idea of

the milky ocean. Our ancient fathers have endowed us with the rich legacy of a silver rock, a gold mountain, a milky ocean, a heavenly river, a generous cow, a liberal tree, a white elephant, a heavenly father and a rich philosophy. We have, fortunately, down below the Himalayas the Ganges etc., and in this grand group comes the milky sea.

What is the real inner meaning of this milky sea? The real milky sea is found out when the consciousness of the body is lost; next, that of the mind; and next, the idea of vacant space, which is a great hindrance in practical realisation. And the worlds of sun, moon and colours have all

to be left behind, then comes the real milky sea.

No reader can get offended with me if I say that the real milky sea is glorious when seen; that it is the sweet undisturbed nectar-like calmness that knows not the distinction of caste and creed, of life and death, of freedom and slavery, of form and no form, devoid of character and name, the calmness divine and perfect that silently pervades all, the serenity that is light, that is grace, that is the ineffable, the highest of the high, which knows not union and separation, or attachment, which is beyond the five elements and even the consciousness of enjoyment, an ocean of full undisturbed ecstasy: that is the real sea of milk.

It is a treasure far beyond the reach of the ambitious, the wicked, the avaricious and the selfish, which is ever a secret refusing to unfold itself to the heart that falters or is false. 'Knock, and it shall be opened, seek and ye shall find.'

अदावन्ते च मध्ये च सृज्यासृज्यं यदन्वयात् ।
पुनस्तत्प्रतिस्क्रामे यच्छिष्येत ददेव सत् ॥
नष्टं लोके द्विपराद्धविसाने महाभूतेष्वादिभूतं
गतेषु ।
व्यक्तेऽव्यक्तं कालवेगेन याते भवानेकशिष्यते
शेषसज्जः ॥

The substance of it, when translated, means:

'What is left over after the disappearance of what all is ever created consequent to the relationship of cause and effect is called *Sat*. When all the world vanishes and the entire creation gets absorbed with great swiftness into the Primeval Matter at the end of time and

into the indistinct, then you alone remain in the name of *Sesha*.'

Why does *Sesha* have the form of the huge serpent? The reason is that the serpent is an object of worship in all countries alike. The outspread hood of the serpent, its fine ear for music, the fabled gem on its head, its glossy and beautiful appearance, its faculty of hearing with the eyes, its comparative innocence when not disturbed, its real or reported allegiance to *mantras*—all these have contributed to the universal worship accorded to it. Among the Hindus it has been raised to the rank of an ornament to the Lord *Iswara*, symbolising the intelligent human consciousness.

So, the serpent represents the consciousness that is in the star above, in the stone below, the waters that flow, in man, in animal, plant and stone. This consciousness 'sleeps in the plant, dreams in the animal, and wakes in man.'

Sesha, then, which is everywhere manifest or unmanifest is symbolised by that beautiful serpent and its infinite coils; all its huge beauty represents the infinity of that consciousness, its omnipresence and the eternity beyond all name and form—beyond time, space and casualty. (*Sesha* means what remains when all is lost; the undying, the infinite and eternal). It is on the milky sea necessarily, for until the heavenly calm of the inner soul is realised, the beauty of the universal consciousness cannot be seen.

Vishnu the Great God sleeps upon the smooth glossy bed of the serpent back, a sleep without its dark-

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ness, a sleep not of ignorance and dullness, but a sleep of light, a knowing sleep as it has been called. The idea is that God pervades all the universe, the atom, the roaring sea, the mountain chains and all, but Himself. The sleeping means 'Urdhvapurāṇam *adhahpurāṇam madhyapurāṇam*', filling the above, the below, the middle, as the *Uttara-Gita* says, and as the posture is a lying one without North or East or South or West. He fills the world from the tip of the nail to the top of the head, as *Nakshatrapurāṇam*, etc. of the *Brih. Upa*. No clouds can pollute Him, no sin can attach to him, no grief can enter into Him.

Tasya kartaramapi mam viddhya kartaramavyayam.

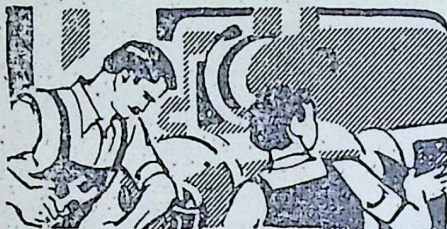
'Though I am the Lord of creation, as I work without attachment, no action clings to me,' said Sri Krishna.

Descending to the phenomenal platform, the Vyavaharika Satta, we find creation is real, and the same abstract Brahman is our father in Heaven, our punisher and rewarder. So, in the beautiful conception of the milky sea with Ranganatha, the Lord of the stage, is treasured up the whole range of philosophy. From the abstract *Atman* to the personal God, the father and Creator, the whole range is involved in it.

Now the Lord's ornaments have a symbolic value. The Kaustubha gem beautifully represents the pure and everlasting soul of the world. The *pradhana* being the chief principle of things, is well-placed as the Srivatsa mark of the Lord. Intellect is the faculty that shelters us against the

arrows in the war of life and is therefore fittingly compared to the mace (*Gada*). Our egotism, the delusive habitual self, is very well represented as Isa's conchshell and bow, *Sabdanishtham Jagat*—so, the conchshell represents the organs of sense. The discus (*Chakra*) symbolises the mind, which shames the speed of the winds and the swiftness of the lightning. The Universe composed of five elements is a beautiful ornament—the necklace *Vaijayanti*—to Vishnu, the protector, for nothing better expresses His grandeur and glory who rules day and night. Wisdom is a veritable sword which fells down the grand tree of Aswattha which changes every moment and is at the same time eternal because Maya or delusion is eternal. The Vedas are the leaves of this tree (the tree of Samsara). The intellect forms the branches from the main trunk and *Ahankara* (Egoism) the five elements and the deceitful organs of sense are its branches, and the senses are holes in it. Virtue and vice are its flowers; and joy and grief are its fruits. It is the tree on which all souls live.

As Madhva has beautifully said, the grand-tree of Samsara, which has its branches in Heaven, Earth and everywhere should be bravely felled down by the sword of wisdom, *Achyuta* of Narayana. This sword however is most often concealed in the scabbard of ignorance; and we people are therefore going round the tree, instead of felling it down; but even this ignorance is nothing but Narayana, for the Vedas proclaim



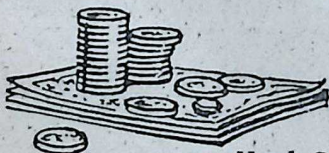
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ADHYATMA



RAMAYANA

Kabandha-Stotra

During the course of their search for Sita Sri Rama and Lakshmana met Kabandha, the headless demon who had his mouth in his chest. The two brothers cut off his long arms at which the demon recognised them as Hari incarnate and related how; he, a Gandharva, was cursed by Sage Ashtavakra for laughing at him and how his release was foretold by the same sage at Sri Rama's hands. At his request the Princes of Ayodhya cremated his body whereafter Kabandha assumed his Gandharva form and praised Sri Rama as follows:

स्तोतुमुत्सहते मेऽद्य मनो रामातिसंभ्रमात् ।
त्वामनन्तमनाद्यन्तं मनोवाचासगोचरम् ॥

O, Rama! My great devotion to you makes my heart yearn to sing your praise today. You are omnipresent; without beginning and end, and beyond the reach of the mind or word.

सूक्ष्मं ते रूपमव्यक्तं देहद्वयविलक्षणम् ।
दृग्गुणमितरत्सर्वं दृश्यं जडमनात्मकम् ।
तत्कथं त्वां विजानीयाद् व्यतिरिक्तं मनः
प्रभो ।

O, Lord! Your form is difficult of comprehension (even for Yogins); it transcends the twin forms (of Hiranyagarbha and Virat); it is pure Jnana. All else is nescience. How then can my mind, separated from you, being a Jada, comprehend you?

बुद्ध्यात्माभासयोरैक्यं जीव इत्यभिधीयते ।
बुद्ध्यादि साक्षी ब्रह्मैव तस्मिन्निर्विषयेऽ-
खिलम् ॥

आरोप्यतेऽज्ञानवशान्निर्विकारेऽखिलात्मनि ।
हिरण्यगर्भस्ते सूक्ष्मं देहं स्थूलं त्रिराट्
स्मृतम् ॥

The identity of *buddhi* and the reflection of Atma is called Jiva. Brahma alone is the witness of *buddhi* etc. In Him Who is changeless and is in the form of all, Who is free from

worldly objects, everything is superimposed through Ajnana. They say Hiranyagarbha is your subtle form and Virat your gross form.

भावनविषयो राम ! सूक्ष्मं ते ध्यातु-
मङ्गलम् ॥

Your subtle form which blesses all the contemplators and in which this world, the past, present, and future are seen is to be contemplated by all.

स्यूतेऽण्डकोशे देहे ते महदादिभिरावृते ।
सप्तभिरुत्तरगुणैर्वैराजो धारणाश्रयः ॥

Your gross form constitutes everything. It is covered by principles like Mahat etc., and it should be contemplated with seven successive qualities.

त्वमेव सर्वकैवल्यं लोकास्तेऽव्ययाः स्मृताः ।

You are the penultimate end to be achieved by all Jivas; your limbs constitute all the worlds.

* * *

इन्द्रादयो लोकपाला बाहवस्ते दिशः श्रुती ।
अश्विनौ नासिके राम वक्त्रं तेऽग्निरुदाहृतः ॥

Indra and other protectors of the world constitute your hands; the directions, your ears; the twin-gods Asvins, your nose; and Agni your mouth, it is said.

चक्षुस्ते सविता राम मनश्चन्द्र उदाहृतः ।
भूभङ्गा एव कालस्ते बुद्धिस्ते वाक्पति-
र्भवेत् ॥

O, Rama! Your eyes are the sun; mind the moon; your brows Time; your buddhi is Brihaspati

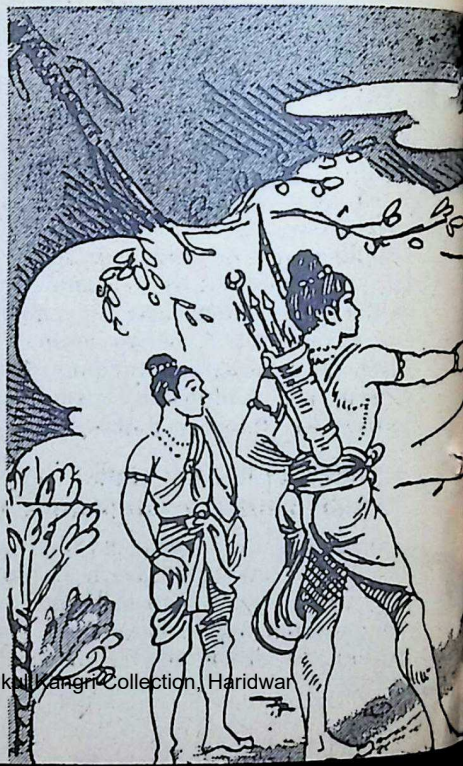
रुद्रोऽहङ्काररूपस्ते वाचश्छन्दांसि तेऽव्यय ।
यमस्ते दंष्ट्रदेशस्थो नक्षत्राणि द्विजालयः ॥

Your ego is Rudra; words the Vedas, O eternal Lord! Death is the place between your teeth; rows of teeth are the stars.

हासो मोहकरी माया सृष्टिस्तेऽपाङ्गा-
मोक्षणम् ।

धर्मः पुरस्तेऽधर्मश्च पृष्ठभाग उदीरितः ॥

Your laughter is the illusive Maya; creation is your glance; your front part is dharma and adharma your hind part.



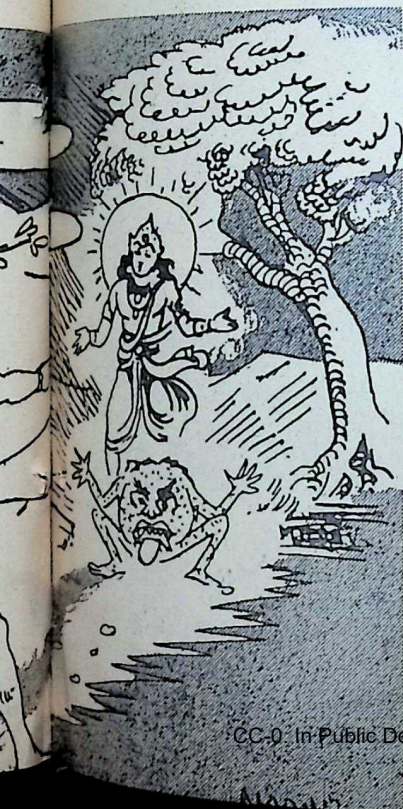
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निमिषोन्मेषणो रात्रिर्दिवा चैव रघूत्तम ।
समुद्राः सप्त ते कुक्षिर्नाड्यो नद्यस्तव प्रभो ॥

O, best of the Raghus! The closing and opening of your eye-lids constitute night and day; your abdomen is the seven seas; your *nadis* (veins etc) are the rivers, O Lord!

रोमाणि वृक्षौषधयो रेतो वृष्टिस्तव प्रभो ।
महिमा ज्ञानशक्तिस्ते एवं स्थूलं वपुस्तव ॥

The hair on your body are the trees and plants; *retas* is the rain; your greatness is your Jnana-shakti. This is your Virat form.



प्रदस्मिन् स्थूलरूपे ते मनः सन्धार्यते नरैः ।
अनायासेन मुक्तिः स्यादतोऽन्यन्नहि
किञ्चन ॥

If this Virat form of yours be contemplated upon by men, they will attain liberation easily at the end, beyond which there is none whatsoever.

अतोऽहं राम रूपं ते स्थूलमेवानुभावये ।
यस्मिन् ध्याने प्रेमरसः सरोमपुलको भवेत् ।

May I therefore contemplate on that Virat form only of yours which, leavened by my *prema rasa*, shall make my hairs stand on end.

तदैव मुक्तिः स्याद्राम यदा ते स्थूलभावकः ।
तदप्यास्तां तवैवाहमेतद्रूपं विचिन्तये

O, Rama! Although contemplation of your Virat form by itself constitute liberation to humanity, let it be; I shall however content myself with contemplating on you in this form only!

धनुर्बाणधरं श्यामं जटावल्कलभूषितम् ।
अपीव्यवयसं सीतां विचिन्वन्तं सलक्षणम् ॥

Holding the bow and arrows; dark; wearing matted hair bark-rob; very handsome; young; searching Sita and accompanied by Lakshmana.

* * *

अयोध्यातिपते तुभ्यं नमः सौमित्रिसेवित ।
त्राहि त्राहि जगन्नाथ ! मां माया नावृणोतु ते ॥

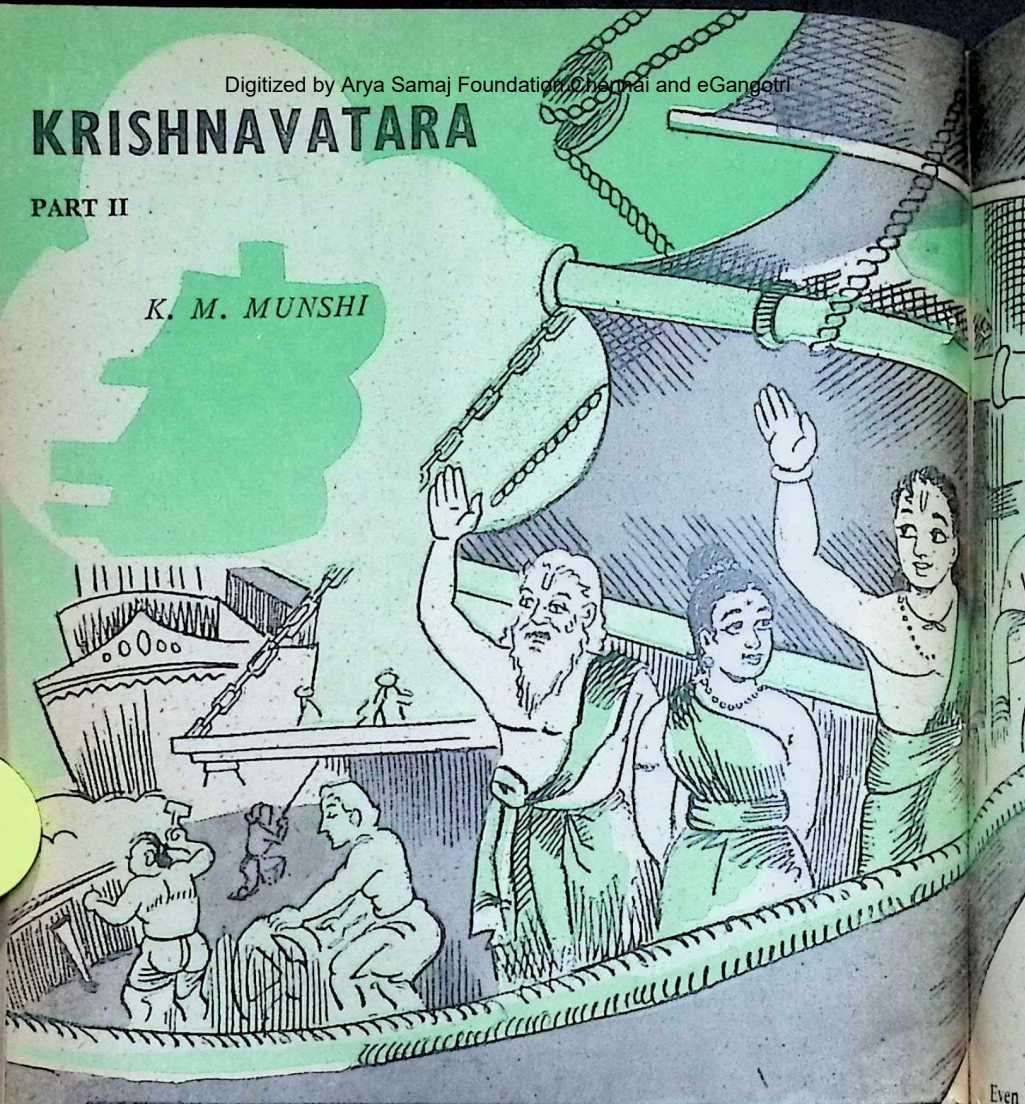
O Lord of Ayodhya! who is served by the son of Sumitra, obeisance unto Thee. Save me! Save me! O Lord of the world, and let not your Maya enshroud me..

—*—

KRISHNAVATARA

PART II

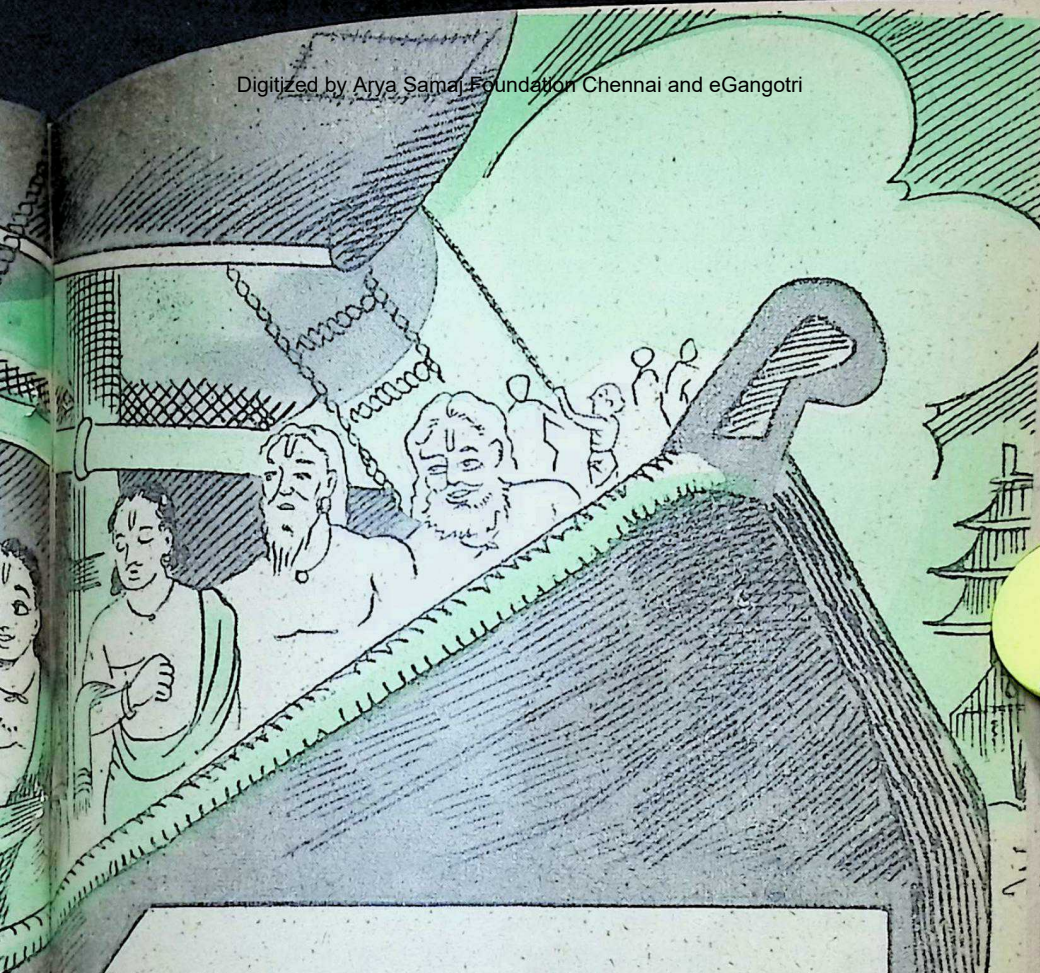
K. M. MUNSHI



28. Balaram on the High Seas

BALARAM and Uddhava accompanied Kukudmin and Revati to Saurashtra. Damagoch, who had been the Punyajana Rakshasas were the last word in barbarity and perfidy and worshipped their strange god with blood of cap-

Even Sandip volunt the a party chario and fr Adv been s Balara



of regard for Balaram, sent ten of his tried warriors with him.

Balaram's enthusiasm was irrepressible. He talked, planned, hustled.

Even five of the disciples of Sandipani caught the infection and volunteered to go with him. And when the auspices were favourable, the party started for Bhrgu Tirtha in chariots provided by King Jayasena, and from there took boat for Prabhas.

Advance information had already been sent to the King of Prabhas that Balaram, the conqueror of Jara-

sandha, was coming to worship Somanath, the God of gods, at Prabhas Tirth. The fame of the Gomantak victory had preceded him even to the distant shores of Saurashtra, and people came to welcome the conqueror of Chakravarti Jarasandha.

The King of Prabhas was taken into confidence. Claiming to be a Yadava by descent, naturally he took great pride in the achievements of Balaram. He promised to help the

undertaking on the promise that after Kushasthali was taken, Girinagar, once the citadel of Kushasthali, but now ruled by his hereditary enemy, should also be captured. Balaram, who was in an expansive mood, gave the promise.

Uddhava had sensed the far-sightedness of Krishna in wanting a place of safe retreat in case Mathura was in danger again. Nothing, he now felt, could be safer than this sparsely-occupied corner of Saurashtra, which would be inaccessible to Madhyadesha kings and completely beyond the reach of Jarasandha.

Balaram was in a great hurry to take the Punyajana fort, but Kukudmin and Uddhava were for making careful preparations. Reconnaissance parties returned with the information that Kushasthali was well-nigh impregnable as the Punyajana demons had built three rings of fortresses to bar all access to it from land. Being a sea-faring people, their concern was only to make their home secure against any land power.

Kukudmin and Uddhava, after careful consideration, decided to attack Kushasthali by sea, though on all reports it had a big fleet of ships and was not easily vulnerable.

● ● ●

Soon, however, good news was received. The Panchajana ship was due to arrive soon. So they waited for it, and as anticipated, the ship arrived.

Bhikru's grandson Kukkur came to the shore to barter goods and was overjoyed when he was taken on board. Uddhava. Bhikru was now the master

of the ship, the nephews of Panchajana, the original owners, no longer being alive. Kukkur himself was second in command.

Kukkur took Balaram and Uddhava in a boat to meet Bhikru. When he hailed his grandfather, he came to the deck, peered at Uddhava, recognised him and was wild with joy. Ropes were lowered and they were taken aboard. When the old man found that Balaram was the elder brother of Krishna, whom the ship's crew worshipped as their god, their joy knew no bounds. Hukku and Hullu were there too, smiling broadly till their white teeth flashed, and raised both their hands to their forehead before Balaram in homage.

Balaram and Uddhava were invited to a repast, and when the news reached the lower deck, the crew came to the upper deck, burst out into bawdy songs of Krishna's feats in the Land of Naga Kanyas, which they had composed in honour of their saviour.

Bhikru told them of the events which had made him the master of the ship. On one of their trips, a few months ago, the Panchajana boys had gone on shore at Kushasthali to secure help in massacring him and others loyal to him. Ruddu, the carpenter, came to know of the intention and informed Bhikru about it.

'I could not take any chance,' said Bhikru. 'The ship was like my own child. For fifty years I had given all to it. It was my skill that had weathered a hundred storms. And it was given to me by my god Krishna,' he said. 'I could not take any chance. I had to be made at midnight while we

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were asleep in port. But the Panchajana boys came to the ship early in the evening to throw us off our guard. I talked to Hukku and Hullu. They went to the boys when they were having a drink and cut their throats. We weighed anchor, and when we were out on the sea, we sent them overboard to join their uncle.' Bhikru laughed as if it was a huge joke.

Then he asked about Krishna, and Uddhava gave a vivid account of what he and Balaram had accomplished.

Balaram impatiently broke in. 'Listen, master of the ship, we have come to capture Kushasthali. You must help us.'

'Kushasthali! No, lord, we dare not,' said Bhikru pulling his beard and making his weather-beaten face wry. 'The Punyajanas are our enemies, for they know that we got rid of Panchajana and his nephews. Even at high sea, we always try to avoid their ships. For the sake of appearances, we have got an idiotic Punyajana with us, whom we pass off as the master whenever the occasion arises,' said Bhikru with a twinkle in his eyes.

'Nothing of the kind. We are going to wipe off Punyajana Rakshasas from land and sea both. I want to destroy Kushasthali,' said Balaram. He could not stand any doubt about his success.

'You cannot. They are very powerful,' said Bhikru emphatically.

'I can, whether you join us or not,' retorted Balaram. 'If you join us, you will be the master of all the ships which we can capture at Ku-

shasthali. If you don't, we will first destroy them and then destroy you,' Balaram spoke in a passion.

'Oh master, you are in a temper. Punyajanas are not easy to deal with,' pleaded Bhikru.

'What then? Jarasandha is the greatest king on earth and I vanquished him,' said Balaram, 'And do you know, even the sea obeys Krishna. When Gomantak was burning, he ordered it to quench the fire and it did.' Balaram told the story of how Gomantak was saved from fire.

'Oh, I know, when he was with us, we never met with bad weather,' confirmed Bhikru.

'We are going anyway,' continued Balaram. 'We have five small ships. We only want a man like you who knows the sea to lead us to Kushasthali. If you come with us, we can take fifty more fighters on board your ship.'

'I can't,' the old man shook his head.

'Don't forget: you were only a steersman, a slave. Krishna made you the master of this ship. I will now make you the master of all the Punyajana ships,' said Balaram expansively.

The old man's eyes glinted with avidity, and his grandson Kukur and Ruddu, the carpenter, now third in command, were flushed with enthusiasm.

'I forgot to tell you the message Krishna sent you,' Uddhava intervened.

'What is it?' Bhikru asked.

'He said to me: "Tell uncle Bhikru, and brothers Kukur and

Ruddu, and my friends Hukku and Hullu, that this is the battle of *dharma* for wiping out the wicked Punyajana Rakshasas from the sea of Saurashtra. I would have come myself to help Big Brother, but I know that when Uncle Bhikru is there, I am there myself," said Uddhava.

Bhikru sat quiet for a while, thinking hard.

'Grandfather, we can't let down Krishna's brother. He has entrusted him to us,' said Kukkur, his voice quivering with pride. 'We will wipe out the Punyajanas. So has the lord commanded.'

Ruddu nodded agreement. Bhikru felt a tug at his heart. He turned to Balaram: 'Lord, your words are commands. We will give our life for you and your brother, our master, for I have always considered this ship to belong to him.'

It was foolish to join this adventure which was sure to be disastrous. But he had looked upon Krishna as his and the ship's guardian deity; his grandson and the crew would consider him a coward if he would deny the god now. There was also a fugitive faith in his old heart: if Krishna wanted him to undertake the venture, it could only be to make him the master of all Punyajana ships and of the wealth they brought from lands beyond the seas.

'But I am afraid there might be Punyajana war-ships in Kushasthali,' he said.

'We have Lord Balaram with us,' said Uddhava impressively. 'He is Lord Anant Himself—the thousand-headed, divine Serpent God, who up-

holds the earth.'

'Yes. Father says I am Anant—the Timeless. He saw me in that form when I was born. And I tell you: the wicked Punyajanas will be wiped out of our seas,' said Balaram, who had never objected to his being considered Lord Anant.

• • •

In the days which followed, Bhikru took command of the fleet which, besides the Panchjana ship, consisted of five more vessels. After water, food and arms in sufficient quantities were stored on them, the King of Prabhas saw the guests off, when on an auspicious moment the fleet left the port, flying the pinions merrily amidst the chanting of *mantras*, blowing of conchs and breaking of coconuts.

On the deck of the Panchjana ship stood Balaram with a triumphant smile on his lips, Kukulmin and Revati on one side and Uddhava and Bhikru on the other saluting with folded hands.

When the ships left the shore and the shouts of 'Victory' burst forth from the assembled onlookers, Balaram turned proudly to Revati and winked—a performance which he would never have thought himself guilty of before. For the first time in the days they had spent together, Revati who always wore a series look, smiled. And for lack of anything better to do, he turned to Uddhava and lifted him in his arms and gave a thumping pat on the back of old Bhikru which sent the master of the ship reeling.

[To be continued]

....it is

the foremost duty
of man
to learn to give....



What Life Has Taught Me

Swami Sivananda

I was, I should say, by a flash that I came to the conclusion early in my life that human life is not complete with its observable activities and that there is something above human perception controlling and directing all that is visible. I may boldly say that I began to perceive the realities behind what we call life on earth. The unrest and feverish anxiety that characterise man's ordinary existence here bespeak a higher goal that he has to reach one day or the other.

When man gets entangled in selfishness, greed, lust and hatred, he naturally forgets what is beneath his own skin. Materialism and scepticism reign supreme. He gets irritated by small things and begins to fight. In

short, man is miserable. The doctor's profession gave me ample evidence of the sufferings of this world. I found concrete proofs of the great saying: "*Sarvam Duhkham Vivekinah*." I was blessed with a new vision and perspective. I was deeply convinced that there must be a place—a sweet home of pristine glory and purity and divine splendour—where absolute security, perfect peace and happiness can be enjoyed eternally. In conformity with the dictum of the Sruti, I renounced the world, and felt that I belong to the whole world.

A course of severe self-discipline and penance endowed me with enough strength to move unscathed amidst the vicissitudes of the world-phenomena. And I began to feel the great

good it would be to humanity if I could share this new vision with one and all. I called my instrument of work *The Divine Life Society*.

Side by side, the stirring events since the advent of the twentieth century had their effect upon all keen-minded people. The horrors of past and possible wars; and the consequent suffering, touched the minds of people. It was not difficult to see that the pains of mankind were mostly brought on by its own deeds. To awaken man to his errors and follies and to make him mend his ways, so that he may utilise his life for attaining worthier ends, was felt to be the urgent need of the time. As if in answer to this need, I saw the birth of the Divine Life Mission, with its task of rescuing man from the forces of the lower nature and raising him to the consciousness of his true relation to the cosmos. This is the work of rousing the religious consciousness, an awareness of the essential Divinity of man.

Not by mere argument or discussion can religion be taught or understood. Not by precepts or canons of teaching alone can you make one religious. It requires a peculiar atonement with one's vast environment, an ability to feel the deepest as well as the vastest, a genuine sympathy with creation. Religion is *living*, not speaking or showing. I hold that whatever be one's religion, whoever be the prophet adored, whichever be the language or the country, whatever be one's age or sex, one can be religious provided the true implication of that hallowed term **TAPAS** which essentially means any form of self-control,

is made capable of being practised in daily life to the extent possible for one in the environment and under the circumstances in which one is placed.

I hold that real religion is the religion of the heart. The heart must be purified first. Truth, love and purity are the basis of real religion. Control over the baser nature, conquest of the mind, cultivation of virtues, service of humanity, goodwill, fellowship and amity constitute the fundamentals of true religion. These ideals are included in the principles of the Divine Life Society. And I try to teach them mostly by example which I consider to be weightier than all precepts.

The modern thinker has neither the requisite time nor the patience to perform rigorous Tapas and austere religious practices; and many of these are even being relegated to the level of superstition. In order to give the present generation the benefit of real Tapas in the true religious sense, to reveal to them its real significance and to convince them of its meaning and efficacy, I held up my torch of Divine Life, which is a system of religious life suited to one and all, which can be practised by the recluse and the office-goer alike, which can become intelligible to the scholar and the rustic in its different stages and phases. This is a religion which is not other than what is essential to give meaning to the daily duties of the human being. The beauty in 'Divine Life' is its simplicity and applicability to the everyday affairs of the ordinary man. It is immaterial whether one goes to the Church or the Mosque or the *Mandir* for offering his prayers,

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for all prayers are heard by the One.

The average seeker after Truth is often deceived by the caprices of his mind. A person who takes to the spiritual path is bewildered before he reaches the end of his journey, and is naturally tempted to relax his efforts half-way. Many are the pitfalls, but those who plod on steadily are sure to reach the goal of life which is universality of being, knowledge and joy. I have laid great emphasis in all my writings upon the discipline of the turbulent senses, conquest of the mind, purification of the heart, and attainment of inner peace and strength, suited to the different stages in evolution.

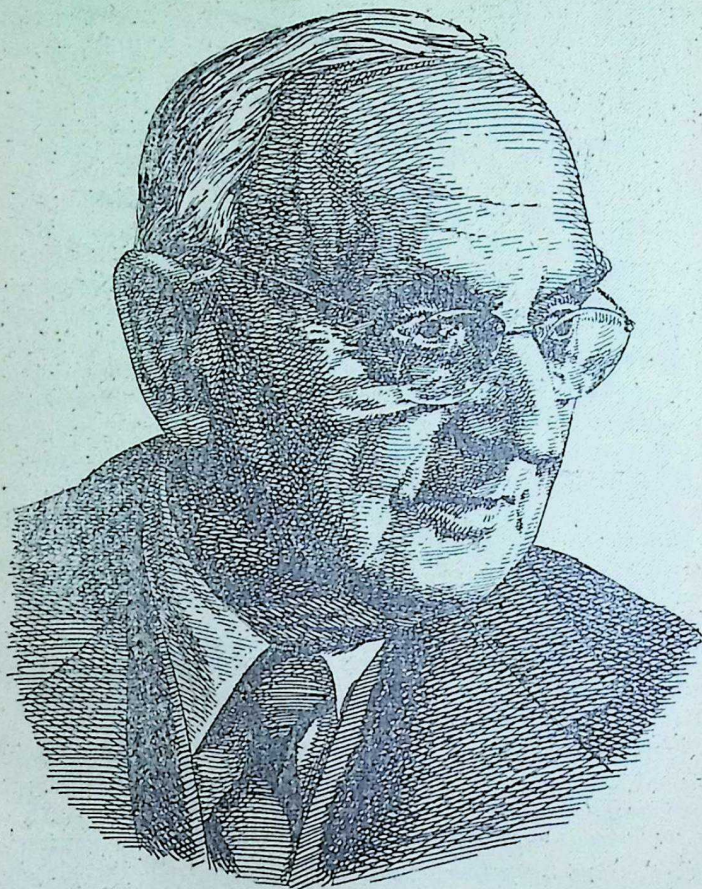
I have learnt that it is the foremost duty of man to learn to *give*, give in charity, give in plenty, give with love, give without any expectation of consequence, because one does not lose anything by giving,—on the other hand the giver is given back a thousandfold. Charity is not merely an act of offering certain material goods, for charity is incomplete without charity of disposition, charity of feeling, charity of understanding, knowledge and attitude to others. *Charity is self-sacrifice in different levels of one's being.* Charity in the highest sense I understand to be equivalent to Jnana-Yajna.

Similarly I consider goodness of being and doing constitutes the rock-bottom of one's life. By goodness I mean the capacity to feel with others and live and feel as others do, and be in a position to act for the good of

is hurt by the act. Goodness is the face of Godliness. I think that to be good in reality, in the innermost recesses of one's heart, is not easy, though it may appear to be simple as a teaching. It is one of the hardest of things on earth, if only one would be honest to oneself.

There is no physical world for me. What I see I see as the glorious manifestation of the Almighty. I rejoice when I behold the Purusha with thousands of heads and thousands of eyes and feet, that *Sahasrasirsha Purusha!* When I serve persons I see not the persons but Him of whom they are the limbs. I learn to be humble before the Mighty Being whose breath we breathe and whose joy we enjoy. I do not think there is anything more to teach or to learn. Here is the cream of religion, the quintessence of philosophy, that which anyone really needs.

The philosophy I hold is neither a dreamy, subjective, world-negating doctrine of illusion, nor a crude world-affirming theory of sense-ridden humanism. It is the fact of the divinity of the universe, the immortality of the soul of man, the unity of creation with the Absolute, that I feel as the only doctrine worth considering. As the one Brahman appears as the diverse universe in all the planes of its manifestation, the aspirant has to pay his homage to the lower manifestations before he steps into the higher. Sound health, clear understanding, deep knowledge, a



DR. FRANK BUCHMAN

[b. June 4, 1878—d. August 8, 1961]

Founder and leader of the Moral Re-Armament Movement. He died at the place where he conceived the idea that was later to spark a world-wide movement.



NITYANAND MAHARAJ

d. August 8, 1961.

Described variously as a Paramahansa, Avadhuta etc. the Saint of Vajreshwari who passed away on the 8th August had a large following. Over a lakh of people attended his *Samadhi*.

powerful will and moral integrity are all necessary parts of the process of the realisation of the Ideal of humanity as a whole. To adjust, adapt and accommodate, to see good in everything and bring to effective use all the principles of Nature in the process of evolution towards Self-realisation along the path of an integrated adjustment of the human powers and faculties are some of the main factors that go to build up a true philosophy of life. For me philosophy is not merely a love of wisdom but actual possession of it. In all my writings I have prescribed methods for overcoming and mastering the physical, vital, mental and the intellectual layers of consciousness in order to be able to proceed with the Sadhana for self-perfection. The self-perfected ones are the *Sarva-bhuta-hite ratah*.

To behold the Atman in every being or form, to feel Brahman everywhere, at all times, and in all conditions of life, to see, hear, taste and feel everything as the Atman is my creed. To live in Brahman, to melt in Brahman and to dissolve in Brahman is my creed. By dwelling in such union, to utilise the hands, mind, senses and the body for the service of humanity, for singing the Names of the Lord, for elevating the devotees, for giving instructions to sincere aspirants and disseminating knowledge throughout the world, is my creed, if you call it one. To be a cosmic friend and cosmic benefactor, a friend of the poor, the forlorn, the helpless and the fallen is my creed. It is my sacred creed to serve sick persons, to nurse

them with care, sympathy and love, to cheer the depressed, to infuse power and joy in all, to feel oneness with each and everyone, and to treat all with equal vision. In my highest creed there are neither peasants nor kings, neither beggars nor emperors, neither males nor females, neither teachers nor students. I love to live, move and have my being in this realm indescribable.

The first step is often the most difficult one. But once it is taken the rest becomes easy. There is a need for more of courage and patience on the part of people. They usually shirk, hesitate and are frightened. All this is due to ignorance of one's true duty. A certain amount of education and culture is necessary to have a sufficiently clear grasp of one's position in this world. Our educational system needs an overhauling, for it is now floating on the surface without touching the depths of man. To achieve this, co-operation should come not only from society but also from the Government. Success is difficult without mutual help. The head and heart should go hand in hand, and the ideal and the real should have a close relation. To work with this knowledge is Karma-Yoga. The Lord has declared this truth in the *Bhagavad Gita*. I pray that this supreme ideal be actualised in the daily life of every individual, and there be a veritable heaven on earth. This is not merely a wish,—this is a possibility and a fact that cannot be gainsaid. This is to be realised if life is to mean what it ought really to mean.

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SYMBOLOLOGY OF RANGANATHA—Contd.

that it is merely a sport, a *lila* of Hrishikesa.

Lakshmi represents the pomp, the luxuriance of the world, the Lord's glory or *vibhuti*—the *samsara adambara*—the great never-ending festival of illusory existence (*Maya*). She sits near the feet, the *Avidya pada* i.e., the sphere of ignorance, for ignorance is the mother of creation and the world.

That the Seshasayana symbol is no mere idolatry is further attested by the following extract from *Vishnu Purana*—Book I Chap. XXII. "The supreme eternal Hari is time, with its divisions of seconds, minutes, days, months, seasons and the years. He is the 'seven worlds.... First born be-

fore all the first-born, the supporter of all beings, himself self-sustained, who exists in manifold forms, as gods, men and animals. and is thence the sovereign Lord of all, eternal; whose shape is all visible things, who is without shape or form; who is celebrated in the *Vedanta*, as the four *Vedas*, inspired history and sacred science. The *Vedas*, and their divisions,—religious manuals and poems, etc., are the body of the mighty Vishnu.... I am Hari. All that I behold is Hari. Cause and effect are from none other than Him. The man who knows these truths shall never again experience the afflictions of worldly existence."

[Condensed]

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Freedom of Education:

Guarantee Against Dictatorship

Kishore K. Koticha

LIBERTY of thought is based on the dictum: "The voice of reason is more really heard when it can persuade but no longer coerce." Therefore, it is a thing which a citizen in a democracy enjoys and values most, for that is the only sure guarantee against the emergence of dictatorship and authoritarian regimes.

Liberty of thought and liberty of education are interlinked. If there is real liberty of thought there must be liberty to experiment in the matter of education and also the right of a parent to decide what kind of education his child shall receive. Therefore, democrats have always regarded education and acquisition of knowledge as matters of supreme importance which should be diligently promoted.

But in modern times, as Bertrand Russell, the great philosopher, has put it: "We are faced with the paradoxical fact that education has become one of the chief obstacles to intelligence and freedom of thought."

Why is this so? In the present-day world, especially in the countries with backward economies, the problems

before the rulers are stupendous, though not without solution. Their solution, however, in a rational manner would demand some sacrifice from the members of the ruling class, which they are generally not prepared to make. The only solution which appeals to most of them, who possess an authoritarian or a dictatorial bent of mind, is to reduce the diversity of men's minds to some kind of manageable uniformity so that failure of the ruling class to solve the grave problems facing a nation does not lead to their overthrow from power.

To achieve this end, they are prone to make use of all the subtle techniques at their disposal. One simple and easy method of controlling thought is to control education of the young.

Children are ignorant of the world and its ways, and therefore completely unsuspecting. Their critical faculties are under-developed. The youngest of them have not yet reached the age of reason and the older ones lack the experience on which their new-found rationality can effectively work.

A young man becomes a conservative or a radical according as the ideas

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of his father, his teacher at school or his schoolmates chance to exercise the greater influence over him at the moment when his ideas begin to form. At an age when a boy's general ideas are still plastic and he is conscious mainly of a need to be aroused emotionally, to love or to hate someone, a book comes into his hands, a newspaper to which he has daily access, may determine the whole trend of his further life. To some extent through indolence, to some extent through habit, partly again through mistaken pride and respect for so-called consistency of character, a man often ends by keeping all his life a doctrine that he embraced in a youthful impulse.

All dictators know this phenomenon very well. And they utilise this knowledge in order to mould the minds of the people into the desired pattern. So they do what Stalin had said and done.

Stalin had said: "Our young people are free from the burden of the past, and it is easiest for them to assimilate Lenin's behests... They have not the knowledge today, but they will have it tomorrow. Hence, their task is to study and study again the principles of Leninism. Comrades, members of the young communist league! Learn the principles of Bolshevism..."

Moreover, young people are the main target of propagandists as they have tremendous inner urge to realise their ideals in practice and are always ready for self-sacrifice and by and large they are exceptionally sincere and straightforward.

Thus there is a great danger to the

mocracy by the States' interference in education.

Our memory is still green about the fact that people of Kerala rose against the Communist régime like one man when it began to take steps to control education, for they knew what were the aims of communist education.

M. I. Kalinin, a top Russian Communist leader has stated that aim thus: "So, comrades, we want our children to be educated in the communist spirit, to be imbued with communist principles... We want our schools to give a communist education. What do we mean by education? We mean influencing the physical and moral attributes of the pupil, influencing him in a definite direction throughout the whole of his ten years of study i.e. moulding him as a human being. *But we want our people to be not only educated. We want our people in addition to be brought up in a Soviet Communist way.*"

On the other hand, it must be realised that there is a real danger of the liberty of education being abused by educationists. The parents entrust the teachers with their children at an age when they are most susceptible to influence, with the hope of improving their future. This is a trust that places a great responsibility on teachers and educationists.

The educationists have converted this field of social service into source of profiteering. Profiteering and exploitation in the field of education is much worse than profiteering in essential commodities such as e.g. electricity.

city, gas, municipal services, etc. There is a clamour against economic exploitation, discrimination, nepotism and favouritism by those in control of educational institutions. Instances have come to light showing lack of proper administration of finance and the canalization of State aid in unauthorized channels and private pockets.

Further, there is a danger that people in control of educational institutions may make an attempt to mould the mind of the young into their own pattern or may spread sedition against the State or inculcate spirit of religious fanaticism or may not be interested in maintaining discipline over students and teachers or efficient standards of education.

Liberty of education has an added significance in a country like India. India is a land of diverse cultures, religions and languages. A minority community having a distinct culture, religion or language is apprehensive of attacks on its culture, religion or language by other communities. Certain incidents in some of our States e.g. Assam confirm these apprehensions. Linguistic minorities in various states are mortally afraid of the majority communities' enthusiasm for furthering the claims of its language by any and every available means.

In a poor and an under-developed country like India, the State has a positive role to play in the matter of encouragement of education.

Demands and necessities of modern educational institutions to be properly and efficiently run require considerable expense which cannot be

met fully by fees collected from students, most of whom are not rich, and private endowments are not adequate. Therefore, an educational institution cannot be maintained in a state of efficiency and usefulness without substantial aid from State.

Moreover, the interests of genuine democracy enjoin a sacred duty on the State to encourage educational institutions and other means of education, as knowledge is necessary for good Government and happiness of mankind. This carries with it the obligation to give proper facilities to educationists for imparting free and compulsory education to all children of school-going age.

Hence proper balances must be struck between free exercise of liberty of education, adequate social control to check abuses of that liberty and the legitimate steps which the State should take to encourage education.

The State has at its disposal three important levers to influence the freedom of education viz. State education, State aid and recognition.

The most important problem before the Nation today is: How far the State can legitimately utilise them without compelling the citizens to surrender their liberty of education.

In order to protect the young from indoctrination, the fundamental theory of liberty of thought postulates that the State cannot compel a parent to give his child the kind of education which the State thinks is proper education, because once such a right is conceded, the State can standardize education and can regiment children

into its own pattern.
John Stuart Mill in "Our Liberty"

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said: "A general State education is a mere contrivance for moulding people to be exactly like one another and the mould in which it casts them is that which pleases the predominant power in the Government. In proportion as it is efficient and successful, it establishes a despotism over the mind, leading by natural tendencies to one over the body."

Commenting on the above remarks of Mill, Bertrand Russell said: "State education, in the countries which adopt (Fichte's) principles, produces so far as it is successful, a herd of ignorant fanatics ready at the word of command to engage in war or persecution as may be required of them. So great is this evil that the world would be a better place if State education had never been inaugurated."

The solution has been shown by Prof. Milton Friedman, in his book "The Role of Government in Education." He has shown that it would now be entirely practicable to defray the costs of general education out of the public purse without maintaining Government schools. This can be achieved by giving the parents vouchers covering the cost of education of each child which they could hand over to schools of their choice.

It is significant that in England, where the Universities were endowed corporations, each consisting of a large number of self-governing bodies, academic freedom has never become a serious issue in the manner in which it did where Universities were Government institutions.

The Communist Government of Kerala made an attempt to control

education through aid and recognition. The President of India referred the Kerala Education Bill to the Supreme Court for its opinion. The Supreme Court opined that any condition of aid or recognition which compels minority communities to surrender their fundamental educational right violates the provision in Article 30 of the Constitution.

For according recognition the State usually lays down stringent conditions about textbooks, subjects, curriculum etc.

The people of Kerala had recently experienced the Communist government's attempts to indulge in brainwashing of the young through them. M. I. Kalinin has interesting views on the place of Marxism as a subject in curriculum of high schools. He said: "...Marxism-Leninism is the most interesting and the most necessary subject for a cultured person...The students ought to crowd the auditoriums when lectures are given on the subject."

The Communists are not alone in nationalising publication of textbooks. The Congress Government of Punjab issued a notification which enabled the printing and selling of textbooks for recognised schools in the State of Punjab to be taken by the State Government exclusively in their own hands. The validity of this notification was challenged by some publishers. The Supreme Court held that there is no violation of fundamental rules if private publishers are denied the right to publish and sell textbooks by the Government in furtherance of their policy of nationalization

of the text-books for the school students.

Another usual condition of recognition is that the State shall have the right to regulate the scale of fees.

The State of Maharashtra has recently issued a circular to all recognised secondary schools withdrawing the permission earlier granted to them to increase tuition fees to enable them to meet compulsory increment in salaries of teachers. Such a circular would be unconstitutional at least in so far as it concerns minority communities' unaided institutions and those aided institutions which can show that as a result of the implementation of that circular there is a deficit which is not met by State aid.

The Supreme Court dealt with the condition of charging fees. It had to consider what happens when State adopts an easy way of discharging its sacred duty of imparting free and compulsory primary education by prohibiting even unaided recognised schools from charging any fees to the pupils of primary classes. The Supreme Court opined that the State of Kerala must discharge its solemn obligation of imparting free and compulsory primary education through Government or aided schools but not at the expense of minority communities. It held that prohibition on unaided recognised schools belonging to minority communities to charge fees to the pupils of primary classes was *ultra vires* Article 30 of the Constitution.

Another such condition is about the admission of pupils.

A Writ Petition under Article 32

of the Constitution is pending before the Supreme Court of India challenging the validity of a circular, issued by the Education Ministry of the former Bombay State, directing a certain Christian Missionary Institution running a teachers' training college, to reserve about 80% of the seats for Government nominated candidates who are mainly teachers from schools run by various local Municipal Boards. The Institute was established with the main object of providing trained teachers for certain Christian schools in Gujarat and Saurashtra. The Institute has challenged the said circular as *ultra vires* Articles 29 and 30 of the Constitution on the ground that this circular will prevent them from getting sufficient number of trained teachers for a minority community's educational institution, and thus prevent them from administering schools of their own choice.

Thus due to power of recognition, the State gets large amount of control over even those institutions which do not receive aid from the State. In order to make its power of recognition more effective, the State usually lays down educational rules which provide that only students of recognised schools are permitted to avail themselves of opportunities for university education. Further it is usually the State policy that only students of recognised institution are eligible for entering State Services.

Moreover for making primary education compulsory, State usually enjoins a duty on guardians, on pain of imprisonment and penalty, to send their wards only to recognised schools

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which include Government and aided schools.

As a result, the famous institutions like Shanti Niketan or Kangri Gurukul would have to be closed down for want of students, for they would not conform to some of those stringent conditions of recognition as their observance would destroy the very spirit of their system of education.

Solution is two-fold: State must either make the recognition of schools easy or make the position of unrecognised institutions easy. Conditions of recognition must be such that they do not involve surrender of liberty of education, or the bar on the students of unrecognised institutions disabling them from entering university of States services must be removed. Further, parents must also not be prevented from sending their children to such institutions.

The above discussion leads to the following suggestions.

(1) The State must refrain from entering directly the field of education.

(2) It must provide generous aid to autonomous bodies consisting of educationists and social workers e.g. universities and leave management of educational institutions to them.

(3) The State can prescribe reasonable regulations to ensure excellence of educational institutions, to prevent an educational institution being conducted in unhealthy surroundings, which does not have any competent teachers, which does not maintain even a fair standard of teaching, which teaches matters subversive to the welfare of the students and which are financially mismanaged.

(4) The State can reasonably regulate all schools, supervise and inspect them, their teachers and pupils.

(5) The State can demand that all children of proper age attend some school, that teachers shall be of good moral character and patriotic disposition, that certain studies plainly essential to good citizenship must be taught and that nothing be taught which is manifestly inimical to public welfare. In this connection it will be interesting to note the views of J. S. Mill. He said: "The objections which are argued with reason against State Education do not apply to the enforcement of education by the State, but to the State's taking upon itself to direct that education: which is a totally different thing."

(6) The State should allow reasonable choice and discretion to educationists in respect of teachers, curriculum, and textbooks.

(7) Guardians must realise that due to over-population and need for over centralization in an under-developed country, liberty of thought and education is menaced from many directions and therefore, it requires urgent action and normal vigilance to protect that liberty.

In view of the importance of liberty of education to liberty of thought and consequently to democracy, one must lean in favour of the protection of the liberty and against the State's power to infringe that liberty in matters of doubt. For, once the dictators and organization men succeed in moulding the minds of citizens into their own pattern, it would require heroic sacrifices over a long period to regain the liberty of thought.

subhashitas or wise sayings. A hundred and eight of them have been collected by this compiler for the benefit of our readers. The original Sanskrit is given with the object of being memorized by those who wish to do so.—Ed.



wisdom from Sanskrit

Compiled by V. M. GIRI

(१) पृथिव्यां त्रीणि रत्नानि जलमन्नं सुभाषितम् ।

मूढैः पाषाणखण्डेषु रत्नसंज्ञा विधीयते ॥

Three things are most precious in this world: water, food and wise sayings. It is only fools who consider pieces of stones (gems) alone as precious.

(२) विद्वत्त्वं च नृपत्वं च नैव तुल्यं कदाचन ।
स्वदेशे पूज्यते राजा विद्वान् सर्वत्र पूज्यते ॥

Scholarship and kingship can never be equated. The king is honoured only in his country, while the scholar is honoured everywhere.

(३) अनारम्भो मनुष्याणां प्रथमं बुद्धिलक्षणम् ।
आरब्धस्यान्तगमनं द्वितीयं बुद्धिलक्षणम् ॥

The will to do is the first sign of men's wisdom. To persevere in it till completion is the second sign of wisdom.

(४) किमत्र चित्रं यत्सन्तः परानुग्रहतत्पराः ।
न हि स्वदेहशैत्याय जायन्ते चन्दनद्रुमाः ॥

What strangeness is there in good people devoting themselves to the

well-being of others? The sandal trees do not grow to cool their own bodies (but those of others).

(५) परोपदेशे पाण्डित्यं सर्वेषां सुकरं नृणाम् ।
धर्मे स्वीये त्वनुष्ठानं कस्यचित्तु महात्मनः ॥

It is possible for all people to be wise in advising others. But to act up to their own convictions (Dharmas) is given only to a few great men.

(६) कुसुमस्तवकस्येव द्वे वृत्तौ तु मनस्विनः ।
सर्वेषां मूर्ध्नि वा तिष्ठेद् विशीर्येत वनेऽथवा ॥

High-minded people are like a bunch of flowers. Two courses are open to them: either to be at the top (head) of everybody or to wither away in the forest (unknown to others).

(७) वित्ते त्यागः क्षमा शक्तौ दुःखे दैन्य-
विहीनता ॥

निर्दम्भता सदाचारे स्वभावोऽयं महात्मनाम् ॥

Sacrifice in wealth, forbearance while powerful, courage in distress, humility in good conduct—these are the characteristics of great men.

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(८) सज्जना एव साधूनां प्रथयन्ति गुणोत्करम् ।
पुष्पाणां सौरभं प्रायस्तनुते दिक्षु सारुतः ॥

Just as the winds alone diffuse the sweet fragrance of flowers all round, so also the good qualities of the virtuous can be made known only by good people.

(९) गङ्गा पापं शशी तापं दैन्यं कल्पतरुस्तथा ।
पापं तापं च दैन्यं च धनन्ति सन्तो महाशयाः ॥

Ganga washes away all *papas* (sins), the moon lessens heat and the Kalpaka tree removes all misery, while good and noble-minded people destroy all the three—sins, sorrow and misery.

(१०) निर्गुणेष्वपि सत्त्वेषु दयां कुर्वन्ति
साधवः ।

न हि संहरेते ज्योत्स्नां चन्द्रश्चाण्डालवेदसमु ॥

Just as the moon does not withhold its rays from the house of a Chandala (because he is a Chandala), so also good people are compassionate towards all creatures even though they are devoid of all good qualities.

(११) स्वभावं न जहात्येव साधुरापद्गतोऽपि
सन् ।

कर्पूरः पावकस्पष्टः सौरभं लभतेतराम् ॥

Just as camphor, when burnt, gives sweeter fragrance than before, so also good men never abandon their natural bearing even in adversity.

(१२) अमृतं किरति हिमांशूविषमेव फणी
समुद्गिरति ।

गुणमेव वक्ति साधुः दोषमसाधुः प्रकाशयति ॥

The moon sprinkles nectarine rays alone and the snake spits out poison. The virtuous speak only of the good qualities of others, while the wicked proclaim only evil qualities.

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(१३) क्षारं जलं वारिमुचः पिबन्ति तदेव
कृत्वा मधुरं वमन्ति ।
सन्तस्तथा दुर्जनदुर्वचांसि पीत्वा च सूक्तानि
समुद्गिरन्ति ॥

The clouds absorb saline waters and pour out the same after sweetening them. In the same way, good people return good advice even after listening to the bad words of the evil-minded.

(१४) धवलयति समग्रं चन्द्रमा जीवलोकां
किमिति निजकलङ्कं नात्मसंस्थं प्रयाष्टि
भवति विदितमेतत्प्रायशः सज्जनानां
परहितनिरतानामादरो नात्मकार्ये ॥

The moon floods with light the entire world full of creatures, while it keeps the black spot unto itself. So also it is generally known that to good people who are devoted to the service of others, their own affairs are of little moment.

[To be continued]



Classical Dances and Dance-dramas of India



2. Kathakali and Related Forms

Mohan Khokar

INDIAN classical dance is the result of a long period of evolution. In ancient India, dance was an essential part of drama (*natya*) in which the lyrical and rhythmical elements predominated. Dance, as such, also had a separate existence from very early times. It was used, with *abhinaya* or meaningful expression, to expound verses, chants and musical recitations.

In the previous article, we have examined the classical dances and dance-dramas which share the characteristics of the Bharata Natya technique. Similarly, there are dances and

dance-dramas which are related to the Kathakali tradition, and, like Kathakali, they all belong to Kerala. All but one of these forms have preceded the Kathakali, and almost all the earlier modes have helped the evolution and crystallisation of this art. The Chakiar Koothu, Kudiattam, Pathakam, Krishnattam and Ramnattam comprise the earlier forms, while the Thullal dances came into existence about two centuries after the genesis of the Kathakali art.

The Chakiar Koothu is a very ancient art; it is perhaps the earliest type of histrionic art in India which

survives in its more or less pristine form. The *Silappadikaram*, a great Tamil epic composed by the Kerala prince Ilango Adigal in the second century A.D., contains reference to a performance of Koothu which took place at Paravur, in north Travancore, under the aegis of the Chera monarch Senguttavan, who is believed to have been a brother of that author.

The Chakiar Koothu is so called because it is performed only by members of the Chakiar caste. The Chakiars represent a subdivision of the 'Ambalavasis', who constitute a caste of hereditary temple servants of Kerala. The name Chakiar seems to have been derived from the word *Slaghyavakkukar*, which means 'those with eloquent words.'

The Koothu is a very orthodox type of entertainment. As a rule, it can be performed only inside certain temples. These temples are provided with a permanent theatre, known as *koothambalam*; this is in the form of a small stage with an artistically built pavilion.

The Chakiar is a master story-teller and a great wit. He takes episodes from the epics and the *Puranas* and, in his own inimitable way, recites them

for the people. As he unfolds a story, he brings numerous allusions into his narration and skilfully uses his wit, his fund of humour and his ingenuity to expose the social and political foibles of his time. The Chakiar is also a privileged jester, and one at whom nobody can take offence. He enjoys unrestrained freedom to

criticise anything and everything around him, and it is known that even powerful kings and vainglorious noblemen have had to silently endure the Chakiar's sallies and wisecracks hurled at them. However, in spite of his unique prerogatives, the Chakiar is rarely known to have misused them.

A Koothu performance always takes place in daytime, usually in the afternoon. Even then it is customary to keep a big oil

lamp, known as *nilavilakku*, burning throughout a performance, which usually lasts about two hours. The Chakiar begins his performance by sitting on a small stool and reciting hymns in praise of the presiding deity of the temple and, if he fancies, of other related gods and goddesses as well. He then stands up and recites a Sanskrit verse from the episode he has chosen to expound and then explains its meaning in sim-



A male character in Kathakali.

Enjoy life with



more than a sweet...a food!



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ple Malayalam and augments this by adding comment of his own. As the narration develops, he begins to impersonate the different characters involved in the story, making ample use of facial expressions and hand gestures. He occasionally dances with his whole body, the dance consisting of simple steps and movements.

The Chakiar's recitation is accompanied by drumming and by the sounding of cymbals. The drum, which is known as *mizhavu*, is used only to accompany a Chakiar's performance and it is played only by a member of the Nambiar caste. The cymbals are played by a woman, who is known as the Nangiar, usually the wife of the performing Chakiar. The Nangiar's is a peculiar function, for apart from accompanying the Chakiar on the cymbals throughout his performance, she has all the while to be sure that she maintains a serious expression on her face.

The make-up and attire of the Chakiar are not very elaborate. The face is painted in three colours, white, red and black, and a conventional design is followed. The forehead, the chest and the arms are covered with sandal-paste and on top of this are added various caste marks. An ankle-length and much-pleated skirt is worn around the waist and on top of this is tied an *uthariyam*, which is an ornamental belt. On the head is worn an ornamental crown which looks like a turban.

When, instead of a solo performance, a dance-drama is presented by a group of Chakiars, this is known as Kudiattam (dancing together). The Kudiattam presents Sanskrit

plays in the form of pantomimic dance-dramas in which the male roles are taken by Chakiars and the female ones by Nangiars.

A Kudiattam performance is a very elaborate affair. The preliminaries of the performance alone may take from three to five days. It is only after these that the play proper is begun, and this again may take three to ten days. The *koothambalam*, where the performance takes place, is usually decorated for the occasion.

On the first night of a performance a person in the disguise of the *Sutradhara*, or master-of-ceremonies, appears on the stage; he recites some verses and dances a little and with these the performance ends. On the second night the hero of the play makes his appearance and he introduces the audience to the story. On the third night the *Vidushaka*, or buffoon, appears, and for three or four nights he gives, with song and dance and wit, an exposition of what are called the 'aims of life'. After this the play proper begins.

In Kudiattam, the characters speak no words. They give interpretations, through *abhinaya*, of the verses of the play which are sung or recited by the musicians or the *Vidushaka*. The language of the plays is invariably Sanskrit, but the interpretation, which is given by the *Vidushaka*, is in Malayalam. There is little of dancing, but much importance is given to *abhinaya*, which is done through the use of conventional facial expressions and codified gestures of the hands. The make-up is more elaborate than that employed in the



An Ottan Thullal dancer.

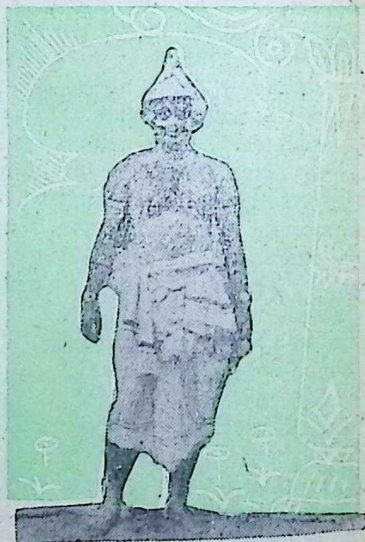
Chakiar Koothu, and the costume, which is colourful and gorgeous, reminds one of Kathakali in certain ways.

Closely related to the Chakiar Koothu is another variety of dance which is known as Pathakam. It is neither pure singing nor pure dancing nor pure acting but comprises a discreet blending of all the three ingredients. Its themes are borrowed from the epics and the *Puranas*. In its rendering the text is enunciated in Sanskrit but the exposition proper is done in Malayalam. In this way, the Pathakam, like the Chakiar Koothu and Kudiyattam, has done a two-fold service: it has kept Sanskrit alive with the masses, while, at the same time, it has enriched the Malayalam language and literature.

The Pathakam can be performed

anywhere. No stage or curtain is required. An oil lamp is, however, always required. The performance begins with a musical invocation. Then the dancer gives in rather elaborate detail the nature and purpose of his work. He then recites an excerpt from classical literature and explains it in Malayalam, with a wealth of illustrations, which include undisguised references to current social topics. The exposition is all along punctuated with bits of acting and dancing.

The costume and make-up of the Pathakam exponent is quite simple and unostentatious. He smears his face and body and arms with sandal-paste and applies a thick layer of *kohl* around his eyes. He wears a plain piece of cloth around his waist and occasionally another piece of relatively fancy material a bit above it.



A Pathakam dancer.

He dons a head-dress which has some semblance of ornamentation.

Another form of histrionic art in Kerala is the Krishnattam. This is believed to have started in the middle of the fifteenth century. The Krishnattam is a form of dance-drama requiring many characters. Its text, which is known as *Krishna Geethi*, was composed by Manavedan, a Zamorin of Calicut. This text is in Sanskrit, though it is written in the Malayalam script. It is a clever imitation of the *Gita Govinda* of Jayadeva.

The Krishnattam is a form of votive offering. The play when presented in full takes eight nights. It begins with the birth of Krishna and ends with his death; sometimes, to avoid ending on a tragic note, the play is extended to another night when the birth of Krishna is re-enacted. The Krishnattam can be performed only in certain temples or in the palace of the Zamorin, and its performers are recruited from certain Nayar or Namboodri families.

The Krishnattam has *abhinaya* in the form of facial expressions and hand gestures but this is not so highly developed as in Kathakali. The make-up, dress and ornaments, however, are fairly similar to those used in Kathakali; and so is the music. Most of the characters in Krishnattam paint their faces in various conventional designs, but some of them also wear masks.

The Krishnattam served as the inspiration for the creation of another variety of dance-drama—the Ramanattam. It is said that once the Thampuran, who ruled over Kottarakkara—a petty principality, in the latter



A female character in Kathakali.

half of the 17th century, approached Manavedan, the Zamorin of the neighbouring State of Calicut, and requested him for the loan of his Krishnattam troupe. This request was turned down, and this prompted the insulted Thampuran to devise and produce a new type of play which he called Ramanattam. Like the Krishnattam, the Ramanattam was also intended for presentation in eight nights. Its theme was the life of Lord Rama. Masks were completely discarded and a richer variety in facial make-up was developed. The play was written in Malayalam, and this was a major liberty taken by the author, for prior to this the language of the theatre in Kerala had been exclusively Sanskrit. Later, several more plays came to be written after the pattern

of the Ramadattam and when in this way, this art had widened its scope, it came to be known as Kathakali.

A Kathakali performance of the traditional type always takes place at night and in the open air, on an improvised stage. A performance begins at about nine in the night and lasts till morning. The play proper is preceded by a loud flourish of drums which is followed by warming-up dances, known as *Thodayam* and *Purrapadu*, behind an improvised curtain which is held in position by two volunteers.

The writing of Kathakali plays is a specialised art and the plays, which are known as *Attakathas*, have their themes based on incidents from the epics and *Puranas*. In its rendering, Kathakali can be described as a pantomime with a highly developed language of gestures and expressions. The make-up in Kathakali is very intricate, and each character, or set of characters, has a set mode which is strictly followed. The costumes and ornaments and head-dresses are extremely gorgeous and, with the make-up, they contribute to give Kathakali a rather weird and somewhat other-worldly appearance.

The Thullal was brought into existence in the first half of the 18th century through the genius of one man—Kunjan Nambiar, and also through what may now be called a fortunate theatrical altercation. Kunjan Nambiar was once accompanying on the drum a Chakiar who was performing the Koothu. Nambiar's performance was somehow unsatisfactory and this prompted the Chakiar to rebuke him openly. Nambiar felt very much off

ended and to prove his worth he worked day and night and produced a dance mode to rival the Chakiar's art. He based his technique on the different dance forms existing in Kerala at that time, but he gave a completely new colour to his creation. The dance art created by Kunjan Nambiar came to be known as Thullal.

Kunjan Nambiar composed over sixty Thullals, all based on incidents from the *Mahabharata* and the *Puranas*. He used these Thullals to project his scintillating wit and humour and also to show his peculiar knack of exposing the weaknesses of society and the absurdities of contemporary life and of being singularly unoffending at the same time.

A Thullal performance is always a solo exposition. The dancer first sings a verse and then, through the use of appropriate *abhinaya*, conveys the import and significance of his song. Sometimes, he leaves *abhinaya* and does some quick and vigorous dance steps and movements. The songs are all in simple colloquial Malayalam, and this accounts for the considerable popularity the Thullals have enjoyed since the day they were written.

The first of the Thullals composed and staged by Kunjan Nambiar was in a style which later came to be known as the Seetankan Thullal. Later, two other styles, differing mainly in costume and in the measure and cadence of the language used, came into being, and these were the Parayan Thullal and the Ottan Thullal. However, it is chiefly the Ottan Thullal which is popular with the people of present-day Kerala.

[In the next issue: *Kathak, Manipuri*



ROD LAVER

WHEN the world's leading amateurs contesting the most prized titles met at Wimbledon, the Mecca of Lawn Tennis, in June this year, hopes ran high on India's champion Ramanathan Krishnan's chances to win the crown in the Men's singles event, what with his new experience and improved technique. But as it turned out, Rodney Archibald Laver, the 23-year-old, red-haired Australian left-hander won it by superior merits of brain and brawn.

There is no need however to be apologetic about our man and explain his failure at the semi-final stage for the second time to "nerves." This year's champion, Laver, won it at his third attempt having lost to Fraser at the final last year and Krishnan himself has awakened to his deficiency of the quickness and strength of his return services. If we were to take Krishnan at his word his second failure has, far from unnerving him,—to wit his later performance at Netherlands—tended to strengthen his resolve to win the coveted title next year, God willing. Let us hope he does.

The eighth Australian to win the Wimbledon crown and the fourth left-hander to do it—Sir Norman Brooks, Drobny and Fraser being the earlier three—Rod Laver took only 55 minutes to beat McKinley, the sturdy 20-year-old player from St. Louis and the second best amateur with the U.S., at 6-3, 6-1, 6-4. It was the quickest final since Kramer beat T. Brown in 47 minutes in 1947 and the fastest since 1922.

Sports-scribes have not failed to notice the identity of technique between Laver and Hoad who won against Cooper in 1957. From the first ball to the last, Laver commanded the match. Like Hoad, Laver was merciless, driving the opponent all round the court, harnessing speed, power and accuracy to devastating purpose. It appeared it meant to him all or nothing, although Laver jumped over the net to shake hands with "Chuck" McKinley, whom he defeated at the finals.

Two years ago when Olmedo beat him in the final, Laver looked like an immature player who was surprised with himself gaining so much suc-

cess. Last year, while losing to Fraser, however, he played a respectful losing match, awed perhaps by being pitched against a better known compatriot. Critics however, tend to stretch this logic and say that had Fraser not been beaten earlier quite unexpectedly by England's Wilson, and left to meet him at the final, Laver would have developed a psychological complex. One doesn't know.

Although seeded second, the odds on Laver's triumph were only fifty fifty which later increased on account of his reported ill-health due to an attack of influenza earlier in the fortnight. Somehow Laver picked up marvellously and managed to show up so well at the final. As Fred Perry has said Wimbledon takes a large measure of luck in its swing. In fact the premature elimination of the three seeded players Fraser, Pietrangeli and Santana tilted the match in his favour. The moment Laver had accounted for Krishnan in the semi-finals, therefore, his chances became certain. This is how Krishnan described his defeat at the hands of Laver: "I lost to a better player. The Australian was too good for me. His volleys were devastating. They power-punched their way past my racquet."

Left to contest McKinley, the 8th seed, in the final, Laver was supremely confident and tried to make every shot a winner. It took some time for Laver to find his range. Once he did, there was nothing that the American could do to stop him. By standing where he chose to, Laver practically dictated the course of a rally, making poor McKinley run about with tenacity and optimism but poor rewards. Only once did McKin-

ley reach game point, but the Australian collected up all the points and put them in his pouch like a kangaroo. Laver finished one of the games by deceiving McKinley with a top-spin, loop from the fore-hand. Again, once "Chuck" turned a double somersault trying to reach a lob! Exasperated McKinley exclaimed at the end: "There is not much you can do when a fellow plays like that!"

Seasoned critics are of the opinion that Laver was in very fine fettle that day and only three players in the world—Gonzals, Hoad and Sedgman—could have stopped him that day and even they would have had to strive hard. And that is saying a great deal of Laver and of his second chance in winning the crown next year too since, fortunately, Laver has no plans yet for turning professional. When he visits India in January for the Asian Tourney we shall have a fine time watching him and his star-studded retinue play.

Wimbledon has its own interesting asides too. For instance, green is her colour as indeed it should be, the game having been intended originally to be played on the lawn. Green benches, green screens, green umbrellas, green basket-chairs in the royal box, green towels for the players. Its flag is half-green, striped with purple.

And there is an etiquette for the umbrella in Wimbledon! If it rains when the play is in progress and you watch it without a mackintosh on, you cannot open your umbrella, but get wet with the players till the signal goes to stop play, when of course, you can open your umbrella, not otherwise and this is an excellent practice to follow in India too.

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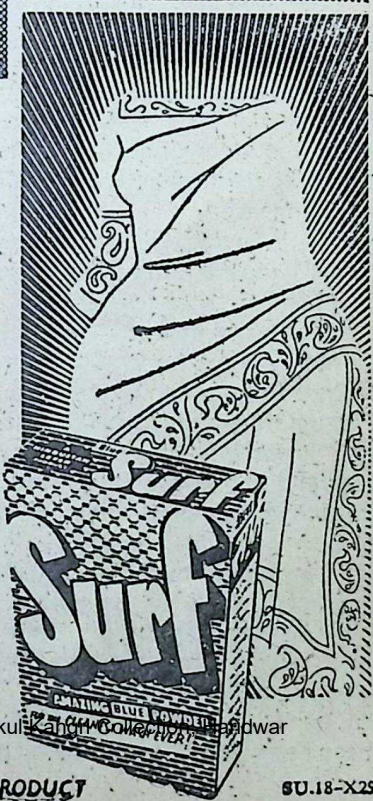
'THE WAY WE LIVE TODAY,' says Mrs Prema G. Soonderji of Wal-keshwar Road, Bombay, 'we all want new and better things. SURF, for instance.

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Tapasvini

K. M. MUNSHI

*Translated from Gujarati by
H. M. Patel, I.C.S. (Retd.)*

54. Ravi starts a new life

RAVI slowly went up the narrow, decrepit staircase which led to his office. When he opened the door he found Mona at her desk, reading the morning post. There was a grim expression on her face.

"Mona, you must have got up very early," remarked Ravi with a smile on his face and anxious to resume their normal relationship, as if nothing had happened.

"I woke up no earlier than on any other day," replied Mona, and returned to her correspondence.

Ravi stood irresolute for a while near the door. Some hope still lurked in his mind. Perhaps, as usual, Mona would resume their unfinished discussion and possibly, then, her anger would go and her stiff attitude soften in the austere atmosphere of the office.

It was a vain hope, however. She seemed determined to remain silent. To force her to look up, he pulled a chair and sat down in front of her.

"Mona, we must somehow try and reconcile our views."

"Very well," said Mona, and she took her papers away from her, as she lean-

ed forward, her elbows on the table.

"Mona, let us agree that there has been a radical change in my outlook. I feel that we can serve our country much better by adopting methods different from those we have hitherto adopted. Let us agree indeed that it is our duty to face the fact that there is need for a change in our objectives. What would you say then?" Ravi ended with an affectionate smile on his face.

Mona looked at Ravi for a few moments without saying anything and then spoke, for her, in a gentle voice: "May I remind you of what I had told you right from the beginning? I had told you that Communism is a foreign product. In order to make it flourish in the soil of this country, not only would we have to toil hard but we would have to have immense faith. You had then told me that my view was incorrect and spoken at length on your determination to be the prophet of Communism in this country. I must admit that you talked a good deal, but I was not convinced. Anyhow I felt then that I could trust

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you, possibly because my heart was anxious to trust you. And you for your part expressed great confidence in our joint life. Later I had occasion to have misgivings about your faith. Today I see that there was every justification for those misgivings. That is my reply to you."

"We can never achieve our great objective if we adhere to one idea and one line of thinking, irrespective of whether it turns out to be right or wrong," said Ravi with a humility which he did not feel.

"Ravi, I do not blame you. It is in your nature to worship the rising sun. I am not in the least surprised, therefore, at the change that has come over you. You are young, you are handsome, and you are able. Wherever you go you are bound to win 'the gold medal.' Very well, then, go and get it."

"But you will come with me. Will you not?" Ravi asked with a debater's skill in a voice which suggested his deep anxiety for the answer to be in the affirmative.

"You had better ask your own heart. If I were to say 'yes', you will be disappointed. You need not worry, Ravi. I am not coming with you. I shall remain here, working at my papers. Right at the outset, I told you that the moment we find it difficult to get on together, we should go, each our respective way. That time has come today."

Mona stopped for a moment and then made up her mind to say whatever else she wanted to say, firmly. "I made up my mind last night. What you said about passive resistance, non-violence, the mo-

therland was not something that came from your heart. You were just making conversation. Ambitious as you are, you had already made up your mind. You had decided to give up running risks, which adherence to Communism involves and to adopt a safer course. Why do you look at me as if you are surprised? To you all this is a game. Do you really think that I am so foolish as to accept everything you say as gospel truth? Is that not so? But I prefer to be foolish in my own way. I have no interest in being wise on your lines."

She paused for a moment and then laughed aloud: "You see I have also been infected by you into making speeches! I am not sure if I have not used some favourite expressions of yours! You will do well to remember them yourself. Some day they will come in useful to you when you decide to talk against Communism!"

Ravi had indeed been asking himself what he should do about his relationship with Mona, but now he found that she had already found the way out and settled everything. He had to admit to himself that she was much more skilful at this game. He was relieved and gave a sigh of relief. Nevertheless he could not give up the pretence, and beseechingly asked "So then you will desert me, Mona?"

"I have left you already," said Mona with grim lips.

"So Communism and its teachings are dearer to you than our life together?"

"Yes. The principles of Commun-

ism are true and can be relied upon. You are not," said Mona as she lit her cigarette.

Ravi's mind immediately turned to Sheela with her highly cultivated mind, and of Uday's sister who made him feel so insignificant.

"You may be right," said Ravi. "There is also the possibility that I may now discover the right and true approach."

"Ravi, only when you realise that your mind is not anxious to find the truth, will you be able to get at the truth. That day is yet far away. You will not be able to see truth so long as you are obsessed with greatness and importance. Only when you fail, will you realise the truth of what I am telling you now."

"So, Mona, you think that Sanyal and Mathurakar are devotees of truth and they are not mere dissatisfied and frustrated souls, anxious for power and influence?"

"What have I to do with them? I was not doing all this work for them. I was working for you and I was prepared to do so so long as I had faith in you."

"What will you do now?" enquired Ravi.

"I shall stay on here. I shall do nothing else."

"Will it be best if I stay on until the local Committee releases me?"

Mona came close to him erect and determined as she said: "It is not necessary for you to do any more work here. You had better go away. If you feel like it you may write to the Committee. You may write in it what you like. your reasons, your principles, whatever you regard as

truth and anything else you like. But you had better go right away. Until Mathurakar sends some other organiser, I shall be able to manage things here. But let this be clear: I shall not work with you for one moment more. You are now free. I am releasing you. Do not worry about Politbureau. They will listen to me and in any case why should you waste your time? Your new masters will be waiting for you" said Mona contemptuously.

"Mona, do you realise what you are saying?"

"It is truth which I am uttering and I know you do not like it," replied Mona forgetting to be harsh for a moment, and allowing some signs of affection to creep out of her eyes. I do not wish to make you unhappy. I am prepared to admit that our life together was very pleasant and happy. We were genuine collaborators. But, alas, that period of purity of purpose is over. Do not think that I like saying this. From a personal point of view, you are bound to go forward and I shall watch your progress with interest and pride, even if in taking the road which you are now taking, you are disloyal to truth. I consider that everyone has a right to discover for himself what is truth and what is falsehood. Good-bye Ravi. Some day if we have to fight each other, we shall do it without rancour."

Ravi felt that Mona was right and that if their relationship had to be terminated, it was best that it should be done right away. "Good-bye, Mona."

"Good-bye, Ravi."

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"Will you not shake hands?" asked

Ravi.

"No. I do not feel like it" replied

Mona.

Ravi could not make up his mind what to do. By now Mona had settled down at her table and resumed reading letters. After a while, she lifted her head and said: We have now cleared up all the points, why are you wasting your time? Why are you still waiting?"

"For my papers and note-books."

Pointing to a parcel lying on the table, Mona said: "There are your papers and note-books. I have kept them ready."

"So, Mona, you seem to have made up your mind for sometime past to part from me."

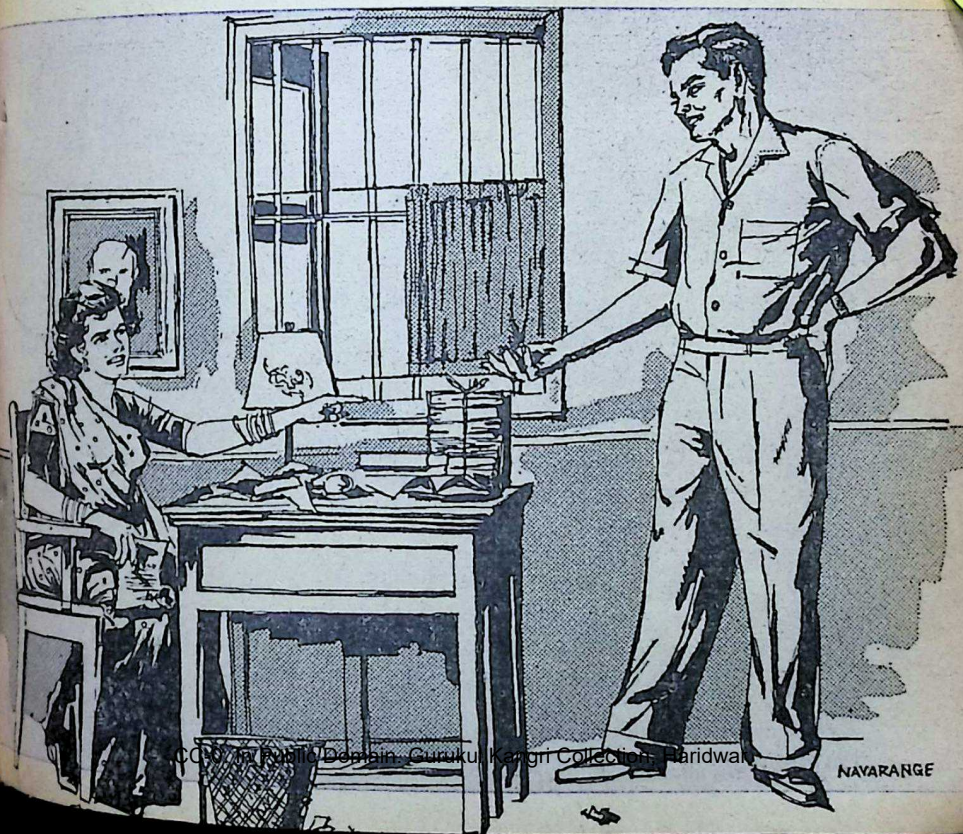
"I came to the decision that that was the only course, and that is unalterable. I wish you would go now. You are only wasting my time."

There was neither hostility nor irritation in Mona's voice. She was speaking frankly, though bluntly, as if she were talking to a stranger.

Ravi picked up the parcel and said: "Very well, then I had better be going. Good-bye."

Keeping her eyes glued to her papers, Mona said: "Good-bye Ravi."

Ravi went to his room, packed



everything in his trunk and then relaxed for a moment. It was here that he had spent so many happy months with Mona. And now the time had come to part, and along with that came also the parting from Communism. He was surprised that he did not feel unhappy in any way.

Ravi removed his clothes, waistcoat, pyjama, shirt and black cap. Mona used to say that the workers would be more impressed, if he went about in somewhat dirty clothes. The workers were not quite so foolish as to look for their guides and leaders among persons who put on dirty clothes. And if they were so foolish, then surely, you could not hope to get them to make a revolution! And what was the point, in any case in giving special importance to ugliness? What was the object in putting on dirty clothes? To hide the fact that we cannot afford to pay our workers well enough to enable them to dress in clean clothes. But he was tired of dirty lanes, smelly rooms and torn and dirty clothes.

A number of ideas flitted across Ravi's mind. "Although Dadaji had lived in poverty, he could appreciate the beauty and greatness of the *Vedas* and the *Bhagawat* and of the commentary of the great Sankaracharya. His deep affection for his motherland was such that it brought real beauty into his life. I, on the other hand, found attraction in poverty, because I felt gratified in propagating hatred among people, by laying emphasis on the misery of the people and their lives.

"From today onwards, let me strike out a new path. Come what may, I

shall study afresh and try to learn something from the company of a new class of people. By my ability and eloquence I shall give fresh life to those halfdead."

Once again he applied his mind to his plans for the future. It was clear that he must build his new life with the help of Bhagwandas, Jagjivan, Sheela and Uday. Uday was a straightforward person. It would not be difficult to make Uday do whatever he liked. Bhagwandas had not much initiative and there would be no difficulty in dealing with him either. The first task therefore would be to make the fullest use of Sheela and Jagjivan. In order to do this, he must first of all overcome his dislike for Sheela. If he could not overcome it, then he must at least learn to hide it.

His experience of his life with Mona was bitter. It is true that a woman brings happiness in one's life, that her companionship reduces one's loneliness and that her surrender makes for satisfaction. But it is equally true that a woman creates many difficulties. You have to dance to her tune; it is necessary to see that she is not offended; if she is determined to stick to you, it would become difficult to achieve your ambition; if you have children you need more money and your responsibilities increase. By taking a mistress or a wife to oneself, one's ability to gain power and influence over others is greatly reduced. It was therefore lucky for him that Mona chose to go out of his life so easily. He therefore made up his mind not to give any woman a place in his life.

Ravi was convinced that as a single and unmarried, he would be strong and powerful and his influence will be very much greater. Radharaman owed his position and influence to his profession and to his wealth. Uday seemed to be achieving it by his goodness and by his culture. If he tried to imitate them, there was no certainty that he would be successful. He must find out some shorter road to success.

He had seen in the ashram at Bar-doli many persons who walked about dressed in short loin cloth in imitation of Gandhi. Some of them ate only boiled and tasteless food. Others had given up tea. He had also heard that it was Gandhiji's directive that one should try and live on less than six annas a day. It seemed to him that if he followed these methods, he was certain to acquire prestige.

Ravi tried to work out how he should set about making a complete change in his life to be a pucca Gandhiate. He must fetch his own water and wash his clothes himself. He must wear clothes spun and woven by himself. He must give up tea and tasty foods. He must sleep on the floor. He must at the same time recite *Bhagavad-Gita* every day.

He was convinced that if he could follow this programme, people will soon begin to respect him and his influence will grow in the circles into which he had drifted.

That very day, he decided to make a beginning: he decided to attend the Charkha class, which Sheela was running. This, he realised, would make it easier for him to come in close contact with Bhagwandas Master.

[To be continued]

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In Search of Lord Siva

IT was the turn of the elder Princess next night. When she therefore entered the nuptial chamber with all the accoutrements of the occasion Prince Chaturya smiled at her out of compassion.

As usual the Princess gave him the choice dishes she had brought, and by the time he had finished eating, he could see unmistakable signs of the rising tempo of his passion. Recalling the nature of his mission he decided to put her off again by springing upon her a story to which she listened with rapt attention. He said:

In the capital of Kalinga there lived a poor Brahmin who eked his living by begging alms from house to house. Towards the later part of his life, a son was born to him whom he educated in the prescribed manner and in due time gave him the sacred thread too.

When the boy was eleven years old the father died and the son duly performed the last rites and later on, the mother and son had to go without even of what the old Brahmin used to bring every day. The widow however took upon herself the task of dehusking paddy for other people for a small consideration. Even then the woman was in the habit of daily feeding a Brahmin first and then only taking her food.

The young boy who noticed it day

after day, asked her one day: "Mother, why do you make it a point to feed a Brahmin every day even though we earn pretty little?"

The mother replied: "My child! I have heard from my elders praising *anna-dana* in very high terms. It is superior to all the sixteen *danas* mentioned in the *sastras*."

On hearing this the young boy asked his mother: "Mother! What are the benefits of *anna-dana*?"

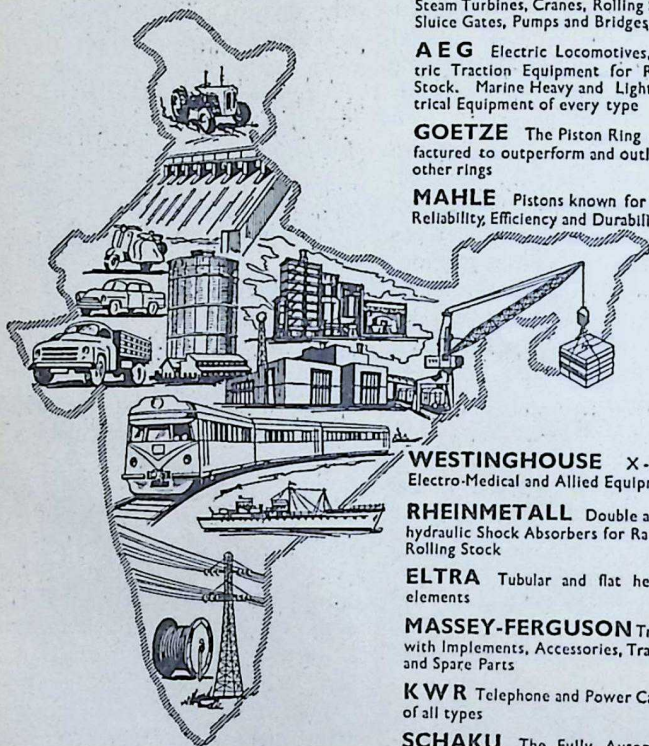
She replied: "My son, I have only heard my elders praising *anna-dana*, but not all its virtues. In fact I have heard it said that no one but Lord Parameswara can explain all of the benefits of *anna-dana*."

On hearing this the boy replied: "Mother, if it is so great as all that I am very eager to know of it from Lord Parameswara Himself. Please permit me to proceed to the forest and seek by *tapas* to see Iswara and know from His own mouth the full benefits of *anna-dana*."

The mother, on hearing this, felt greatly pleased that her son went on the right road, and with all the love capable of a mother she blessed him with success in his valued mission.

With the single-mindedness of purpose characteristic of all great men, the boy proceeded in the direction of the forest which he traversed fast without once turning back, looking for a place which would be most suit-

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able to him for the purpose he had undertaken. It was nearing dusk and he had not yet found one. At that time a hunter who was passing by noticed the boy. Fearing that if he proceeded further he would surely get stuck up in the wilderness when night would set in and that the place was full of wild beasts, the hunter ran after him and stopping him, addressed: "Sir, it is getting dark now and the distance before you is too great. This locality is dangerous, being infested by wild beasts. Please listen to me and stay with me this night. You can go your own way with the sunrise."

With reluctance the boy followed the hunter to his place. The hunter told his wife that he had brought a guest and that between them they should share their meagre food of corn flour with him and give him shelter at the tree-top where they had improvised a hut for spending the night.

As it happened, the hunter-woman was a ferocious one. Replied she: "I shall have nothing to do with your guest. I can neither spare from my food nor my sleeping berth on the tree. You can do what you like with him."

Disappointed by this reply, the hunter shared his food of corn flour with the young Brahmin guest, gave him the best part of his sleeping berth and himself clung to the end of his berth. The youngster slept safely. It so happened that at night the hunter turned in his sleep and slipped down from his perch and wild beasts which lay in wait below killed him instantaneously and ate him up.

The young boy woke up with the early rising sun and not seeing the host by his side, resumed his journey. But soon the hunter-woman sprang upon him and abused him for having been the cause of her husband's death.

The boy replied: "Mother! I had nothing to do with the death of your husband. I never wanted his hospitality. It was he who voluntarily took me on to your place gave me a little of his food and gave me shelter. If he fell down to death, I am sorry for that. But to accuse me of his death is preposterous. Please make room, I must go."

Unmindful of the lament set up by the hunter-woman, the boy proceeded further in his journey.

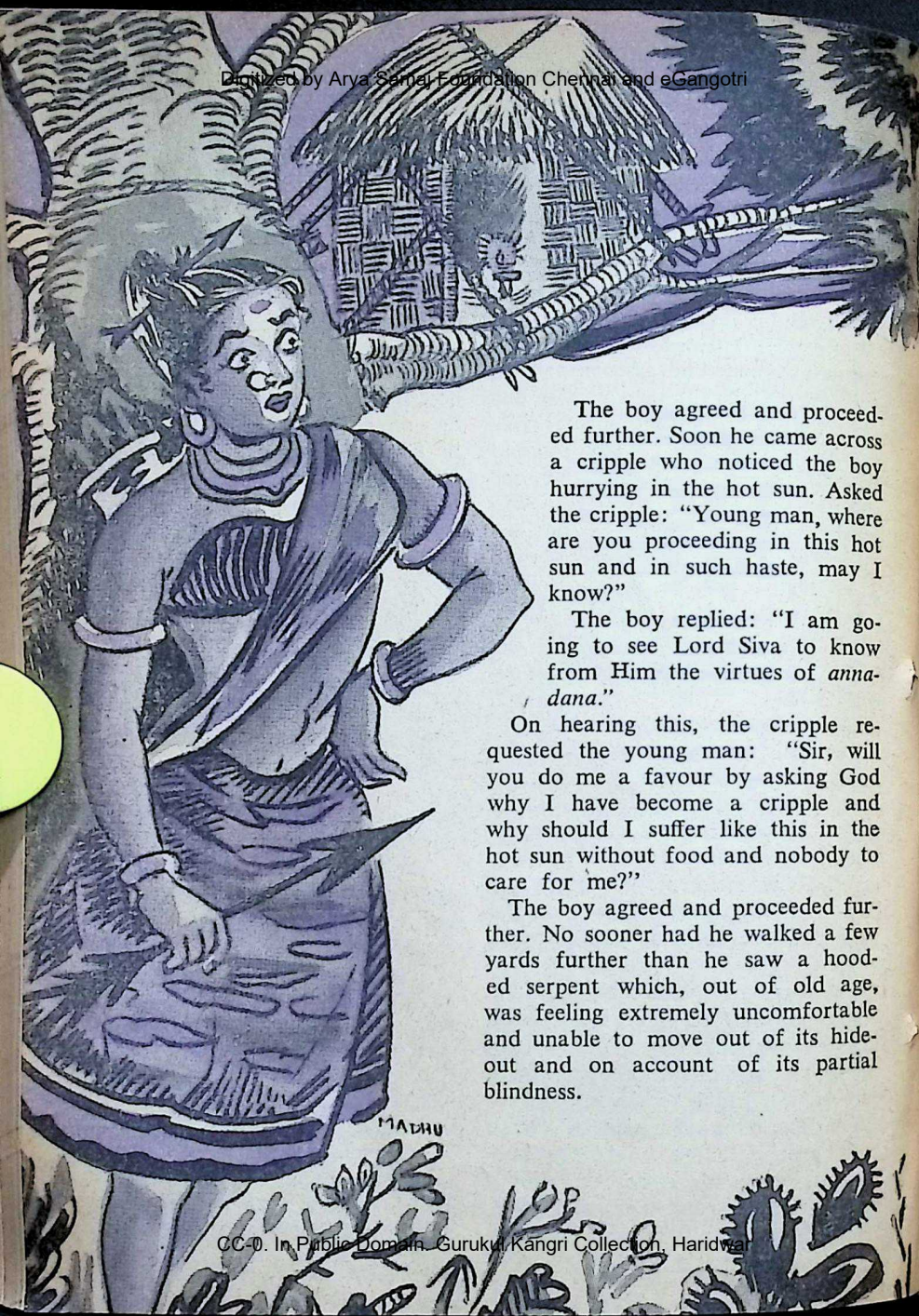
After crossing the forest, the young Brahmin came across a small village. While passing along the village a Brahmin who owned large paddy fields saw this youngster going fast; stopping him he asked: "Who are you, son? Where do you come from and whither are you bound?"

The youngster stopped for a minute and replied: "Sir, I am going to find out from Lord Siva the virtues of *anna-dana*."

The Brahmin villager replied: "I am so pleased to hear it. I bless you with success in your quest; but can you do me a favour?"

Asked the boy: "What is that?"

The older Brahmin replied: "When you see Lord Siva, will you ask Him why the tanks which irrigate my fields break the bunds very often? Please be kind enough to return this way and let me know what the Lord has to say."



The boy agreed and proceeded further. Soon he came across a cripple who noticed the boy hurrying in the hot sun. Asked the cripple: "Young man, where are you proceeding in this hot sun and in such haste, may I know?"

The boy replied: "I am going to see Lord Siva to know from Him the virtues of *annadana*."

On hearing this, the cripple requested the young man: "Sir, will you do me a favour by asking God why I have become a cripple and why should I suffer like this in the hot sun without food and nobody to care for me?"

The boy agreed and proceeded further. No sooner had he walked a few yards further than he saw a hooded serpent which, out of old age, was feeling extremely uncomfortable and unable to move out of its hide-out and on account of its partial blindness.

Seeing however the young Brahmin going in such a haste, the old serpent was tempted to ask him: "Young man, where are you walking in such haste?"

"I am proceeding to meet Lord Siva for finding out the full benefits of *anna-dana*."

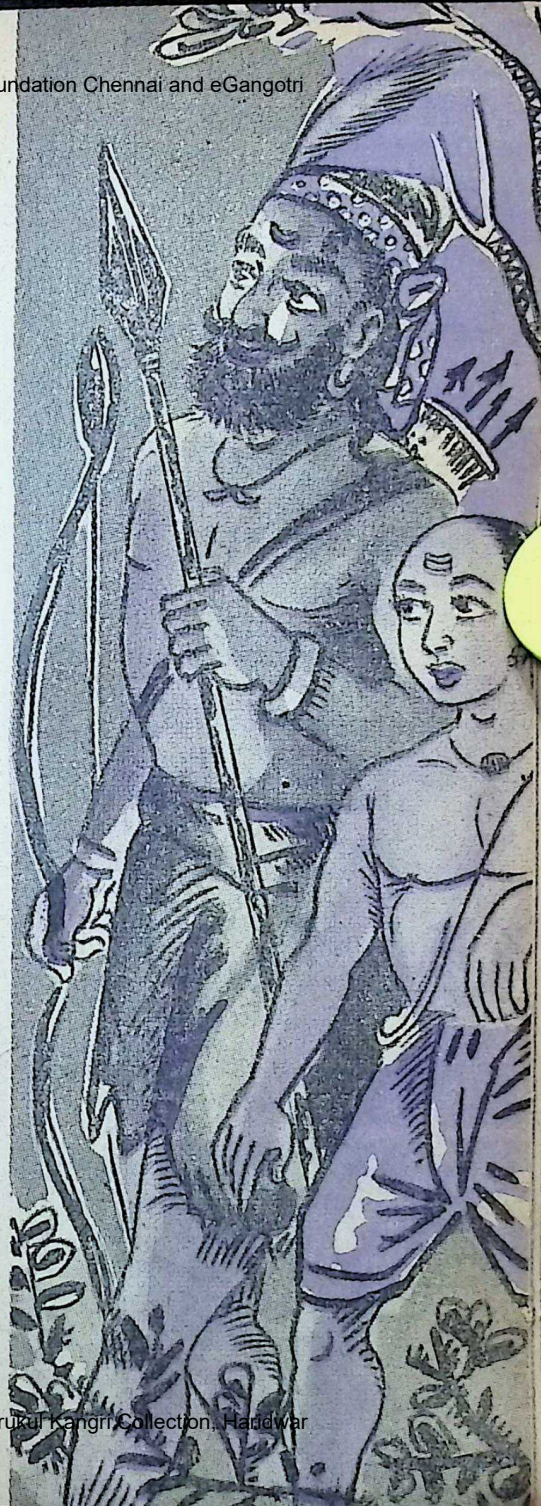
The serpent replied: "I am so happy you are going to meet the Lord. May you succeed in your mission! But would you ask the Lord about my condition? I am partially blind and I have completely lost my appetite and at the same time experience great discomfort."

The young Brahmin assented and proceeded further. Soon after, he came across a mango-tree which was full of ripe, luscious fruits and yet neither men nor birds came near it, so that all the fruits went rot.

Finding out the young man's objective, this mango-tree also entrusted the youngster with the mission of finding out from the Lord the reason for its own strange existence.

Saddled with all these commissions, the youngster went further on and very soon came across a mountain which, on account of its charming surroundings, appeared to him as the most suitable place for his *tapas*.

For full one year the young Brahmin did austere penance devoted to Lord Siva in the blistering heat of summer and benumbing chill of the cold weather, without any respite whatsoever. The inevitable under the circumstances happened—the Lord appeared, riding on his majestic *risabh* and accompanied by Mother Parvati. On seeing the Divine couple, the young Brahmin jumped with joy and showered ecstatic prayer.



NOTES & NEWS

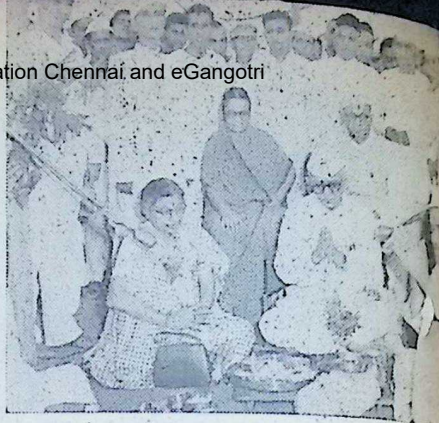
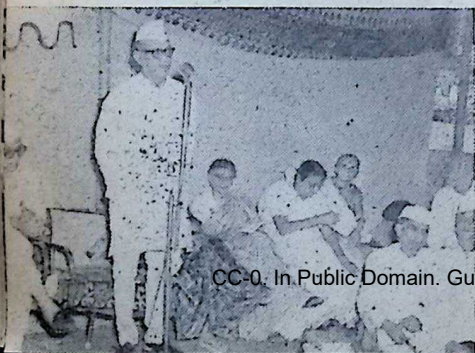
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BHAVAN'S GUJARAT CENTRE

THE Khatotsava (foundation-laying ceremony) of the proposed Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan's College of Arts & Science at Dakor in Gujarat was performed in *sastraic* manner by Kulapati Sri K. M. Munshi at 11.45 in the morning on 22nd of last month at Dakor, Gujarat. Nawab Mehdi Nawaz Jang, Rajyapal of Gujarat, graced the occasion, besides many prominent citizens of Dakor and Umreth including Sri N. M. Desai, President of the Dakor Municipality, Justice J. M. Shelat of the Gujarat High Court, Smt. Lilavati Munshi, Sri M. M. Parikh, President of Umreth Municipality, Sri H. M. Patel and others. A large number of people from Dakor and Umreth attended the foundation-laying ceremony.

At four in the evening, the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan's Gujarat Centre at Dakor was inaugurated by Sri Nawab Mehdi Nawaz Jang, Rajyapal of Gujarat. The Rajyapal in his address praised the services of Sri Munshiji to the nation both as an administrator and a citizen. Acharya T. A. V. Dikshitar, speaking in Sanskrit, referred to the activities of the Bhavan for the cause of education and the propagation of Indian culture, and concluded with appropriate Vedic recitation. Justice

The Governor of Gujarat inaugurating the Gujarat Kendra.



The Khat-Muhurt being performed by Kulapati Munshiji and Smt. Lilavati Munshi.

Sri Shelat in his speech stressed the necessity for a college at Dakor and praised Sri Munshiji for having fulfilled the long-cherished wish of the people of Dakor and Umreth.

Sri Munshiji explained to the audience the ideals for which the Bhavan stands and attributed all his activities to propagate them to the Grace of the Almighty.

Both the Rajyapal and Sri Munshiji were profusely garlanded by various Associations and individuals. The meeting came to a close at 6 p.m. and was followed by a tea-party which was attended by many of the distinguished guests.

VYASA JAYANTI

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN celebrated the Vyasa-Jayanti on July, 27, '61 at 5 P.M. in the Gita Mandir under the Presidency of Kulapati Sri K. M. Munshi. Swami Sri Akhandamandaji was present by special invitation to participate and a distinguished gathering attended the function.

The celebration commenced with Vyasa *pooja* performed by pundits to the accompaniment of appropriate Vedic hymns and was followed by recitations from the Vedas. Acharya T. A. V. Dikshitar, speaking in Sanskrit, paid tribute to Vyasa and the great Swami

Sri Akhandamandaji to enlighten the audience with his talk. Sri Swamiji in the course of his speech said that Bhagavan Vyasa was the greatest poet-cum-philosopher of India and that his glory rested on the codification of the Veda, writing the Puranas and thus laying the foundation for the Hindu religion and philosophy. The origin of all sciences that flourished in India and the various religious sects that developed later, he said, could be traced to the great Vedas, the treasure-house of Indian philosophy. Sri Munshiji, in his address pointed out that Bhagavan Vyasa was largely responsible for the great cultural heritage of our country and also for the valuable precepts of the Hindu religion which stressed the importance of virtuous living. The meeting came to a close with *panditasatkara* performed by Sri Munshiji.

VANA MAHOTSAVA

SRI B. G. GADHE, Minister for Forests and Rural Development, inaugurated the Vana Mahotsava celebrations of Bhavan's College on Sunday, the 23rd of last month at the College Campus at Andheri, by planting a tree. Shrimati Gadhe, Kulapati Sri Munshi, Shrimati Lilavati Munshi, Sri Nanalal Chokshi, President, Baroda Municipality, Sri P. M. Kavadia, Fellow of Syndicate of the University of Bombay, and Sri Navin Khandwalla also planted the trees. A large number of students, professors and distinguished citizens were present on the occasion.

Sri Munshiji who presided on the occasion welcomed the Minister Sri Gadhe and Shrimati Gadhe and commented upon the significance of the trees in the life of the nation. Sri Gadhe, addressing the gathering explained the importance of the forests in preventing the erosion of land and attracting the rain clouds which promote agriculture considerably. He therefore advocated the planting of trees all over the country and so spread the cult of VANA MAHOTSAVA.

the towns and cities by planting trees in surroundings of the public buildings like schools and colleges. He also congratulated the Bhavan's College and its programme of tree planting. The function terminated with a motion of thanks proposed by principal Sri B. M. Naik.

MADRAS KENDRA

"WE are talking of national disintegration and growth of fissiparous tendencies, but we have not taken the one step which is so obvious, namely, the strengthening of Sanskrit," said Sri K. M. Munshi on 29th of last month whilst distributing certificates and prizes to the successful candidates in the Bhavan's Saral Sanskrit Examinations held in March last, under the auspices of the Madras Centre of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan. He added that Sanskrit kept the Indian languages together and promoted the unity of the people. It was unfortunate, he said, that after the attainment of freedom, the study of Sanskrit had been particularly receding. He blamed the Government for being "indifferent" towards the study of Sanskrit.

He said that the very fact that a private agency like the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan was able to make rapid strides showed that there was "hunger" for the study of the language.

Continuing, Sri Munshi said that to-day the moral fibre of the nation was being destroyed by various negative pressures, which counteracted the positive moral pressure in the society. Firstly, the large amount of money pumped in to the economy had broken the tradition of honesty and austerity among the people. Secondly, there was the cinema which seemed to specialise in crime and sex. It was necessary to arrest the moral decay. It was for those who believed in the moral values of truth, love and beauty in *Satya* and *Dharma* to do whatever they could by dedicating themselves to the moral uplift of the people.

SUCCESSFUL DRAMA

KAKA-NI-SHASHI, a three-act play of Sri K. M. Munshi, was successfully staged by the Bharatiya Stree Seva Sangh in aid of Smt. Sarayubala Khandwalla Memorial Building Fund in the presence of a full house consisting of the elite of Bombay. Sri K. M. Munshi presided and Sri Mohanlal D. Mehta, an industrialist, was the Chief Guest. This hilarious comedy cum purposeful play held the audience in grip from the beginning even though the play is an old one and was first staged about 30 years back.

Its ability to sustain interest till the final curtain, in fact, assumed an added significance considering the handicaps that a revival after decades must face.

This play may prove to be the best production of the Gujarati Unit of the Kala Kendra. Without the usual slip-stick and jokes verging on vulgarity, humorous situations and splendid acting kept the audience roll with laughter time and again.

Sri Madhukar Randeria as Kaka Varsha Acharya as Shashi, Vanlata Mehta as Shiva Gauri, Namdev Lahute as Indrajit were outstanding. Madhukar proved beyond doubt that he can rise to equal height both in humour and serious acting. Every entry of Namdev Lahute was greeted with laughter; apart from appearance his excellent acting contributed to this. The foregoing artistes were very ably supported by Chandrika Shah as Vidumukhi, Vrajlal Parekh as Vallabhram, Honey Chhaya as Kundanlal, Kanti Madia as Poet, Ashar as Durlabhram, Usha Malji as Gangaben Mehti and Arvind Trivedi as Police Superintendent. Miss Dinaz Hakim the well known dancer played the role of Piroja impressively. Sri Navin Khandwalla

played the role of Gulabdas Solicitor. ~~very effective~~ even though this is his first re-appearance on the stage after the lapse of about 30 years.

The play was directed by Adi Marzban and ably produced by Sri Lalu Shah. All the artistes gave their services free of charge as a token of their esteem for late Smt. Sarayubala Khandwalla.

The Stree Seva Sangh expects to collect about Rs. 35,000/- out of the two performances and the total for the building Fund has now reached about Rs. 85,000/-. They are staging 4 more performances of different dramas and ballets during the coming months to raise the balance amount.

Sri Mohanlal Mehta donated a sum of Rs. 5,001/-. The new premises of the Sangh are to be located in the building that is coming up in the place of the old Merchants' Club in which the Sangh proposes to expand its activities for the welfare of women.

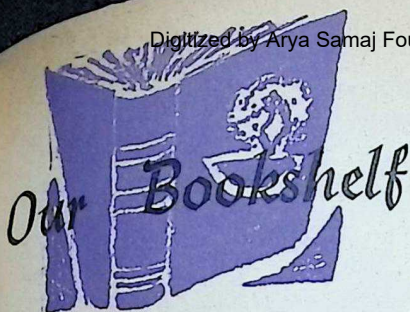
DRAMA COMPETITION

THE Inter-Collegiate Drama Competition conducted by the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan is an eagerly looked for annual event for the student community of Bombay. All colleges take part in this festival. A rotating shield, trophies, individual prizes and merit certificates are awarded to winning teams and candidates each year. To the Bhavan thus goes the credit of having discovered many a dramatic talent in the past.

This year's Inter-Collegiate drama festival is the eleventh in succession and the entries which number 76 are in 8 languages—Hindi, Marathi, Gujarati, Tamil, Sindhi, Sanskrit, Kannada and English. The festival has started on August 14.

It is not the number of books you read; nor the variety of sermons which you hear; nor the amount of religious conversation in which you mix, but it is the frequency and the earnestness with which you meditate on these things, till the truth which may be in them becomes your own, and part of your own being, that ensures your spiritual growth.

—F. W. Robertson.



INDIA WITHOUT SENTIMENT. By Marion Barwell. Published by New Age Publishers Private Ltd., 22, Canning Street, Calcutta-1.

THIS is a book remarkable in many ways. It is apparently an autobiography, but it is really very much more than that. It is really a frank and faithful record of the reaction of a kind and sympathetic soul to the conditions in India before and after independence and particularly to the Hindu outlook on life and its problems.

Even before she came to India the author was interested in Yoga and had taken to some practices, but she did this with caution. She was able to know for herself the possibility of developing psychic powers by such practices.

On arriving in India, before she went to Calcutta, she passed through Madras and was taken to Adyar by her cousin Ernest. Even in England she had come into touch with the Theosophical Society and Mr. J. Krishnamurti. She had attended a lecture by the latter in London to which she was taken by friends. She was greatly impressed by his personality and freshness of ideas, but she was not able to understand the point of his talk. Afterwards when she talked to her friends she discovered that most of them were in the same predicament.

The troubles she had in adjusting herself to new surroundings and conventions and in managing to retain one's balance between the opposing pulls of two alien races not particularly well disposed to each other, are

picturesquely described in the latter part of the book. Her work in connection with the "Society for the Protection of Children in India" brought her into close touch with Indian life, and she was able to get first-hand knowledge of many things which otherwise she might have missed. While her deep admiration for Hinduism is unbounded she does not hesitate to refer to some of the undesirable elements as well. One may not entirely agree with what she says about, for example, the caste system or the treatment of women; but we cannot but feel that her observations are based on sincere love for and anxiety to purify and elevate the great culture of India.

She also writes about the changes that have come about in India since independence; of course here she is apologetic and hesitant. Some of her observations may be unpalatable, but they are true. Especially what she says in regard to the decline of taste in our people is worth taking to heart. In her own words, "In this interim period Indian society has become for too much of a hotchpotch, hence the

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startling increase of vulgarity in the entertainment world and some at least of the indiscipline among the young In the years I have been in India I have seen a change-over from a reticence where the human form was concerned which was a sure sign on inner and spiritual grace and that was therefore a delight to the Westerner, sated as he is with bodily exhibitionism, to a tolerance of a nudity of the most provocative and degraded kind." Rather unpleasant words! Yes; but profoundly true; and they spring from a heart filled with love and reverence for Hindu culture.

—Prof. R. Srinivasan

SANSKRIT

SIDDHAHEMACHANDRA - SHAB-DANUSHASANA with the versified commentary 'Siddhahema-Sarasvati' (Part I, Chaps. I to 5). Sanskrit. By Panniyasa Dhurandharvijay-gani. Copies can be had from Sarasvati Pustaka Bhandar, Jhaveriwad, Ahmedabad. pp. 424 + viii. Price: Rs. 5.

IN the Indian grammatical tradition of the past, Jainacharya Hemachandra's *Siddhahema* represents the last effort to construct a new exhaustive system of Sanskrit and Prakrit grammar. Prabandhas record how the *Siddhahema*, when completed, was taken out into a grand procession and was ceremonially deposited in the Royal Library of the Chalukya King, Jayasimha Siddharaja of Gujarat with great honour. Three hundred copies of the grammar were prepared and presented to various centres of learning within and outside India. A special school was established at Anahillapattana to teach courses in the new grammar. This account reveals the degree of live and intensive interest in grammatical studies in the Gujarat of the twelfth century. That interest waned in the course of succeeding centuries, though some of the Jain monks (down to the present) did make some noteworthy efforts to expound Hemachandra's system or prepare student manuals based on the same.

The work under review is a laudable attempt to present in the verse form the explanations and examples of each Sutra of the *Siddhahema*. The verse form is suitable for memorizing. Even the traditional efforts like the present one help, in their own way, keep the interest in grammatical studies and Sanskrit learning alive and train the students in acquiring precision and familiarity with analytical and structural methods and procedures.

—Dr. H. C. Bhayani

PANĀCHAPĀDIKĀ with two commentaries and **PANĀCHAPĀDIKĀVARNĀ** with two commentaries. Text edited by Sri Polagam Sri Rama Sastri and S. R. Krishnamoorthy Sastrigal of Madras Sanskrit College, Mylapore. Published by the Government of Madras in Madras Government Oriental Series No. CLV, Part I pages 397 and Part II 792. Price: Rs. 28.75 nP: only.

THE Advaita Vedanta as a Vedic philosophical system has a memorable intellectual ancestry. The dim origins of the system we find scattered in the *Upanishads* and the *Gita*. Gaudapada gave it a very rigid form in his *Mandukya Karikās*. But it redounds to the glory of Sankara Bhagavatpāda to have given Advaita a perfect and immortal shape. At his hands Advaita assumed an imposing perfect systematisation, without one like it either before or after. This he achieved through his commentaries, independent tracts (*prakaranas*) and devotional hymns.

The philosophy of Sankara flowed into two channels towards the same goal. The first tradition is called the Bhāmati school of Vachaspati Misra (9th century). Vachaspati Misra commented on Sankara's *Sutra Bhashya*. "So great was his zeal, so mighty the task and such the patient and tireless devotion of his wife that the couple had grown old before he could finish his commentary on Sankara." Vachaspati realised the magnitude of his neglect of his wife and his wife's self-unhappy measure of

reparation, he gave her name Bhāmati to his lasting greatest work, so that it could live on perpetually in the minds of men. The Bhāmati has been commented on by Amalananda in his *Vedānta Kalpataru* (13th century). Amalananda's work is commented on by Appayya Diksita (16th century) in his *Parimala* and also by Lakshminarsimha (17th century) in his *Abhoga*. There are three other commentaries on Bhāmati: (1) *Rajuprakashika* of Sri Ranganatha (2) *Bhāmati-tilaka* (3) *Bhāmativilasa*. This entire group of texts is called *Bhāmati-Prasthanā*.

The second tradition is called the Vivarana tradition. The sumptuously got-up volume under view gives us the basic texts of the Vivarana school. The *Panchapadika* of Padmapada, a direct disciple of Sankara, is printed here with two unpublished commentaries. The *Panchapadika* is a commentary on Sankara's *Sutra Bhasya*. We have only the commentary on the first four *sūtras*. The rest is not found. The learned editor holds the view and sustains it with substantial evidence and scholarly documentation that Padmapada did write a commentary on the entire *Sutra Bhasya*. We have a very original and refreshing interpretation of the term *Panchapadika* not as meaning five. *Padu*. Our Sastriji argues that *Panchapadika* means five ways of explaining a scripture: (1) splitting the words; (2) dissolving the compound; (3) giving the meaning of the words; (4) explaining the meaning of the words in the proper context; (5) objection and reply. Further the term is also interpreted to mean elaborate commentary.

The *Panchapadika* is explained best by the two commentaries (1) *Atmasvarupa's Prabodha-parisodhini* (2) *Vignānatman's Tatparyarthadyotini*.

In the second part of the work we have *Prakshatman's Vivarana*, a commentary on *Panchapadika*. This also covers only four *Sūtras*. Here too, the editors have printed two important unpublished commentaries on *Vivarana* from eminent authorities (1) *Chitsukha-*

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charya's *Tatparyadipika*. (2) Nar-simhasrama's *Bhava-prakasika*.

The present volume constitutes the basic texts of the Vivarana School. The doctrines of the Vivarana school are summarised by Vidyaranya in his book *Vivarana Prameya Sangraha*.

The two Sastris who represent the best in the Indian *panditic* tradition (a tradition fast disappearing) give us a critical account of the differences in doctrine between these two schools in their learned and long Sanskrit introduction of 136 pages. It is difficult to state in a review the differences in the doctrines between the two schools. We have in tabular form the differences in the doctrine stated on pages 18 and 19.

Whatever may be the differences in the doctrines of the schools, their differences are only cases of difference in emphasis and are not basic differences. The message is timeless, it is neither old nor new; it is eternal.

—Dr. P. Nagaraja Rao

BOOKS RECEIVED

(1) *STEPS TOWARDS IMMORTALITY*; (2) *THE PATHWAY TO GOD*; (3) *THE DIVINE MESSAGE*. By Dinshaw S. Paowalla. Published by the Spiritual Healing Centre, R. S. Puram P. O., Coimbatore-2. (Free Distribution).

GURU-RAMANA-VACHANA-MALA. By "Who". Re. 1. *THE POEMS OF RAMANA MAHARSHI* (Rendered into English Verse by Sadhu Arunachala). 75 nP. Published by Sri Ramanasramam, Sri Ramanasramam P. O., Tiruvannamalai, S. India.

THUS SPAKE THE CHRIST. Compiled by Swami Suddhasatwananda. Published by Sri Ramakrishna Math, Mylapore, Madras-4. 40 nP.

INSPIRED TALKS—Swami Vivekananda. Published by Sri Ramakrishna Math, Mylapore, Madras-4. Price: Board Rs. 2, Calico Rs. 3.

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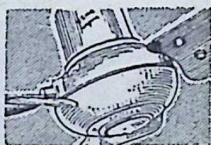
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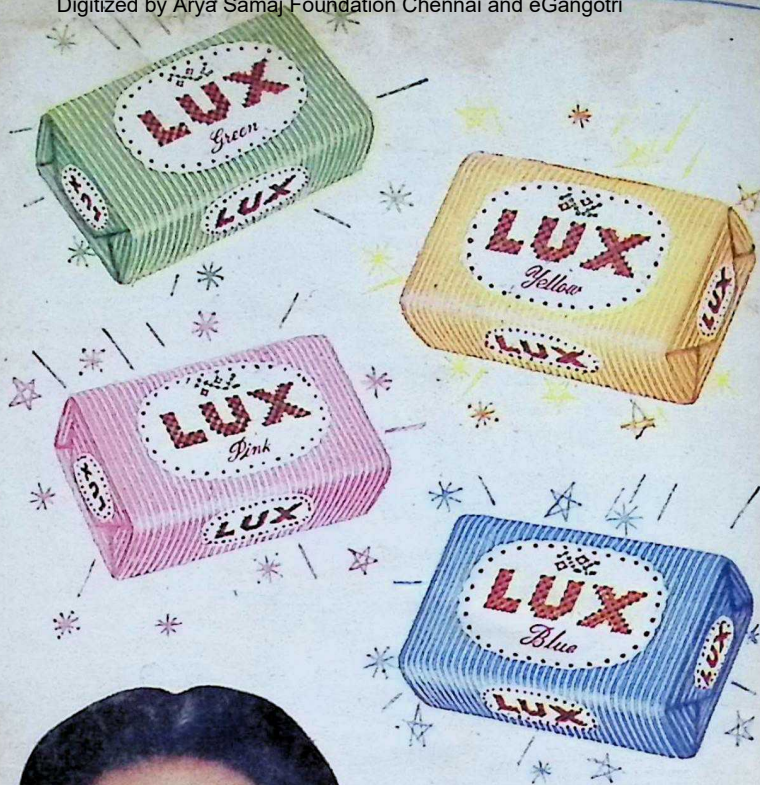
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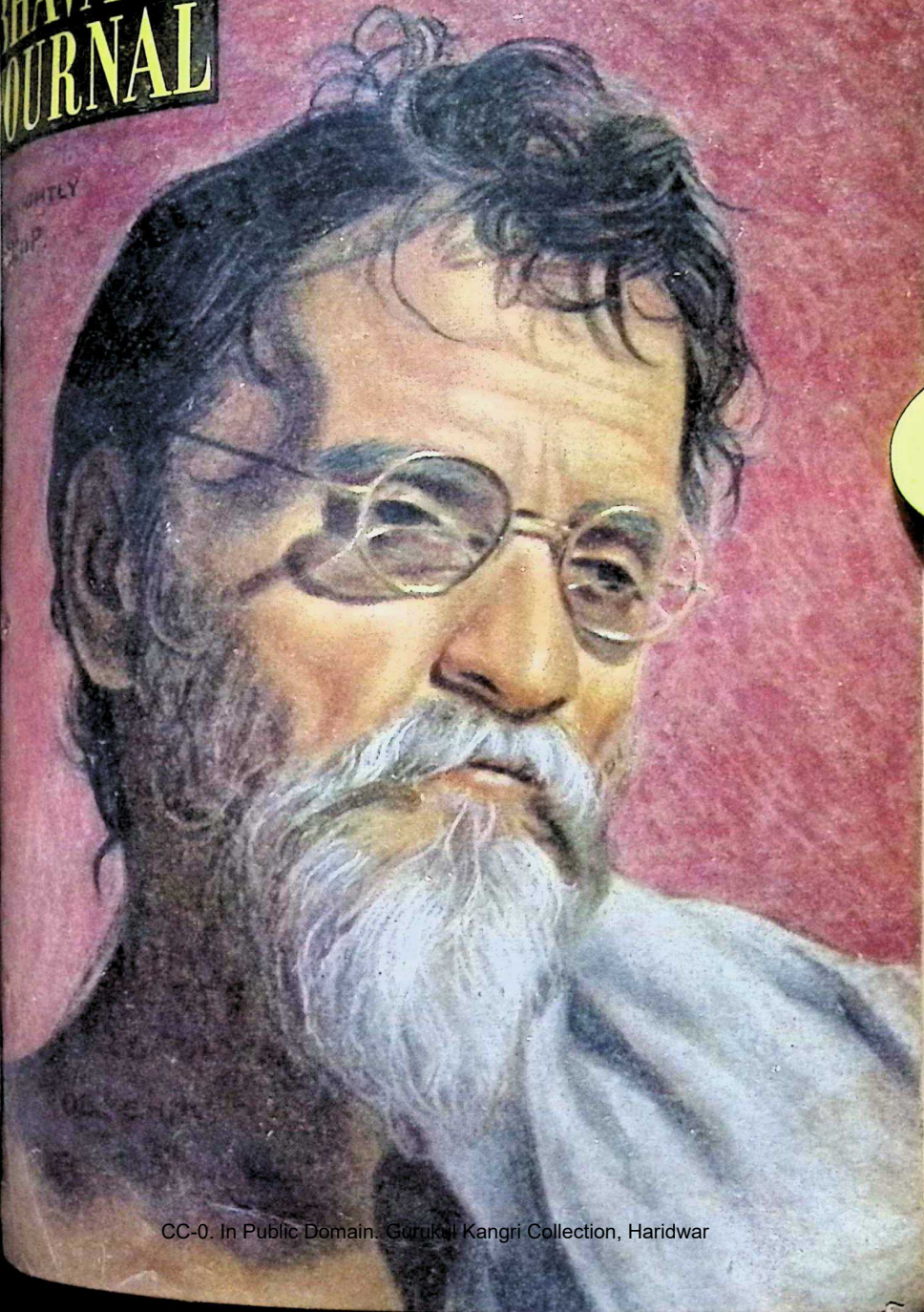
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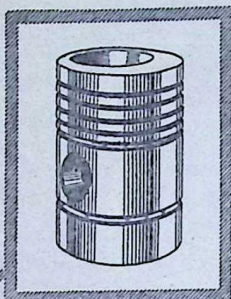
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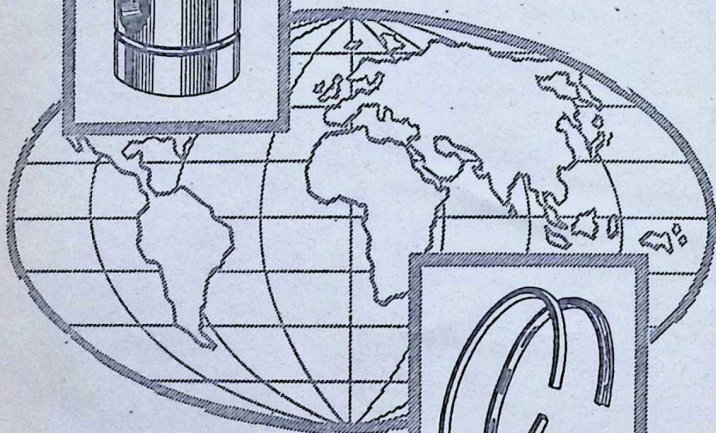


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BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

*Fortnightly, Devoted To Life,
Literature and Culture*

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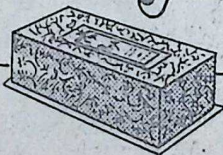
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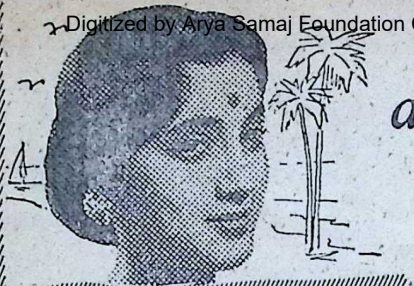
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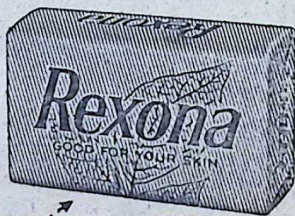
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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः ।

Let noble thoughts come to us from every side

—Rigveda, I-89-i

PRAYER FOR ENLIGHTENMENT

रुचं नो धेहि ब्राह्मणेषु रुचराजसु नस्कृधि ।

रुचं विश्वेषु शूद्रेषु मयि धेहि रुचा रुचम् ॥

Oh Lord of the universe! Impart, we beseech Thee out of Thy refulgence, lustre to those of us that are devoted to learning and contemplation of Thee; bestow on our rulers amiability of disposition; on our commercial and agricultural, artisan and labouring classes light; and enlighten me also with a ray of Thy splendour.

Yajurveda XVIII, 48.

Kulapati's Letter

ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 239

★ *RABINDRANATH, THE RENAISSANCE POET* ★ *THE POET*
OF THE UNIVERSAL MAN ★ *THE SEER*

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN,
BOMBAY.

SEPTEMBER 3, 1961.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

I WAS invited by the Visva-Bharati of Santiniketan, West Bengal, to deliver on August 9, 1961, the inaugural address on the occasion of "Rabindranath and Indian Literatures" Conference. I would like to share what I said there with you.

My ignorance of the Bengali language has denied me the privilege of reading Gurudev's works in the original. Whatever I have read of his works is from their English, Gujarati or Hindi translations. But, I do not propose to speak on them. So much has been said about Gurudev and his works by competent persons during the last few months that it would be presumptuous on my part to go over the same ground.

I, therefore, propose to speak today generally of Gurudev and the Indian Renaissance, as also of his place in the history of the mind and soul of man in the context of the present-day world.

'The Indian Renaissance, like all such phenomena, was the product of the impact of the alien culture of the West on the old and indigenous one of India.

'In the first stage, such an impact liberates the mind and soul of the receiving culture from the thralldom of the past. In the next stage it drives sensitive men to go in search of the fundamental values of the receiving culture if it has any vitality left, and invest them with fresh creative vigour. If the culture has no vitality left, it is so overwhelmed that it loses its creative energy.

'In the third stage of the impact, the new values of the impacting culture are softened down, modified and absorbed under the pressure of the freshly recaptured vigour of the older values. Then they only serve to fertilise the mind, leading to an outburst of all-round creative activity. This we call Renaissance.

'In the first stage, the sensitive men of the receiving culture become re-

hells; in the second, seekers after a new synthesis; in the third, creators of new and vital forms of thought, expression, art and values.

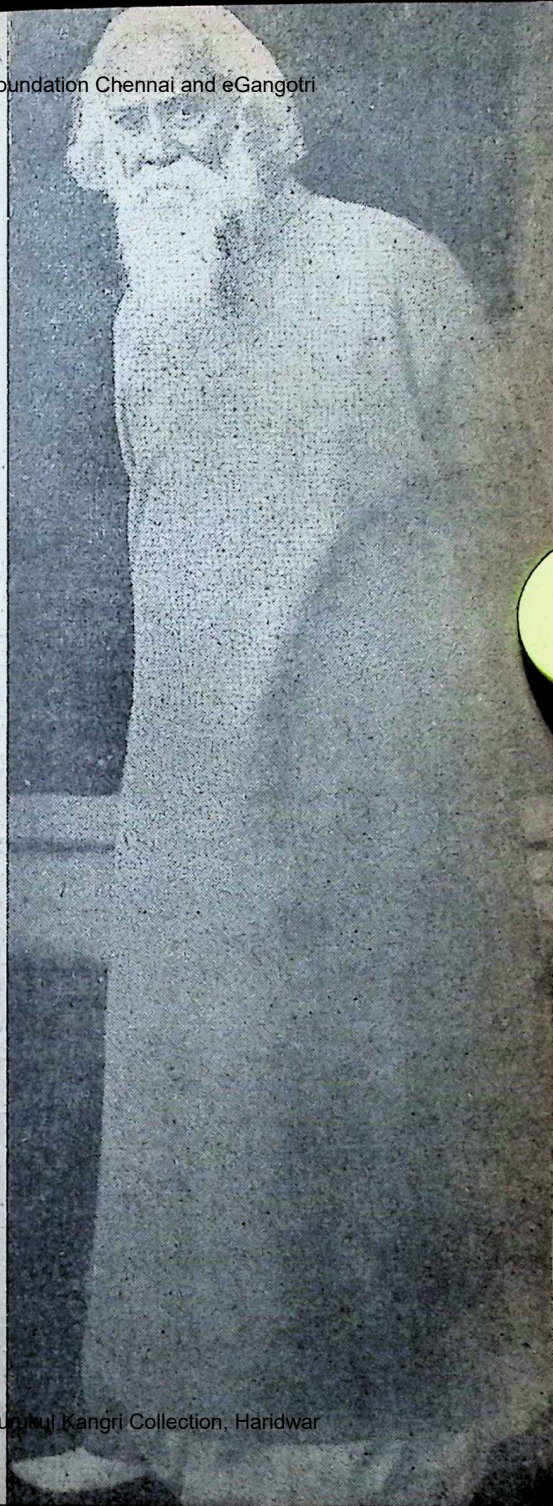
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The British conquest brought to this unhappy land relief in two forms: lasting peace and the impact of the West. The Indian mind, freed from the fear of centuries, became receptive to new influences. Contact with England and the English education introduced in the country, broadened our horizon.

At the same time, European scholars—and following them Indian scholars—unearthed the vanished glories of Indian thought, literature and religion. This provided the Indian mind with a consciousness of continuity and a proud source of inspiration.

In the early decades of the twentieth century when this process of liberation began, the sensitive mind of India was in the grip of mediaevalism. Its dominant note was other-worldliness. Its literature sang of the afflictions and snares, of this life and of the ways to escape from them. This left little scope for the self-expression of the individual.

The impact of the West brought with it the spirit of the European Renaissance. We were made heirs to the mental freedom, aesthetic sensibility and sympathetic understanding which that phenomenon had released. We also awoke, as did post-Renaissance Europe in the 16th and 17th centuries, to the beauties and joys of life and to the right of man to be himself regardless of conventional restraints. English literature of the nineteenth century also provided new inspiration to the university men in India.



who took to Shakespeare and Scott, Byron, Shelley and Keats, and to the histories of Greece and Rome with avid enthusiasm.

'In intensity the Indian movement was not like the liberalising movement in Europe. It was not followed by the unrestrained pouring forth of vital energy in forms of dazzling beauty. But it had a liberating influence all right—a liberation from the thralldom of mediaeval traditions and techniques. However, those who felt the force of the impact in the first glow of enthusiasm became rebels like Narmad (1833-1886), the first poet in modern Gujarati literature. Carried away by the force of the impact, he alternated between hope and disappointment—always impressionable, tempestuous, egotistic, courageous and sentimental.

● ● ●

'With the next generation coming out of the British-established universities, the movement reached the second stage. Their gifted products turned to their own language for self-expression. Deeply influenced by English literature, they drew upon the beauties of Sanskrit classics, and some of them even sought the inspiration of the ageless Upanishads. The creative energy which this fusion produced laid the foundation of our Renaissance.

'Bankim was the foremost pioneer of this new movement, in fact, the prototype of such gifted men in several parts of the country. He tried to recapture the beauty of Sanskrit literature. Drawing upon the inexhaustible linguistic resources of Sanskrit, he made Bengali a vehicle of rich



Bankim Chandra Chatterji

expressive power.

'At the same time, he softened the influence of the West without losing its inspiring value. His creative urge found expression in terms of the joys of this life. He invoked with reverence the glory and heroism of the past, responded to the joys and sorrows of the present and transfused them to the future by the power of his creative imagination.

'Bankim exercised great influence on the literature of several regions in the country. His *Durgesh Nandini* and *Visha Vriksha* were beacon lights which lighted the horizon of romantic literature throughout India. His *Anandamath* gave the message which the country was waiting for; motherland was to be worshipped as the Divine Mother; martyrdom to achieve her freedom was the highest form of Karma Yoga. In this way, Bankim taught us to shed our inferiority complex and stand unabashed, proud of what we were and firm in our resolve to do our duty in the present undeterred by fear.

SEPTEMBER 3, 1961

In spite of the diversity of languages in the country, its literature has, at all times, been inspired by one common unifying impulse. The Mahabharata, Ramayana, Bhagvat and Gita Govind had, age after age, exercised influence over all literatures in the country. The same thing happened in the modern period when in many parts of the country gifted men took to literature under the influence of the English literature of the Romantic school.

The founders of the new movement, in their works, gave positive expression to the modern attitude to life which accepts the actions and reactions of the human heart as fundamental. Breaking away from the past, they showed the courage to face the emotional, intellectual and spiritual facts of life as they were. They re-defined man's relationship to men, man's relationship to supernatural powers and man's relationship to women, and made the inner life of the individual the central theme of literature.

When Rabindranath began his literary career in the 80's of the last century, he was the child of the Indian Renaissance, though from the start he represented the culmination of its tradition, method, style and mood. But even in his youthful works, he out-distanced other authors in feeling, outlook and technical mastery. His sensitive mind also shrank from the loud elements of the early Renaissance literature. The arrogance of the rebel and the tumult of the restless were foreign to his nature.

As the poet produced work after work, he gathered confidence, his art

became well-nigh perfect, his self-restraint savoured of the classical and his delicacy of touch was inimitable.

In and after 1904, Rabindranath was the poet of that flaming nationalism of which Sri Aurobindo was the militant apostle. His nationalism, however, was not chauvinistic. He could never harbour hate against the foreigner, though his faith in India's mission to give the world a message of peace and the strength of the Spirit was unbounded.

The voice of the Poet was no longer the mere voice of Indian freedom. His became the authentic voice of Asia seeking emancipation from political bondage as also from the self-aggrandising nationalism of the West. His songs therefore found their echo in the hearts of men in India as well as in Japan, China and several countries of South-east Asia.

The highly receptive mind of the Poet gathered its impulses from the East and the West. His mind responded to beauty from whatever source it came—whether it was literary, artistic or spiritual.

Now he was no longer the poet of the Indian Renaissance. His vision, which came to embrace the world in which there was no Asia and no Europe, glowed with the luminous colours of basic human nature. He stood forth as a poet of the 'universal man', viewing human personality as expressed in every variety of form, and began to build the fabric of beauty not only with words but with sounds and shapes.

'The Poet's aesthetic sensibility developed endless variety in perception, emotion and social graces and found an intimate kinship with nature and men. His exquisite touch reflected an untiring search of beauty which ever yearns and yet is never satiated—thereby developing an ethereal quality which, among modern poets, one finds only in Goethe.

● ● ●

'The Poet's stature grew with age. Asserting the supremacy of the Spirit over passions and emotions, he responded to the call of the joys of the senses as much as to the sweetness of human relations and the timeless aspirations for Beauty which fades not and for Love which, in the words of Shri Krishna is, "see Me in all, and all in Me."

'The Lord in the *Bhagavadgita* has said that the seers are either *Munis* or *Kavis*. "I am Vyās among the

Munis and *Ushanas* among the *Kavis*."

मुनीनामग्रहं व्यासः कवीनाम् उशना कविः ।

In this highest sense of the terms Gurudev was the *Kavi* of the modern world.

On this occasion, therefore, I cannot pay a more appropriate tribute than the one given to him by Anesaki in the *Golden Book*:

Lo! A glitter of light,
The purple gleaming at the apex of
the Himalaya!
Who doubts that it shall finally
pervade the plains of the Ganga?
Quickened by the first touch of
the rising Sun,
The *Pundarika* lotus opens its petals,
Harbouring the life of heaven in its
lustre and scent.

Yours sincerely,

K. M. Mumbli

The human individual consists of body, mind and spirit. Each requires its proper nutriment. The body is kept trim by food and exercise, the mind is informed by science and criticism, and the spirit is illumined by art and literature, philosophy and religion. If the spirit of humanity is to grow it can only be by the exercise of its lovelier energies. The Asiatic and the European streams have achieved marvellous results each in its own way, the former by its absolute spiritual sincerity and the latter by its severe intellectual integrity. The great stream of life carves out its bed for itself according to the slope of the region traversed.... The great peoples differ not so much in the presence or absence of this or that quality as in its degree or extent. The West is not devoid of mysticism and martyrdom nor the East of science and public spirit. The distinction, if any, is a relative one, as all empirical distinctions are.... For while dogmatists and narrow nationalists distinguish in order to divide, a seeker of truth divides only to distinguish.

A Symposium on PROGRESS

सुरिरसि वचोधा असि तनूपानोऽसि ।
आप्नुहि ॥

Thou art wise, powerful, thou art the protector of
a body. Attain (supreme bliss and surpass thy equals).

—Atharva Veda II, 11, 4.

शुक्रोऽसि भ्राजोऽसि स्वरसि ज्योतिरसि ।
आप्नुहि श्रेयांसमसि समं काम ॥

Thou art power, thou art enlightener, thou art bliss,
thou art light. Attain to supreme bliss and surpass all
thy equals.

—Atharva Veda II, 11, 5.

अश्रान्तस्य त्वा मनसा युनज्मि प्रथमस्य च ।
उत्कूलमुद्रहो भवोडुह्य प्रति धावतात् ॥

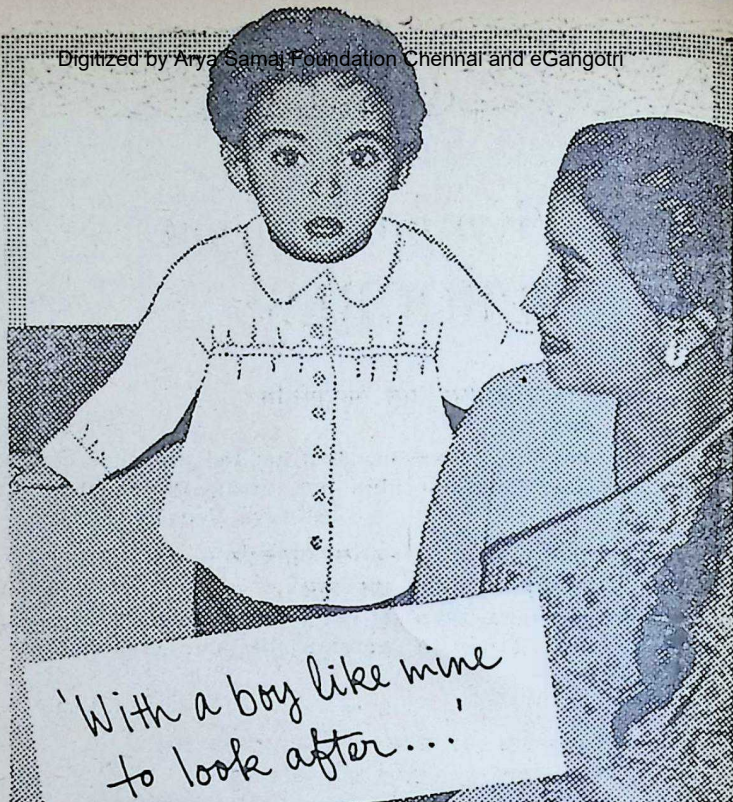
Oh man, I endow thee with a mind that knows not
weariness, such a mind as is possessed by the man who
is always foremost. Be thou, therefore, the pilot of thy
followers carrying them up towards the upper shore,
and leading them uphill run thou with confidence.

—Atharva Veda XIX, 25, 1.

इच्छन्ति देवाः सुन्वन्तं न स्वप्नाय स्पृह्यति ।
यन्ति प्रमादमतन्द्राः ॥

Gods like him who is persevering and not those who
sleep. Forsooth they crush him who blunders.

—Rigveda VIII, 2, 18.



'With a boy like mine
to look after...'

'With a boy like mine to look after,
you have your hands full—full of wash-
ing, for instance, if you want to keep
him clean and smart.

'Thank goodness I have SUNLIGHT.
That rich lather gets his clothes so
clean. Only a pure soap could wash like
that—and with so little trouble.'

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wani of Flat No. 54,
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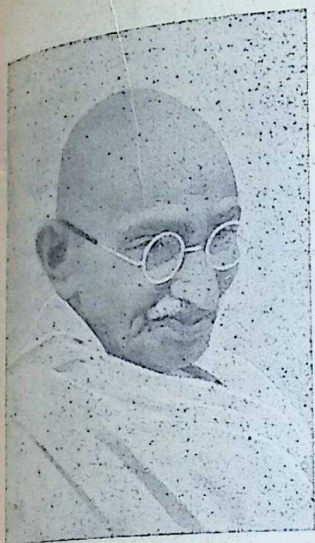
When the heart is

pure, we at once

realize what is

our duty at

every moment.



THE ART AND AIM OF LIVING

Mahatma Gandhi

IT is not literacy or learning which makes a man, but education for real life. What does it matter if we knew everything, but did not know how to live in brotherliness with our neighbours?

If some people have committed grievous mistakes in their dealings with their neighbours, they should repent and ask the pardon of God. If He grants it but the world does not, even then it does not matter to a man who has learnt to depend on God;

such punishment nobly borne serves to elevate a man. In a book of sayings of the Prophet, I have found that a man should never leave an error uncorrected. If he did, he would be hauled up on the Day of Judgment and find no favour in the eyes of God.

• • •

It is not enough that we acquire the art of reading, writing, etc., but it is necessary that we should learn the art of living on friendly terms

with neighbours. We should rescue the women-folk, who form half our numbers, from the thralldom of ignorance and superstition. Men should live in co-operation and work for the common good. For this, they should not look up to political parties for direction, but to their own souls or God.

● ● ●

A MAN, whose spirit of sacrifice does not go beyond his own community, becomes selfish himself and also makes his community selfish. In my opinion, the logical conclusion of self-sacrifice is that the individual sacrifices himself for the community, the community sacrifices itself for the district, the district for the province, the province for the nation and the nation for the world. A drop torn from the ocean perishes without doing any good. If it remains a part of

the ocean, it shares the glory of carrying on its bosom a fleet of mighty ships.

Duties to self, to the family, to the country and to the world are not independent of one another. One cannot do good to the country by injuring himself or his family. Similarly one cannot serve the country by injuring the world at large. In the final analysis, we must die that the family may live; the family must die that the country may live; and the country must die that the world may live. But only pure things can be offered in sacrifice. Therefore, self-purification is the first step. When the heart is pure, we at once realize what is our duty at every moment.

● ● ●

LIFE for me is real as I believe it to be a spark of the Divine.

Religion, not in the conventional but in the broadest sense, helps me to have a glimpse of the Divine Essence. This glimpse is impossible without full development of the moral sense. Hence, religion and morality are, for me, synonymous terms.

Striving for full realization keeps me going.

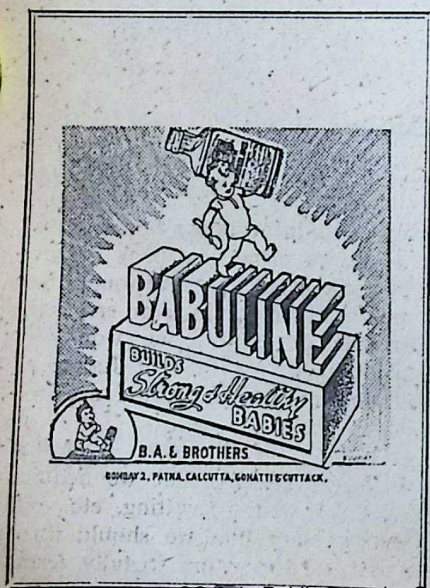
This strife is the source of whatever inspiration and energy I possess.

My consolation and my happiness are to be found in service of all that lives, because the Divine Essence is the sum-total of all life.

My pleasure lies in battling against darkness and all forces of evil.

● ● ●

MAN'S ultimate aim is the realization of God, and all his activities, social, political, religious, have to be



SEPTEMBER 3, 1961

guided by the ultimate aim of the vision of God. The immediate service of all human beings becomes a necessary part of the endeavour, simply because the only way to find God is to see Him in His creation and be one with it. This can only be done by service of all.

The purpose of life is undoubtedly to know oneself. We cannot do it unless we learn to identify ourselves with all that lives. The sum-total of that life is God. Hence, the necessity of realizing God living within every one of us. The instrument of this knowledge is boundless, selfless service.

Of all the animal creations of God, man is the only animal who has been created in order that he may know his Maker. Man's aim in life is not, therefore, to add from day to day to his material prospects and to his material possessions, but his predominant calling is from day to day to come nearer his own Maker.

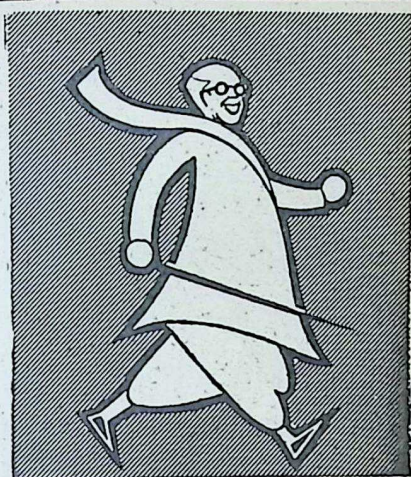
Man is not born day after day to explore avenues for amassing riches and to explore different means of livelihood; on the contrary, man is born in order that he may utilize every atom of his energy for the purpose of knowing his Maker.

The aim of life is that we should serve the Power that has created us, and on Whose mercy or consent depends our very breath, by heartily serving Its creation. That means love, not hate, which one sees everywhere.

[Courtesy: Navajivan Trust].

Forgive thyself nothing; but
others much.

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by Rabindranath Tagore

(Translated into English by
Shakuntala Rao Shastri)

and civilization of the people of that picturesque land.

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HOW TO BUILD A STRONG INDIAN NATION

Annie Besant

IT is often said that "India is only a geographical expression."

What is necessary for the existence of a nation? (1) A convenient and defensible area. (2) Pride in a common past. (3) Hope for a common future. Are these things possible in India? If yes, then the work of nation-building is possible, and the means thereto may be considered.

(1) *Convenient & defensible area:* That India possesses this is beyond dispute. India is a vast peninsula, ringed on three sides by the sea, and on the fourth guarded by the mightiest of mountain ranges, which can easily be rendered impregnable. No human hand could build such bastions as the mighty Himalayan peaks, and the passes have poured invading hosts in the past, but then there was no united nation to hold and guard. Besides, India has never been conquered from outside, she has been conquered by some of her own children, siding with the invader against



their brethren. She has been conquered ever by Indian swords.

(2) *Pride in a common past*: Is this possible for India, with her warring races? Has not the past seen continual provincial wars? Has not Maratha warred against Rajput, Punjabi against Sikh, Bengali against Hindustani, Southerner against Northerner? Yes, but what of that? Are these feuds any worse than those of Tuscan against Neapolitan, of Hanoverian against Prussian? All nations in their making are smelted in the furnace of war, hammered on the anvil of battle. These things go to the making of a nation, and when the idea of nation becomes dominant, then all the heroic deeds wrought on every side by warrior hosts become the common pride of the united peoples who form the single nation. How this pride may be aroused is one of the means to which we shall presently come. But have not the vast majority, the Hindus, a pre-eminent claim to be considered the true owners of the land, the real Indians, and should the invaders of the past be welded into the nation of the future? Why not? Were not the Burgundians and the Gascons ever warring against the centre and the north of France? The Muhammadans have written many chapters of Indian history, have absorbed into their community many millions of Hindus, are fast rooted in Indian soil, and are now Indians, whether they trace back to Mughal, to Afghan, to Truk, or what not. Of such diverse elements are nations compounded, to their own great ad-

vantage. As Tennyson sang of the English nation:

Saxon and Norman and Dane are we.
And so shall some further poet
sing of the Indian Nation:—
Hindu and Muslim and Parsi are we,
But all of us one in our worship of
Thee, Our mother.

For is not India the mother of all, and in the nation there are no step-children?

(3) *Hope for a common future*: This hope is to be inspired in all Indian hearts by patriotic writers and speakers, who shall limn in glowing colours the picture of the Motherland ignoring divisions save as varieties that make for richness and beauty. The nation must be an ideal before it can become an actuality, and this brings us to the means, the actual Nation-Building.

First of all, the Ideal must be preached everywhere. This is the lesson we learn from history.

The Ideal of India, the Motherland, must everywhere be preached; for thinkers shape the Ideal, orators popularise it, and this Ideal must live in myriads of hearts ere statesman can actualise it in this mortal world and none must hesitate to do this, because some may speak or act unwisely on the same lines.

Next, the common past must be shown forth and dwelt upon. Here education must be called upon to help us. History must be taught in every school in a new way. The Histories of India now used are dry-as-dust wearinesses; they might be designed to make boys look on India with indifference, even with contempt, though it is certain that their writers had no

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such design, but were merely unsympathetic and uninterested. Indians must write the History of India; the historians who write for boys should be patriots, pulsing with love and pride in the splendid story of India's past. Our school histories should be alive, not dead; full of stories of heroism of India's past. Our school histories should be alive, not dead; full of stories of heroism of Indians of all parties, all religions, all races. Boys and girls of different religions should be taught to look with equal pride on Prithviraj, and Pratap, Sanga, and Akbar, and Guru Nanak, and Man Singh, and Shivaji, and Chand Bibi, and Ahalya Bai. Makers of India were they, and hundreds more, and every Indian heart should cherish them all, and be proud of them all, and glory in them all, as India's children. Let history be thus taught in our schools, and we shall breed patriots therein.

To this end also it should be taught that religion in its spiritual essence is one and indivisible, and that the various religions are merely the intellectual representations of one basic truth. In the one universal spiritual religion the various religions are simply sects and bear the same relation to it as Vaishnavas and Shaivas bear to Hinduism, Shias and Sunnis to Muhamadanism, Greek Catholics, Roman Catholics and Protestants to Christianity. The one basic spiritual truth is the Oneness of God, the Supreme Life, and the derivation of all lives from that one Life, there is none other. All other doctrines are

intellectual attempts to represent the facts of the universe, of these derived lives in their relation to the One. As intellects differ, so must the formulation of these facts differ; but when religion and religions are thus seen, religions will cease to divide in any mischievous sense.

Students should also be trained in the management of their own clubs and associations, athletic, debating and other. In all these things professors and teachers should help, not control. The lads will make mistakes, and learn by them, and thus develop ability to deal with worldly affairs.

To promote free intercommunication among the peoples of the various provinces, a common language, and above all a common script, should be popularised. The northern vernaculars can already be read with fair facility by anyone who knows one of them well, if written in a common script, so alike are they. This script should obviously be Devanagari, since the Urdu script is Persian and the Roman is European. Hence, in every school, the Devanagari script should be taught. In the south also it may be accepted, since the vast majority there are Hindus, who ought already to know it as Sanskrit. If all vernacular books were printed in Devanagari, a great step forward would be made.

Further, Hindi should be made a second language everywhere, the common vernacular. It is too much to ask the Bengali, the Maratha, the Tamil and the Telugu to give up their rich literatures; the sacrifice would im-

poverish the nation. It is not too much to ask them to learn Hindi as a second language for the sake of the national unity. If this is not done, English will become the national language, for it is the only language in which educated men of all vernaculars can converse. Vital to Indian nationality is a common language.

All Indian Muhammadans talk Urdu, and Urdu is only Hindi with some Persian additions. The Hindi-knowing man can talk with the Urdu-knowing man, but neither can talk with the Tamil or Telugu-knowing man. As all Indian Muhammadans learn Urdu, why cannot all Indian Hindus learn Hindi?

The question of physical health and strength must be carefully attended to. Indian bodies are losing vitality under the stress of modern conditions and competing civilisation. How many "English-educated" men are thoroughly sound and robust at forty years of age? The old rule of Brahmacharya, celibacy during student-life must be revived and enforced; boy and girl parentage must be branded as irreligious and unpatriotic by public opinion; mothers must be taught that it is cruel to pamper their sons with highly seasoned and stimulating dishes. Physical training must be insisted on; not merely the fashionable and costly English games, but the wisely designed indigenous exercises, the Indian *jiu-jitsu*, which trains every muscle of the body, not only the arms, and legs, and eyes. Drilling should be universal; there are plenty

of retired non-commissioned officers available, who are glad to take up this work, and thus add to their small pensions. Wrestling, *lakri* (a form of single stick), flag-drill, should all have their place. No student should leave college without knowing how to use his body to defend his body; a nation cannot be built out of weaklings.

Such are some of the ways, it seems to me, in which a nation may be built—nay, is building. Strength of body and of mind, noble character, wide and gracious piety, these are the things necessary for the good citizen, and without good citizens there is no nation possible. Such citizens of a United India, will be citizens also of the world-wide Empire, which cannot exist save as a federation of free nations.

Past are the World-Empires that were built by the sword, for they have perished by the sword; swords are not good tools for building though they prepare the materials. The World-Empire now shaping must have as its contents free and self-governing nations, knit in bonds of love and based on justice and mutual respect.

Of those nations India will be one, and for that great part she must fit herself by building herself into a nation. That is her immediate task, and may He who lives in all, whether we name Him Mahadeva, Vishnu, Allah, Hormazd, Jehovah, God, so make His unity felt in the midst of all differences that the many peoples of India may become One Nation.



Bhagavata

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Dr. R. D. Ranade

THAT the *Bhagavata* influenced systems of philosophical thought like those of Ramana and Madhva, that it had by that time earned sufficient confidence from the people to be used as a text-book, that it is the repository of the accounts of the greatest mystics from very ancient times, that, though some of its language may be modern, it contains archaisms of expression and diction which may take it back to the early centuries of the Christian era—all these facts make it impossible that the *Bhagavata* should have been written, as is sometimes contended, about the 12th century A.D., thus implying unmistakably that it must have been written earlier, *pari passu* with the development of early philosophical systems, so as ultimately, in course of

time, to be able to influence later formulations of thought.

The *Bhagavata*, is a repository of the accounts of the Ancient Mystics of India, and if we may seek for some Types of Mystics in the *Bhagavata*, we may find a number of such Types, which later on influenced the whole course of the Mystic movement.

Dhruva, in the first place, is a child-prince who leaves his kingdom and the world when he is insulted by his step-mother, and who, in the agonies of his insult, seeks the forest where he meets the spiritual teacher who imparts to him the knowledge of the way to God, and who ultimately succeeds in realizing His vision (IV. 8).

Prahlada, the son of the Demon-King, whose love to God stands unvanquished in the midst of difficul-

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ties, whose very alphabet is the alphabet of devotion, who escapes the dangers of the fire and the mountain when his earnestness about God is put to the test, supplies another example of a pure and disinterested love to God, so that he is able to say to God when he sees Him—"I am Thy disinterested Devotee. Thou art my disinterested Master. But if Thou wishest to give me any boon at all, bestow upon me this, that no desire should ever spring up within me." (VII. 10).

Uddhava is the friend of God, whose love to Him stands the test of time, and of philosophical reasoning (X. 46). Kubja, the crooked concubine, who conceived love towards Krishna, which made her ultimately the Beloved of the Divine (X. 42). Even the Elephant who lifted up his trunk to God when his foot was caught hold of by the great Alligator in the sea, supplies us with another illustration as to how even animals might be saved by devotion, and as to how God might come to their succour in the midst of their afflictions (VII. 2-3).

Sudaman, the poor devotee, who has no other present to offer to God except a handful of parched rice, is ultimately rewarded by God who makes him the lord of the City of Gold (X. 80-81).

Ajamila, the perfect sinner, who is merged in sexuality towards a *pariah* woman, gets liberation merely by uttering the Name of God at the time of his death (VI. 1-2).

The sage Ajagara, who lives a life of idle contentment and of unconscious service to others, has deriv-

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ed his virtues from a Serpent and a Bee, whom he regards as his spiritual teachers (VII. 13).

Rishabhadeva, whose interesting account we meet with in the *Bhagavata*, is yet a mystic of a different kind, whose utter carelessness of his body is the supreme mark of his God-realization. We read how, having entrusted to his son Bharata the kingdom of the Earth, he determined to lead a life of holy isolation from the world; how he began to live like a blind or a deaf or a dumb man; how he inhabited alike towns and villages, mines and gardens, mountains and forests; how he never minded how ever much he might be insulted by people, who threw stones and dung at him, or micturited on his body, or subjected him to all sorts of humiliation; how in spite of all these things his shining face and his strong-built body, his powerful hands, and the smile on his lips, attracted even the women in the royal harems; how, careless of his body as he was, he discharged his excreta at the very place at which he took his food; how, nevertheless, his excreta smelt so fragrant that the air within ten miles around became fragrant by its smell; how he was in sure possession of all the grades of happiness mentioned in the Upanishad; how ultimately he decided to throw over his body; how, when he had first let his subtle body go out of his physical body, he went travelling through the Karnataka and other provinces, where, while he was wandering like a lunatic, naked and alone, he was caught in the midst of a great fire kindled by the friction of

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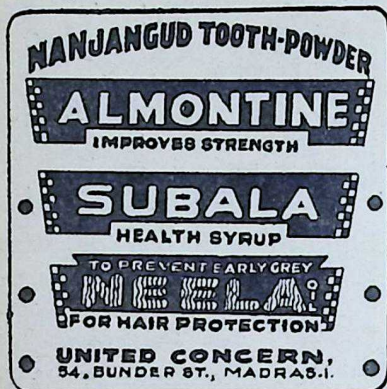
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bamboo trees; and how finally he offered his body in that fire as a holocaust to God (V. 5-6).

Avadhuta is yet a mystic of a different type, who learns from his twenty-four Gurus different kinds of virtues, such as Forbearance from the Earth, Luminosity from the Fire, Unfathomableness from the Ocean, Secclusion from a Forest, and so on, until he ultimately synthesizes all these different virtues in his own unique life (XI. 7).

I am reduced to subjection, even as a good husband by a virtuous wife, by those men who listen with devotion, and for the sake of My pleasure, to Srimad Bhagavata, the scripture par excellence, during all festivals connected with Me, offering the book a cloth covering, ornaments, flowers, incense, lights and food.

Suka, in whose mouth the philosophico-mystical doctrines of the *Bhagavata* are put, is the type of a great mystic who practises the philosophy that he teaches, whose mystical utterances go to constitute the whole of the *Bhagavata*, and who sums up his teaching briefly in the 87th chapter of the Xth Skandha of the *Bhagavata*, where he points out the necessity of a Spiritual Teacher, of Devotion, and of the Company of the Good for a truly mystical life.

Finally, Krishna himself, who is the hero of the Xth and the XIth Skandhas of the *Bhagavata*, who, on account of his great spiritual powers, might be regarded as verily an incarnation of God, whose relation to the Gopis has been entirely misrepresented and misunderstood, whose teachings in essence do not differ from those advanced in the *Bhagavata*, who did not spare his own family when arrogance had seized it, who lived a life of action based upon the highest philosophical teaching, and who, when the time of his departure from earthly existence came, offered himself to be shot by a hunter with an arrow, thus making a pretext for passing out of mortal existence, supplies us with the greatest illustration of a Mystic who is at the top of all the other mystics mentioned in the *Bhagavata Purana*.

The Lord in Skanda.

...to remove the illusion
that stands between
us and our svadharma,
the sense of "mine",
attachment, is the...

Purpose of the Gita

Acharya Vinoba Bhave*



ARJUNA used not merely the language of non-violence, but even that of *sannyasa*, complete renunciation. "Even a life of renunciation is better than this bloodstained *kshatriya dharma*," he says.

But was this the way of life for him, his *svadharma*?

Was this the true expression of his nature?

Arjuna could have cheerfully donned the garb of a *sannyasi*, but how could he have lived the life?

If, in the name of *sannyasa*, he went into the forest, he would start killing the deer there. Therefore, the Lord told him plainly, "Arjuna, your present reluctance to fight is delusion. The nature that has become yours through the years will not permit you

to refrain from fighting."

Arjuna felt at odds with his *svadharma*.

But however unattractive a man's *svadharma* may be, he has to find fulfilment by persisting in it, because it is only through such persistence that growth is possible.

There is no question of dignity involved here. This is the law of growth.

Svadharma is not the sort of thing that one takes up because one thinks it is noble, or gives up because it seems lowly. In fact it is neither great nor small. It is equal to our measure. In the words of the *Gita*, "*sre:yaan svadharma vigunah*." ("One's own *dharma*, even if devoid of merit, is the best for oneself.")

The word "*dharma*" means not the

* Acharya Vinoba's birth anniversary falls on the 11th of this month.

organised religions like Hindu-dharma, or Muslim-dharma, or Christian-dharma. Every individual has his own distinct dharma.

Even my own dharma today is not what it was ten years ago ; it will not be the same ten years hence. As the course of one's life changes through thinking and experience, one's old dharma drops off and a new dharma comes in its place.

One achieves nothing by self-willed obstinacy in this matter.

However superior another's dharma may appear to be, it is not good for me to adopt it.

The light of the sun is dear to me. But if, for this reason, I wish to give up living on the earth, and go to the sun, I would be burnt to ashes.

On the other hand, even if living on earth is quite dull by comparison—even if the earth is quite despicable when compared with the sun, even if it has to borrow its light—even then, so long as I lack the capacity to stand the sun's power, I shall have to stay away from the sun and keep growing on the earth.

If someone were to say to a fish, "Milk is costlier than water ; come and live in this milk," would it agree? Fish can only live in water ; they will die in milk.

Even if someone else's dharma seems easier, one should not take it up.

Quite often, it only appears easier.

If a man in household life is not able to look after his children properly and, getting disgusted, gives up the world, it will turn out to be hypocrisy and will even become burdensome. At the first opportunity, his

old habits and associations will reassert themselves.

When a man goes into the forest because he is unable to bear life's burden, the first thing he would do there is to build himself a small hut. Then, to protect it, he would put up a fence. Going on thus, he finds that there too he has to manage, if anything, a bigger household.

If a man's mind is truly detached, surely renunciation is not difficult for him. There are many texts in the *Smritis* which show how renunciation can be easy. It is really a question of one's vocation.

One's dharma consists in following one's true vocation.

The question is not whether it is high or low, easy or difficult.

The growth must be real ; the evolution must be a genuine process.

But some imaginative people ask, "If *sannyasa*, the way of renunciation, is really always better than *yuddha dharma*, the way of conflict, why did Lord Krishna not make Arjuna a true *sannyasi* straightaway? Was this impossible for Him?"

Of course, there was nothing that He could not do. But, in that case, what would be the meaning and purpose of Arjuna's life?

What does he achieve himself?

Almighty God has given us freedom. And so, let every man make his own efforts ; for that is where the fun lies.

Children find joy in drawing pictures themselves. They do not like someone else holding their hand and drawing the picture for them. If the teacher gives the answers to all the questions put to the child, how is the

child's mind to grow? So the work of the teacher and the parents is only to make him attend, and help him with suggestions.

God guides us all from within. He does no more than this. If, like a potter, He were to beat our clay and mould each of us into a pot, where is the sense in it? We are not just pots of clay. We are the living consciousness.

From all this discussion, you would have understood that the purpose of the *Gita* is to remove the illusion that stands between us and our *svadharma*.

Arjuna was perplexed about his *dharma*; a delusion had arisen in his mind over his *svadharma*.

As soon as Sri Krishna points this out, Arjuna himself admits it. The *Gita*'s main task is to remove this illusion, this sense of "mine," this attachment.

This is why, after Arjuna has listened to the whole of the *Gita*, Sri Krishna asks him, "Arjuna, you have got over the illusion, haven't you?"

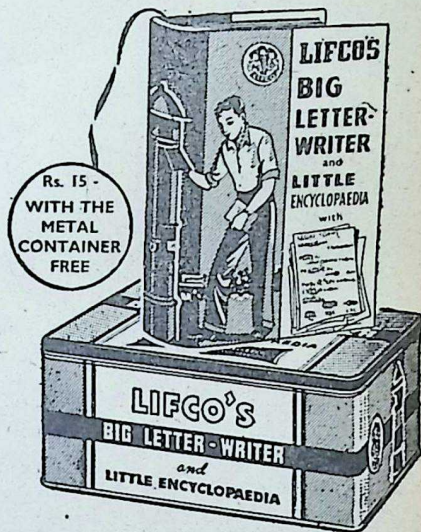
And Arjuna replies, "Yes, Lord, The illusion has left me; my *svadharma* is clear to me."

If then we put together the beginning and the end of the *Gita*, we see that its aim and effect is to remove illusion.

This is true not only of the *Gita*, but of the whole of the *Mahabharata*. Vyasa said, right at the beginning of the *Mahabharata*. "In this epic, I am lighting a lamp to dispel the dark illusion that covers the heart of humanity."

[From: *Talks on Gita*]

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CHILD



करारविन्देन पदारविन्दं मुखारविन्दे विनिवेशयन्तम् ।
वटस्य पत्रस्य पुटे शयानं बालं सुकुन्दं मनसा स्मरामि ॥

I see before my mind's eye child Krishna
lying on the fig-leaf holding in his lotus-hand,
his lotus-foot and putting it in his lotus-mouth.

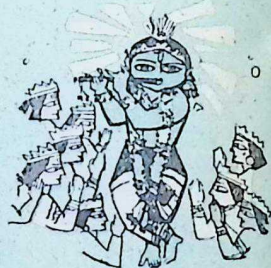
संहृत्य लोकान्वटपत्रमध्ये शयानमाद्यन्तविहीनरूपम् ।
सवश्वरं सर्वहितावतारं बालं सुकुन्दं मनसा स्मरामि ॥

I see before my mind's eye the Lord of
all, born to benefit the entire creation, with
a form without beginning and end, lying on

the fig-leaf after swallowing the universe.

इन्दीवरश्यामलकोमलाङ्गं इन्द्रादिदेवाचितपादपद्मम् ।
सत्तानकल्पद्रुममाश्रितानां बालं सुकुन्दं मनसा
स्मरामि ॥

I see before my mind's eye child Krishna,
bluish like Nilotpala flower, with tender
limbs, with lotus feet worshipped by *devas*
from Indra and who is the Kalpaka tree for
devotees wishing children.



लम्बालकं लम्बितहारयष्टिं शृङ्गारलोलालङ्कितदन्त-
पङ्क्तिम् ।

बिम्बाधरं चारुविशालनेत्रं बालं सुकुन्दं मनसा
स्मरामि ।

I see before my mind's eye child Krishna
on whose forehead the forehead curl; from
whose neck dangle long *haras*, the rows of
teeth bearing marks of love-play, with ruddy
lips, and lovely large eyes.



KRISHNA

निकये निघाशद्यपयोदधोनि बहिर्गतायां व्रज-
नायिकायाम् ।

भुक्त्वा यथेष्टं कपटेन सुप्तं बालं मुकुन्दं मनसा
स्मरामि ॥

I see before my mind's eye the child
Krishna who, while Yashoda had gone out
leaving fresh milk and curds in the loops,
helped himself to them to heart's content and
slept.

कलन्दजान्तस्थितकालियस्य फणाप्ररङ्गो नटनप्रियन्तम् ।
तपुछहस्तं शरदिन्दुवक्त्रं बालं मुकुन्दं मनसा स्मरामि ॥



NAVARANGE

I see before my mind's eye the child
Krishna who delights to dance on the stage
of the hood of Kaliya in river Kalindi hold-
ing Kaliya's tail in hand and whose face shines
like the autumnal moon.

उलूखले बद्धमुदारशौर्यं उत्तुङ्गायुग्मार्जुनभङ्गलीलम् ।
उत्फुल्लपद्मायतचारुनेत्रं बालं मुकुन्दं मनसा स्मरामि ॥

I see before my mind's eye the child
Krishna tied up to the mortar, valiant, who
sporting in felling the twin Arjun trees and is

with lovely large eyes resembling full-blown
lotuses.

आलोक्य मातुर्मुखमादरेण स्तन्यं पिबन्तं सरसी-
रुहाक्षम् ।
सन्निभयं देवमनन्तरूपं बालं मुकुन्दं मनसा स्मरामि ॥

I see before my mind's eye the child
Krishna looking eagerly at his mother's face
and suckles, lotus-eyed, made up of Sat and
Chit, of endless forms and the great Lord,
Deliverer.



ADHYATMA



RAMAYANA

Nine Modes of Bhakti

Directed by the emancipated Gandharva (Kabandha), Sri Rama and Lakshmana came to Sabari's Ashram. On seeing them, Sabari was overjoyed. She worshipped them ecstatically and asked:

तव सन्दर्शनं राम गुरुणामपि मे न हि ।
योषिन्मूढाप्रमेयात्मन् हीनजातिसमुद्भवा ॥
तव दासस्य दासानां शतसङ्ख्योत्तरस्य वा ।
दासीत्वे नाधिकारोऽस्ति कुतः साक्षात्तवैव
हि ॥
कथं रामाद्य मे दृष्टस्त्वं मनोवागगोचरः ।
स्तोतुं न जाने देवेश किं करोमि प्रसीद मे ॥

"O, Rama! Even my gurus could not have darsan of you. O boundless Atman: I am a woman, born of low caste, servant of Your servant in the hundredth line (utterly unbecoming to be Your direct servant). How is it then, Rama, have I been able to see You, Who are beyond description? O, Lord of Gods, I don't know how to pray before You! O, I do not even know what I am doing, pardon me!"

श्रीराम उवाच :

पुंस्त्वे स्त्रीत्वे विशेषो वा जातिनामाश्रमा-
दयः ॥

न कारणं सद्भजने भक्तिरेव हि कारणम् ॥

Sri Rama replied:—

"In the matter of worshipping me, neither sex, caste, name nor station in life matters. Devotion is the only criterion.

यज्ञदानतपोभिर्वा वेदाध्ययनकर्मभिः ।
नैव द्रष्टुमहं शक्यो सद्भक्तिचिमुखैः सदा ॥
तस्माद्भक्तिनि ! सङ्क्षेपाद् वक्ष्येह
भक्तिसाधनम् ।

"In the absence of eternal devotion to me, neither yajna, dana, tapas nor the recitation of Vedas would help in seeing me. Therefore, O young lady! Listen to the means of devotion which I shall briefly describe.

सतां सङ्गतिरेवात्र साधनं प्रथमं स्मृतम् ।
द्वितीयं मत्कथालापस्तृतीयं सद्गुणैरेणम् ।
व्याख्यातुं सद्भक्त्या चतुर्थं साधनं भवेत् ॥

"The first means is without doubt the association of the devout; the

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second is to listen to or speak on my stories; the third is to recount my qualities; commenting on my words will be the fourth means.

आचार्योपासनं भद्रे ! नद्बुद्ध्याभायया-
सदा ।

पञ्चमं पुण्यशीलत्वं यमादिनियमादि च ॥
निष्ठा मत्पूजने नित्यं षष्ठं साधनमीरितम् ।
मम मन्त्रोपासकत्वं साङ्गं सप्तममुच्यते ॥

"O, auspicious lady! Eternal and unflinching devotion to one's preceptor in my own form is the fifth means; being engaged in virtuous activities, steadfastness in *yama*¹-*niyamas*² and my unceasing worship is said to be the sixth means. Engaging oneself in chanting my name with all its paraphernalia is the seventh means.

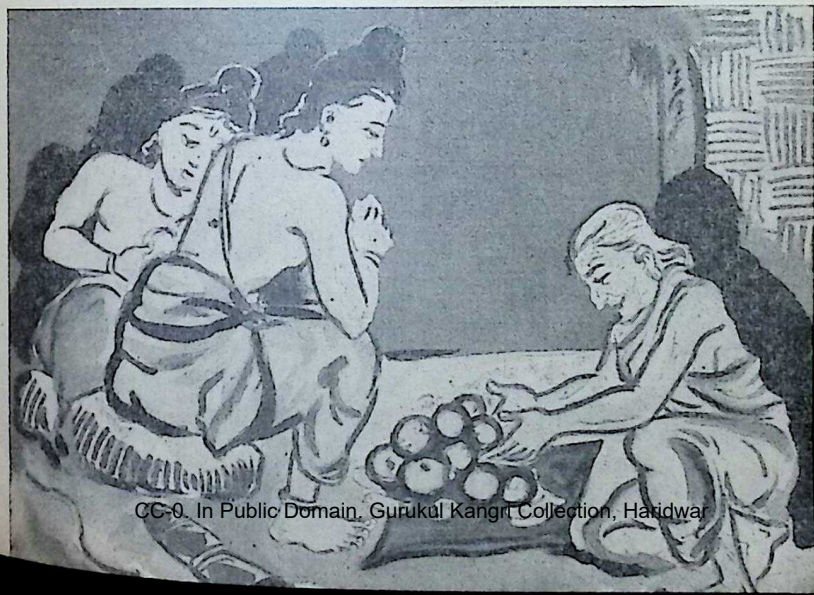
मद्भक्तेष्वधिका पूजा सर्वभूतेषु सन्मतिः ।
वाह्यार्थेषु विरागित्वं शमादिसहितं तथा ॥
अष्टमं नवमं तत्त्वविचारो मम भाषिणि !

एवं नचविधा भक्तिः साधनं यस्य कस्य वा ॥
स्त्रियो वा पुरुषस्यापि तिर्यग्योनिगतस्य वा ।
भक्तिः सञ्जायते प्रेमलक्षणा शुभलक्षणे ! ॥

"Worshipping my devotees with greater fervour than me,³ and looking upon all lives as myself; contempt for outer wealth and the practice of qualities *sama*,⁴ *dama*,⁵ constitute the eighth means. O young lady! Inquiry into my truth is the ninth means. These are the nine modes of worshipping me for all, be it for a man, woman, bird or beast. One who does so will love me for my own sake, O auspicious lady!

1. *Yamas* are: *ahimsa*, *asteya*, *brahmacharya*, *aparigraha* etc.
2. *Niyamas* are: *asana*, *pranayama*, *pratyahara*, *dharana* etc.
3. By being solicitous to the master's child, one surely pleases the master.
4. *Sama*: control by inner senses etc.
5. *Dama*: control of outer senses etc.

[Contd. on page 38]



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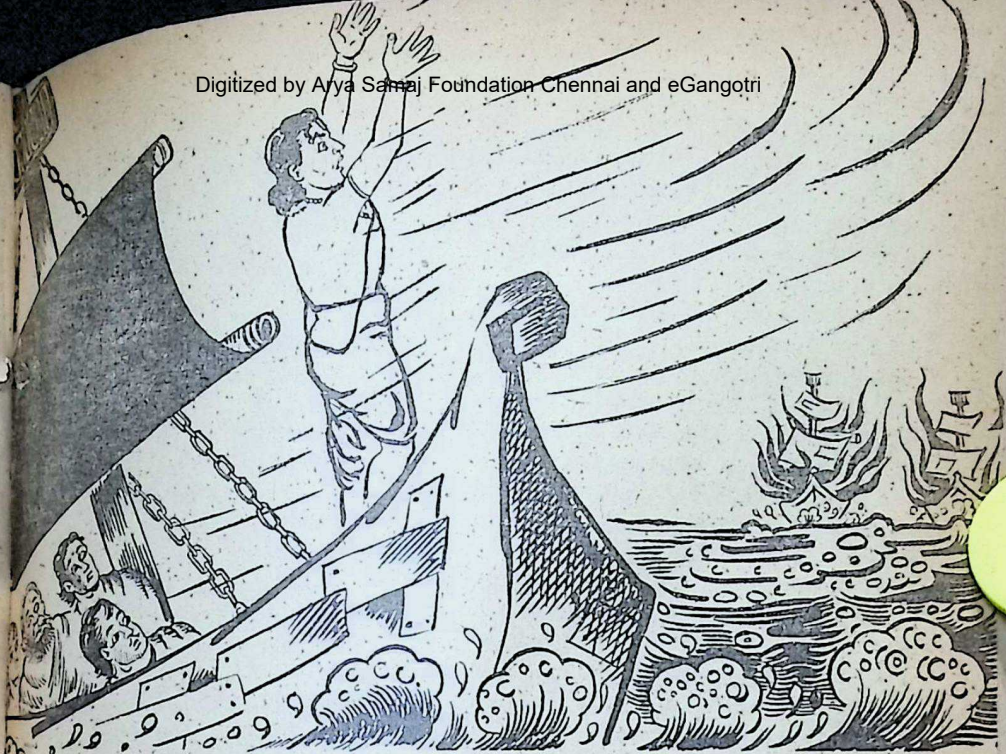
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EP



KRISHNAVATARA

K. M. MUNSHI

PART II

29. Balaram Wins a Bride

HE weather was good and the ships sailed on merrily with the coast in sight. Sometimes they could see men on the coast seeing them sailing. But as they neared Kusthali, they started some light

Punyajana crafts which, on seeing them, spread out fan-wise and rows straight towards them, the water foaming around their bows.

Two of the Punyajana ships had rams, which crashed into the bow-

timbers of some of Balaram's ships. The cries of the dying were heard as arrows flew from Sandipani's pupils and Damagosh's fighting men. A Punyajana ship shot past Bhikru's ship and splintered both its rudders. There was a cry of horror raised by the ship's crew.

Balaram roared with rage as he hurled a grappling iron at the offending ship with a deadly aim. It fastened itself to its stern and jerked it to a standstill. The timber cracked and the ship broke, sending its men to fight for their life in the sea.

When the night fell, the Punyajana ships sailed away. They halted at a distance and lighted the pitch-pots to illumine the sea around them, lest Bhikru's ships might attack them in the dark.

The sea was quiet. The sails hung limp. Bhikru's rudderless ship stood still. Bhikru pulled at his beard. 'I never could dream that my ship would lose its rudders and lie rocking in the sea like a log,' he said. He ordered the ship to be lighted up and Ruddu spent half the night in repairing the rudders.

Balaram saw that the Punyajana ships would soon sail past them and warn Kushasthali of the invading fleet. It was, therefore, necessary to speed up and reach the port before morning. Bhikru said it was impossible, and hope began to flicker in every sailor's heart as the sails stood limp on the mast. Balaram, however, was in one of his furious rages. He stood on the prow of Bhikru's ship, gazing intently at the sea as if he was ordering it about. Others not

knowing what he intended to do, stood at a distance in awe.

Working himself into a terrific mood, Balaram, now full of vigour, uplifted his arms. 'I, Anant, the upholder of the earth, call upon you, Maruts, the gods of wind.' His stentorian voice was heard over the sound of the waves and the creak of the ships. 'Send wind, send storm. Take us to Kushasthali.' He stamped his foot impatiently and roared. 'Maruts, I, Anant, the thousand-hooded Shesha, command you. Send us wind, awaken the storm, lead us forward.'

And as he invoked the Maruts, the sea, as if it obeyed the Serpent King who upholds the earth, began to rise, the ships to rock and a gust of wind to whistle past. The torches went out. The sails began to flap wildly, soon billowing out. And the sky became overcast.

Bhikru and the crew gazed in awe at the tall figure which had miraculously raised the storm.

The Punyajana ships were taken unawares. The flames of their pitch-pots were lashed by the wind, and the burning pitch was scattered all over their decks, setting the timber on fire.

The sea thundered and the wind howled. Bhikru lashed his carmen into fierce activity. In spite of their efforts, all but one ship narrowly escaped from capsizing. One that had capsized, sank; its rowers and fighting men had to be transferred to other ships. The mast of Bhikru's ship was raised and the ship responded to the improvised rudders. Led by that ship, the fleet was carried swiftly by the wind.

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Soon the storm abated. The dawn broke clear of the morning breeze. Bhikru's ship, leading the others, rode right into the harbour of Kushasthali. All the time Balaram stood on the prow, shouting orders to the fighting men to be ready to move into action. While providing himself with 'nectar', he had also distributed it with a free hand, cheering everyone with a word.

No one on the shore suspected that it was a hostile fleet that had entered the harbour. Bhikru's ship had been a familiar sight and the harbour guards looked on placidly.

Under Balaram's orders, the ram of Bhikru's ship crashed into a cargo ship anchored in the harbour and forced it on to the quay. Its mast fell over. The men sitting on its railings tumbled into the sea.

Led by Balaram, the one-hundred and twenty men jumped aboard the cargo boat, struck down everyone they met, rushed on the shore and streamed through the city gates, the young giant smashing them open with his plough.

When they were within the city, the fighting men were divided into four groups—one was led by Balaram; the others each by Kukudmin, Uddhava and Revati, who by now had got into the spirit of the adventure.

Bhikru knew his business. With the few fighting men left to protect him and his crew, he took command of the ships and crafts lying in the harbour, most of which were merchant ships. The surprise attack had so dazed the crew that a few lashes from

Hukku and Hullu were sufficient to enforce submission.

Bhikru took charge of the sheds in which Kushasthali's shipowners used to confine their slaves and broke them open. He set the slaves free and put the crew of the captured ships in their place. Then he ordered the slaves, all jubilant over their liberation, to prepare food for them.

Balaram and others swept the city, killing whomsoever that resisted. Kushasthali was completely taken by surprise. The Punyajanas were a seafaring, commercial people; they knew not how to fight on land. Most of their ships were far out at sea; only the artisans, craftsmen, brokers, money-lenders, priests, and unarmed slaves were living in Kushasthali. Balaram and Kukudmin had, therefore, an easy and quick victory.

They also stormed the temple of the Panchajana god, who was worshipped by the sacrificial offering of human blood, and locked up all the priests who were preparing to offer such sacrifice.

The wine shops were looted by the invaders. The more Balaram took to 'nectar', the more happy and clear-eyed he found himself. He was gay with laughter. When they had finished their work, he forced 'nectar' on Revati, who, unaccustomed to the drink, threw it out to the merriment of all. Uddhava alone did not touch the 'nectar' offered and was busy ordering about the affairs of the city. Balaram always called Uddhava 'the ascetic' and never worried about his strict ways.

When evening fell and the moon

rose. Balaram's men, flushed with food, wine and victory, went about the streets of Kushasthali, singing loudly and counting each other.

The next day, the whole town was treated to high feasting. Bhikru and Kukkur had taken possession of all the ships and were busy putting them and the harbour in a shape which could resist an attack if the Punyajana ships returned. Kukudmin took charge of the city. The few of his loyal men that had survived the massacre in old days, with their young sons and grandsons, came forward from their hideouts to help him, and the indefatigable Uddhava was by his side reorganising Kushasthali.

Balaram was in high spirits all the time. He went where Revati did, and when feasting, never forgot to insist upon her taking 'nectar'. And now her pledge vindicated, she began to smile and look upon Balaram with lowered eyes full of admiration.

Then they celebrated the victory by a sacrificial session lasting three days, after which Kukudmin resumed the kingship formally. On the fourth day, Balaram ordered his men, as well as the fighting men from Kushasthali who had joined his standard, to get ready for a march.

The people of Kushasthali had come to look upon Balaram with superstitious awe. The story had gone round that he was Anant, the thousand-hooded serpent, which upheld the earth, a god irresistible and invulnerable, and wherever he went, he was offered worship.

The fighting men from Prabhas had proceeded ahead to prepare the Naga gas who lived in the forests at the

foot of Girinagar. They worshipped, as their deity, Rama of the Battle Axe (Parashurama) who, as their elders always loved to tell them, in ages gone by had freed them from the slavery of the Sharyatas. Their priests had always prophesied that Rama would return some day to bless them again with freedom. When they heard that Rama was coming to them as prophesied, they were wild with joy. Drums beat a general fall in. They emerged from the forest, clad in animal skins and armed with slings, bows and arrows to welcome Balaram. They hated the king and the people of Girinagar who, armed with powerful weapons, often captured their people in slavery and often put their captives mercilessly to sword.

Balaram, with his fighting force and followed by the Naga bowmen, reached the foot of Mount Girinagar and camped there. There was no one in sight, for everyone living on the sides of the Mount, had withdrawn into the fortress.

One of Damagosh's warriors brought an envoy from the fort, who came and stood affrighted in front of Balaram who was leaning on his mace in a menacing attitude.

'Go and tell your Prince that I, Balaram, son of Prince Vasudeva, the Best of the Yadavas, and the conqueror of Chakravarti Jarasandha—in fact, Lord Sesha Himself—have come to Girinagar to demand tribute. Your prince is the descendant of a branch of the Madhu Yadavas. He is therefore in charge of the kingdom as our vassal. I, therefore, demand fifty elephants with horses, fifty horses and gold equal to the weight of one man.

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If I don't receive it by tomorrow evening, I shall demolish the fort and kill everybody who opposes me,' he said.

Balaram knew that the Prince had not even ten good chariots and scarcely gold enough to weigh against a sword.

When the message had been carried to the town, Uddhava had seen to it that the report of the defeat of Jarasandha and the sack of Kushasthali by Balaram, had reached the people. They also learnt from the envoy that Balaram was thousand-hooded, Sessa himself. The people, when they heard the threat, grew nervous and closed themselves in their houses, refusing any aid to the King.

However, the King and his warriors with bows in hand, got into the chariots that were ready and, opening the city gates, thundered down upon Balaram's forces. Balaram's orders were stern. Everyone was to stand firm and strike the horses.

Balaram, in cuirass and helmet, stood in front with his plough in hand. Revati, standing next to him, had her mace ready. Uddhava, his bow strung, was ready, his arrow pointed at the horses' eyes. The others had their swords pointed towards the bellies of the horses. It was a firmly-knit phalanx ready to hit the horses first.

When the first chariot came near, Balaram impetuously rushed forward, fell on the horses, smashing the skull of one of them with his plough. Then he brought it down again on the horses with lightning rapidity. The horses reared back and turned around. Uddhava's

well-aimed arrows hit some horses in the eyes. Revati's mace staggered the horses, and the arrows of Nagas sped at the eyes of horses and rarely missed their mark.

The Girinagar warriors, sitting in rocking chariots, could scarcely fix their arrows with a steady hand or hit the target they aimed at. The horses were of a poor breed and had never been trained for battle and knew nothing of war. For the first time, they had their muzzles smashed with maces and their eyes and bellies pierced by arrows. Wounded and frightened, they turned round and fled, overturning the chariots and throwing the occupants on the ground.

Balaram, with his warriors, pushed forward up the hill. The King was killed. The gates were opened when Balaram gave them a shattering blow with his plough. Citizens came out, offering a hearty welcome to the hero.

Balaram now thumped the back of Revati in great glee. He often forgot that Revati was a woman and, when under the influence of 'nectar', treated her as if she was a pet comrade-in-arms. And Revati, in armour, invariably took care to forget that such liberties should not be permitted to a stranger. In fact she relished them.

On the fourth day, Kūkudmin arrived at Girinagar and took possession of what once was his citadel.

For a month Balaram held joyous feasts. At the end of it, Kūkudmin folded his hands before his saviour. Balaram, you are god. Anant Him-

CORRECTION

The article "Arise, Awake, Great India" published in our last issue was written by Sister Nivedita and not by Sri Aurobindo as erroneously printed. The error is regretted.

—Editor.

self. You are the god of strength. I am too old to rule and want you to accept my kingdom. I am a worshipper of Brahma, the lord, from whose four mouths the sacred *Vedas* sprang. It was he, Lord Brahma, during the grim days of my exile, promised me that I would regain my kingdom before I died. In the solitude of my heart, therefore, I had always hoped for this day. I am now old and useless. The age in which I lived has departed. A new age is come—it is your age. My only concern is for Revati. She is a brave girl. I want you to accept her,' said Kukudmin.

'Oh! Oh! Oh!' laughed Balaram. 'I could see it was all coming to that. But look at your daughter. She—though dressed like a man—looks down modestly like a young girl. I can say she likes me, and I like her too. But you are old and you have to have your daughter by your side to rule over Kushasthali and Girinagar.'

'Come and live with us here and be our king,' said Kukudmin.

'It is a slave alone who lives under the shadow of his father-in-law. The wife has to be with the husband. Ha-ha-ha,' Balaram laughed at his own

joke. Then he grew serious. 'Noble King, please keep your offer open. I must now go to the rescue of Mathura. But I will come back some day to claim my bride if she can wait for me. Will you, Revati, wait for me?' he asked. 'Your father has waited so many years to see Brahma's promise fulfilled. You can wait a few years for me, can't you?'

Revati blushed, covered her face with her hands, and from parted fingers, flashed a reply with her eyes.

[To be continued]

ADHYATMA RAMAYANA—Contd.

भवतो सञ्जातमात्रायां सत्त्वानुभवस्तथा ।
समानुभवसिद्धस्य सुविस्तस्तत्रैव जन्मनि ॥

The moment *bhakti* develops, *Brahmanubhava* takes place. One who has that experience is liberated in that birth itself.

स्यात्तत्त्वात्कारणं भक्तिर्भोक्ष्येति सुनि-
श्चितम् ।
प्रथमं साधनं यस्य भवेत्तस्य क्रमेण तु ॥
भवेत्सर्वं ततो भवितुं क्षितरेव सुनिश्चितम् ।
यस्मान्मद्भक्तियुक्ता त्वं ततोऽहं त्वामुप-
स्थितः ॥

इतो भद्दर्शनानुविस्तव नास्त्यत्र संशयः ।

"It follows clearly from the above that *bhakti* is the sure means to *moksha*. One who achieves the first means automatically comes into possession of all other (eight) means in their order. In other words *bhakti*, it is doubly sure, is the means to *mukti*. In as much as you had that *bhakti* I am now here before you. Having seen me, you have obtained *mukti*

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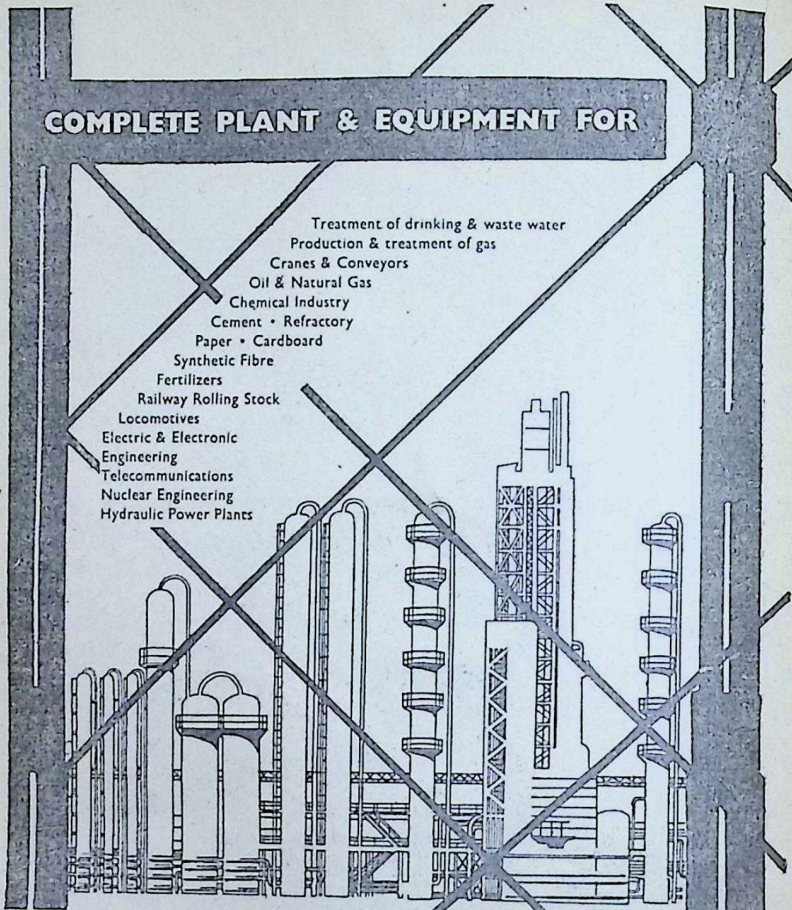
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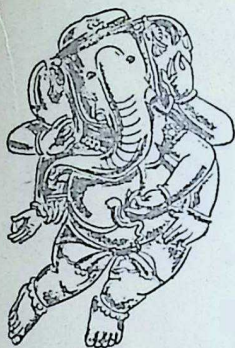
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Classical Dances and Dance-dramas of India

3. Kathak, Manipuri and Related Forms

Sri Mohan Khokar

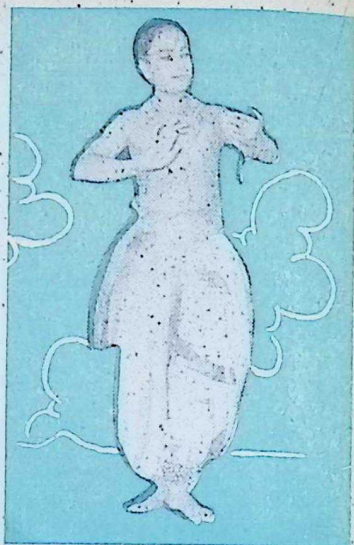
THE word 'Kathak' comes from the root *katha*, which means a story, and the Kathaks were originally a caste of story-tellers or reciters of episodes from the epics and *Puranas* who were attached to temples in certain regions of North India. They recounted the stories in a probably purely oral manner at first, but later on, in order to make their interpretation more effective, they added mime and gesture to their recitation. Thus was evolved a simple form of religious dance, and this dance came to be known as Kathak.

However, as it is known today, Kathak is far different from the art it must have been in its early formative years. For, when the Moghuls became the rulers of North India, they took Kathak from the temple to the court and they also re-cast its technique to meet their aesthetic ideals. From what was a simple, devotional dance of the people, the Moghuls made Kathak a highly technical and complex art. Furthermore, they divested it of its devotional content and imparted to it a rather mundane and sensual quality. Added to this, they brought into existence a

whole class of professional dancing women, known as *Nautchwalis*, who, for a long time, came to be regarded as the sole custodians of the Kathak art.

Kathak gives equal importance to *nritya*, or pure dance in the form of footwork aided by body movements and gyrations, and to *nritya*, or expressive dance. In *nritya* there are items such as *Thaat*, *Tatkar*, *Salami* and *Torah*, while in *nritya* the *Gat* and *Thumri-bhaya* are important.

The *Tatkar* is the basic footwork in Kathak. All *qalas* have their *Tatkar*s and these are invariably shown when the dancing in any *tala* is done. *Tatkar* is done in at least three speeds, single, double and quadruple; but sometimes even higher multiples are taken up. A *Torah* is a pattern of rhythmic beats in which the time-syllables are shown through footwork, and suitable actions of the hands and the body are synchronised to make the rendering more presentable. *Salami* means salutation, and in



An Expressional Pose in Kathak

Kathak this constitutes a graceful way of greeting the audience and is done in the form of a regular *Torah*. In the *Thaat*, which is done at the beginning of a Kathak performance,

The Sattriya Dance



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the dancer tunes his body, as it were, and to do this he strikes a number of graceful attitudes and embellishes these by doing soft, gliding movements of the neck and the wrists and by punctuating them with abrupt darting glances of the eyes, all of this being done, of course, in rhythm.

The *Gat* is a variety of mine and it is used in Kathak to tell of some incident or episode in the life of Krishna or some other deity or to describe such everyday chores as going to the well to fetch water, dressing the hair or preparing *puja* for the Lord. *Thumri* is a style of singing in Hindustani music and it mostly deals with themes having something to do with love, and is, therefore, admirably suited for use in dancing. In Kathak *Thumri-bhava* means the portraying, through expressional dance, the burden of a song. The *Thumri* gives ample scope to the

Kathak dancer to do spontaneous improvising, and it is not uncommon to see a good artiste endeavour to convey the meaning of a single line of song in scores of different ways.

The two distinct aspects of Kathak, namely, that of *nritā* and *nriyā*, have given rise to two different schools of thought and dance in the realm of this art. One of these schools—known as the Jaipur *Gharana*—averts that *nritā* is important, while the other—known as the Lucknow *Gharana*—equally vehemently asserts that there can be no dance without *nriyā*. And though formerly the bifurcation of Kathak into the two *Gharanas* was fairly clear-cut, at present the distinction persists only in the minds of the orthodox, for technical elements of one *Gharana* are found freely used by the other.

The Ras Lila is a form of dance-drama which is found in Uttar Pra-



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SEPTEMBER 3, 1961

desh, particularly in and around Braj. This art has been in existence for about 400 years and in this one can find the germs of the Kathak dance.

Like most other forms of dance and dance-drama in India the Ras Lila also had its birth in the temple. This art is a product of the Krishna cult and is believed to be a continuation of the celebrated Ras dance of Krishna. The themes of the Ras Lila are based on the Krishna lore, and in its presentation this art partakes of the nature of an opera which has a preponderance of the dance element. The performers are all men or boys and the language of the songs is *Braj-bhasha*.

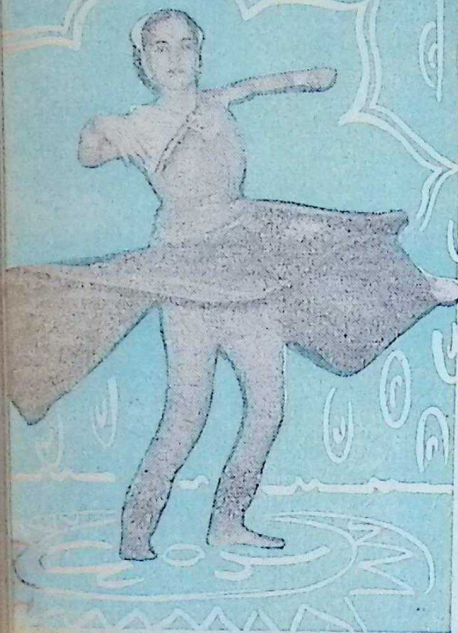
A Ras Lila play is presented in three parts: *Nitya Ras*, *Sangeet* and *Lila*, in this order. The *Nitya Ras* is a sort of prologue in which there is singing as well as dancing, both of an invocatory nature. In the *Sangeet* the main character, generally Krishna, gives a discourse, in a sing-song manner, on some philosophical theme. The *Lila*, which follows, consists of the play proper, and in this the characters sing their lines which are occasionally interspersed with short sequences of dance.

The dance content of the Ras Lila plays bears considerable resemblance to the Kathak style. The position of the hands, the gliding of the wrists, the arching of the eyebrows and the gyrations of the body are all similar, in rendering, to the Kathak technique. There is also pantomime, after the manner of *Gats*, and footwork, too, is given some importance. But a unique feature of the Ras Lila plays is the use of tableaux, which are

presented at the climactic points of the story. These tableaux serve to punctuate the narration of the story and they are generally composed of several characters, all of whom strike significant attitudes.

The Manipuri dance, which belongs to Manipur, in Assam, has an interesting story about its origin. Legend has it that once, when Krishna was enjoying the Ras in the company of Radha and other *gopikas*, Shiva and Parvati happened to see this performance and, delighted, decided to arrange a similar enjoyment for themselves. Shiva went out in search of a suitable place, and finally selected Manipur, and it is here that he and Parvati performed and enjoyed their Ras dance. Centuries later, the same dance was performed again, but this time by two mortals, Prince Khamba and Princess Thaibi, believed by the Manipuris to be the incarnations of Shiva and Parvati respectively. This dance came to be known as *Lai Har-aoba*, and this is the most ancient dance of Manipur, a dance which is performed to this day, though only by the followers of Shiva.

The principal dances of Manipur today are the Ras dances. The tradition of these dances began early in the 18th century, but they attained maturity and perfection only about forty years later, during the time of King Bhagyachandra. Bhagyachandra embraced the Gaudiya faith, and in a short time the entire State of Manipur adopted Gaudiya Vaishnavism as its religion. The king was a lover and patron of the arts and he took upon himself the task of converting the predominantly Shaivite traditions



Footwork and gyrations of the body are an important feature of Kathak.

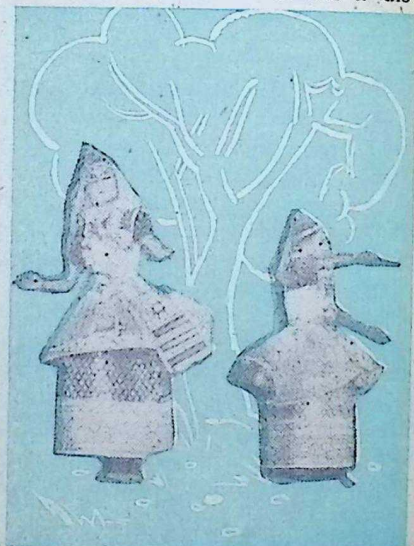
then obtaining to meet the requirements of the newly introduced Vaishnava cult. And in this way were the Ras dances created.

There are four main types of Ras, namely, *Maharas*, *Kunjaras*, *Vasantaras* and *Nityaras*, but there are also certain offshoots, such as *Nartak* and *Nritya*. The Ras dances all pertain to Krishna and the performers are women and girls, except in the case of Krishna who is impersonated by a young boy. Closely related to the Ras dances are the *Parengs* which are generally performed at the beginning of a Ras. There are several kinds of *Parengs*, the more common ones among them being *Brindaban Pareng*

and *Bhangei Pareng*, and the themes of all of them revolve round Krishna.

The *Lai Haraoba*, *Ras* and *Pareng* dances of Manipur are all essentially lyrical, and they have extremely graceful and soft movements and steps. But the Manipuri dance also incorporates certain items, known as *Chalans*, which are quite vigorous and which often display quick and sharp movements of the body and dexterous footwork. Important in this category are the *Mridanga Chalan*, which is performed by several men, all of whom dance together and play the drum as they dance, and the *Kartal Chalan*, in which a number of women dance together, all the while showing the patterns of rhythm by striking *kartals* or *manjiras* which they hold in their hands.

Apart from Manipuri, there are three other forms of classical dance in Assam, each of which has a dis-



The Manipuri Dance

SEPTEMBER 3, 1961

inct and well-codified technique. These dances are the Nati, Ojapali and Sattriya, and there is evidence to believe that these forms are older than the Manipuri tradition and also that the Manipuri dance has borrowed certain features from them.

The Nati is a classical dance which was performed by the *devadasis* of Assam, but it is no longer in existence. In this importance was given to *abhinaya* and, as in the *devadasi* dances in other parts of India, the erotic theme predominated. The *devadasis* who performed this dance, it may be mentioned, were attached to temples of Shiva as well as of Vishnu.

The Ojapali dance belongs to the Kamrup district, and it is therefore sometimes spoken of as Kamrupi dance. There are two kinds of Ojapali, the Sakta and the Vaishnava. The former is in honour of the Goddess Durga or of the Serpent-Goddess Manasa, while the latter is dedicated to Vishnu or to any of his forms. When performing the Ojapali the dancers, mostly men, stand in a line, with the *oja* or the leader in the centre and the *palis* or the followers on either side. The *oja* takes a line of song and as he sings this he shows its meaning with *hastas* and simple facial expressions. As soon as he finishes a line it is taken up as a chorus by the *palis*, and as they sing they also stamp their feet in rhythm and strike small cymbals which they have in their hands. Throughout the dance the performers, including the *oja*, remain standing at the same place. There is not much, by way of bodily movement or posturing in the

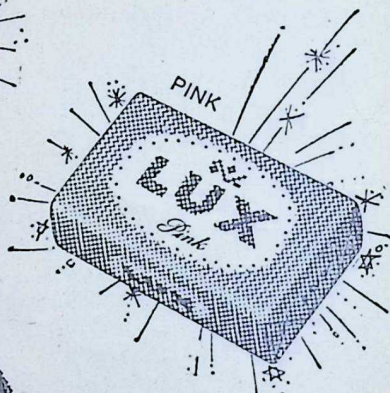
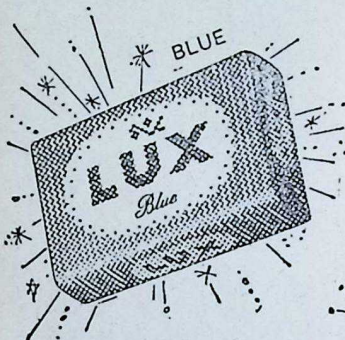
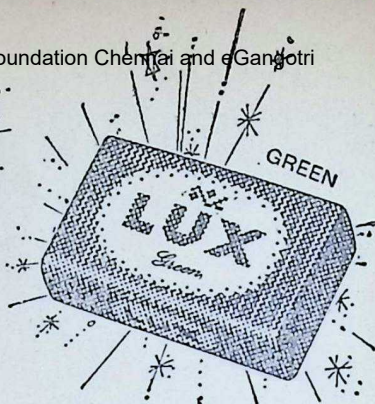


In Kathak *abhinaya* also is done through the use of pure and mime.

Ojapali dance, and facial expressions are also rather limited. But considerable importance is attached to the play of the *hastas*, and these, it is claimed, are based to a large extent on the *Natyā Shāstra* and on certain Tantric texts.

The Sattriya dance is so called because it is performed only in the Sattras, or Vaishnava monasteries. The technique of this dance is richer than the Ojapali, and this is

(Contd. on page 54)



**'FOUR
RAINBOW
COLOURS
for my LUX
— and white too!'**

says WAHEEDA REHMAN

ASTHMA

Its Cause and Treatment



ASTHMA is perhaps one of the most dreadful of bodily diseases that man may ever be attacked with. Its dangerous effect of giving extreme pain is greater than the other physical diseases because it is directly connected with the respiratory system.

The source of trouble appears to be at a place midway between the throat and the heart. Suddenly the breath stops and the patient struggles for a deep sigh just as one immersed in water for long would do.

The pain from an asthmatic attack is so very unbearable that one would very well be prepared to part with even his dearest possession in life if only the trouble would be overcome by any possible method. The pathetic condition of the patient cannot be expressed in words.

If only this one disease is to trouble a person constantly, then his life can

easily be passed off as useless unless he possesses great spiritual discrimination and high renunciation as weapons to withstand the disease.

No earthly medicine seems to have any ultimate curative effect upon this dire disease and all the countless drugs of the physicians have been no more than temporary aids. The pity is that the cause of trouble cannot be found out. It can only be said what actions and conditions cause or remove the trouble but it cannot be said how it is actually caused.

It is told that there is a spasmodic contraction in the muscular covering of the bronchial tubes which creates trouble in rhythmic breathing. But the actual process and cause is still an unknown mystery.

What happens seems to be the spasmodic contraction of the muscle fibre surrounding the bronchial tubes that conduct air in and out of the

lungs. This spasm of the muscular structure covering the bronchial tubes naturally presses upon the tubes themselves. They in turn get contracted. Their calibre is reduced. Diminishing of their calibre causes choking of the passage. The air in the lungs cannot get out nor fresh air enter properly. An awful sense of suffocation, at times unbearable, results from this. The patient sits up and gasps for breath while the extremities get cold and clammy and perspiration appears upon the pale face. There is plenty of air in the lungs, and the chest gets distended, but the air cannot be exhaled and fresh air taken in. This sort of spasm and the resultant suffocation constitutes asthmatic attack.

Nowadays it has come to be accepted, more or less, in all quarters that asthma is an allergy somewhat similar to systemic reactions like rash—urticaria in susceptible subjects. Allergy is said to be a condition of unusual or exaggerated susceptibility specific to a substance which is harmless in similar amounts for the majority of beings. These substances are termed as allergen. These allergen may be anything upon earth. But it has been observed that asthma-causing ones are mostly inhaled in the form of dust, the most troublesome among them being dust proteins, pollens from certain plants and flowers, dandruffs from coats of animals and poultry, powdered organic matter, vegetable mould, etc., etc. Some food proteins also provoke an attack of asthma when consumed.

The protein-hypersensitiveness peculiar to the particular individual can

be investigated and found out without much difficulty if ordinary laboratory facilities can be availed. The various likely proteins should be tried upon the individual in question by having them applied by superficial scarification upon the skin of the patient. They may be applied in the form of a paste, powder or solution. The mischief-maker will give itself out by causing a reactionary wheal-like urticaria. This is the positive evidence that it is the culprit protein. Once found out this should be carefully avoided by the patient.

In addition, the specific antigen may be prepared and used in very minute doses in the form of injection. Very weak dilution is used to start with, say in 100,000 solution. Gradually this strength may be increased.

Generally an asthmatic attack comes only to individuals and is the best example for a non-contagious disease. But in some cases, heredity plays a great part in asthmatic conduction. If the parent has asthma, the child also may have the same trouble. But heredity is not always direct in its operation. It works in a rather curious way. The predecessor need not necessarily have had asthma. The family might have contained persons subject to migraine, hypochondria, hysteria or epilepsy. The present patient may inherit from these an extraordinary nervous hypersensitivity and a peculiar idiosyncratic irritability of the bronchus system.

Some get an asthmatic attack through a particular scent, some through a big noise or some peculiar sound, some through food, some even at the very sight of certain things.

Some get attacks through heavy mental strain, worry or deep concentration of the mind for long. Much talking and strain in the vocal chords and the lungs cause asthma. Chill weather causes strain to the respiratory organs and asthma is caused. Whenever there is profuse flow of mucus in the nostrils, it is to be understood by the asthmatic that an attack is near at hand and precautions should be taken by fast and rest.

An irritated condition of the bronchial system due to catarrh directly encourages such spasm, but there may be simple spasm, unassociated with catarrh that may also cause a passing attack. Though mostly the asthmatic attack comes on suddenly, yet many a time there is forewarning of the coming attack. Lethargy, depression, flatulent indigestion, headache, sleeplessness, are some of the symptoms forerunning an attack.

Perhaps the best immediate remedy for an asthmatic attack is fast and rest. But undue weakness of the body is to be avoided. Hot coffee, hot-water bath and any such thing which cause pumping of the blood in the heart is very helpful in stopping the trouble. Oilbath and all cooling things should be avoided. Heavy meals should never be taken and the stomach should never be filled up to more than half or three-fourth in case of mild attacks. An asthmatic should never eat as much as he wants or whatever that he wants. Wrong foods taken at wrong timings with hurry and excitement cause asthma. Emotional changes form some of the greatest among the immediate causes of asthma.

emotions strain the lungs and are followed by an immediate attack.

An asthmatic should not run or walk hastily or have his mind too much distracted with cares and worries of the world. He should always be calm and peaceful. No strain either physical, verbal or mental should be caused. Very little or no food followed by silence gives much release from an attack.

If an asthmatic sits in the midst of a big meeting or congregation with great hubbub all round he is sure to get an attack. Sweet music has got a great soothing effect and is very helpful in minimising the trouble. Milk, ghee, butter-milk, curd, oil or cold and cooling things should not be taken. Heavy and wind-producing foods like dal, red pumpkin, etc. should be avoided.

In case the asthmatic accidentally or carelessly takes a heavy meal, he should sit up at night on Vajrasan until the stomach becomes light and only then go to sleep. Sleeping on the back and sideways gives strain to the chest and so, should be avoided. In the midst of an attack, deep long breathing tends to stop the trouble except in very acute cases. The bowels should always be kept clean either by an enema in the morning or a laxative at bedtime.

Sun-bath should never be missed whenever possible and in winter it is better to warm the chest and the face (particularly the nose) near the fire. The effect of sun-baths upon the patient is very great. "When ultra-violet rays impinge on the skin vitamin D is formed (Steenbock). In the skin ergosterol

is present. This substance is converted into Vitamin D by the Sun's rays or ultra-violet rays. In the same way Vitamin D is prepared in the laboratory by exposing ergosterol to ultra-violet rays. This Vitamin is essential for the assimilation of calcium by the bones."

Sometimes, when reading near a lamp at night and intensely engrossed in mental concentration, the throat gets suddenly choked and immediately an attack follows. Sometimes, sitting or lying down in one posture, when suddenly changing the same to another posture, the throat and the chest are given a slight strain and at once an attack follows, mildly or acutely according as the strain is mild or great. Too much laughing strains the chest and an attack follows. Irritating and pungent substances enter the nose and corrode the gullet and immediately an attack follows.

The treatment of asthma has two distinct and clear-cut aspects that have to be borne in mind: the treatment of an actual acute paroxysm or asthmatic attack and the long-term treatment of the patient himself to cure him of his peculiar susceptibility to frequent bouts of asthma. This is because asthma is both an acute complaint as well as a permanent chronic condition of liability to such acute manifestation. In this latter aspect it has to be said that to a very large extent the patient himself is to be the physician. This is specially so in connection with the asthmatic more than with other sufferers because of the element of distinct individual idiosyncrasy that is involved in asthma.

Dealing with the acute attack becomes mostly the medical man's business because the subject is incapable of helping himself in that condition.

It is however in the treatment for eradication of the asthmatic tendency that continued vigilance, careful observation, constant self-restraint and scrupulous selectivity is to be exercised by the patient. He has to impose upon himself a regimen of careful dieting, intake of timely food, occasional fasting, Asanas, Pranayamas, sun-bathing, Suryanamaskara, convenient and suitable physical exercises, open-air living, constant practice of deep-breathing (apart from regular Pranayama), moderation, regular habits, careful observation of the factors which aggravate or ameliorate the disease, and avoidance of the former, and such other processes in order to render himself immune from asthma.

CLASSICAL DANCES—Contd.

evident in the movements, poses, gestures and expressions which, in certain ways, bear a resemblance to the Manipuri style. The performers are all males, and the dance is always accompanied by a number of *khol*s, or drums, which are played in unison. The Sattriya dance also has a repertory in a manner, and this includes dances such as the *Chali*, *Jhumura* and *Sutradhara*. The Sattriya dancers are trained only in the Sattras, and this training is compulsory for those who want to join the order of the Sattra monks.

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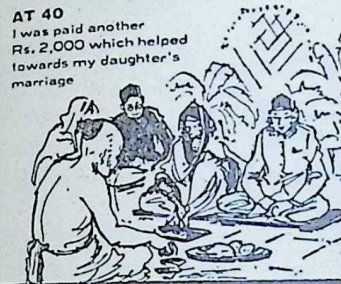


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wisdom from Sanskrit

Compiled by V. M. GIRI

II

पिबन्ति नद्यः स्वयमेव नाम्भः स्वयं
न खादन्ति फलानि वृक्षाः ।
नादन्ति सस्यं खलु वारिचाहाः परोपकारस्य
सतां विभूतयः ॥

The rivers themselves do not drink
their water, the trees do not them-
selves eat their fruits. The clouds
themselves do not eat the crops. To
good people, all their wealth is for
the benefit of others.

छिन्नोपि रोहति तरुः क्षीणोऽप्युपचीयते
पुनश्चन्द्रः ।

इति विमृशन्तः सन्तः संतप्यन्ते न ते विपदा ॥

A tree grows even after it is cut
down. The waning moon grows to its
full size afterwards. Knowing this,
good men never bemoan adversity.

सज्जनस्य हृदयं नवनीतं यद्वदन्ति
कवयस्तदलीकम् ।
अन्यदेहविलसत्परितापात्सज्जनो द्रवति नो
नवनीतम् ॥

Poets describe the heart of a good
man soft as butter. The statement is
incorrect because a good man melts
even at the sufferings of others while
butter does not.

यस्य नास्ति स्वयं प्रज्ञा शास्त्रं तस्य
करोति किम् ।
लोचनाभ्यां विहीनस्य दर्पणः किं करिष्यति ॥

Of what help will the Sastras be to
one who possesses no intelligence? Of
what use will the mirror be to a person
who is blind?

पयःपानं भुजङ्गानां केवलं विषवर्धनम् ।
उपदेशो हि मूर्खाणां प्रकोपाय न शान्तये ॥

The drinking of milk by a snake
only increases its poison. In a like
manner, good advice given to a wick-
ed man does not quieten him, but
only provokes him.

स्थान एव नियोज्यन्ते भृत्याश्चा-
भरणानि च ।

न हि चूडामणिः पादे नूपुरं मूर्ध्नि धार्यते ॥

Servants as well as ornaments
should be used in their proper place.
A crest-jewel should never be worn
on the feet nor an anklet on the head.

माता मित्रं पिता चेति स्वभावात्
त्रितयं हितम् ।

कार्यकारणतश्चान्ये भवन्ति हितबुद्धयः ॥

A mother, a friend, and a father—
these three alone are well-wishers by
nature. Others become well-wishers
with an ulterior motive or a reason.

पिबन्ति मधु पद्मेषु भृङ्गाः केसरधूसराः ।
हंसाः शैवालमश्नन्ति धिक्दैवमसमञ्जसम् ॥

The bees suck honey and pollen-
dust of lotus-flowers, but the swans
eat moss (a much inferior food). Oh!
Fie on the indiscriminate providence.

एभिर्मुक्तो महीपालः प्राप्नोति खलु
वाच्यताम् ।

सत्यं शौर्यं दया त्यागो नृपस्यैते महागुणाः ॥

The great qualities of a monarch are truth, prowess, compassion and sacrifice. The king becomes an object of ridicule if he is devoid of these qualities.

लुब्धमर्थेन गृणीयात् कृद्धमञ्जलिकर्मणा ।
मूर्खं छन्दोनुवृत्तं तथा सत्येन पण्डितम् ॥

A miser can be won over by wealth, an angry person by respectful salutation, and a fool by submissive obedience. In the same manner, a scholar can be won over by truth.

चिन्तनीया हि विपदामादावेव प्रतिक्रिया ।
न कूपखननं युक्तं प्रदीप्ते वह्निना गृहे ॥

One should think beforehand of precautions against difficulties. It is not proper to commence digging a well (for quenching the flames) when the house is on fire.

क्षान्तितुल्यं तपो नास्ति न तोषात्परमं
सुखम् ।

नास्ति तृष्णापरो व्याधिर्न च धर्मो दयापरः ॥

There is no greater penance than forgiveness, no greater happiness than contentment, no deadlier disease than greediness, and no better Dharma than compassion.

यौवनं धनसंपत्तिः प्रभुत्वमविवेकता ।
एकैकमप्यनर्थाय किमु यत्र चतुष्टयम् ॥

Youth, opulence, power and foolishness—each of these may cause much havoc. When all the four unite in a person, imagine how much havoc they can do!

सिंहः शिशुरपि निपतति मदमलिनकपोल-

भित्तिगृध्रेण ।

प्रकृतिरियं सत्त्वतां न खलु वयस्तेजसो
हेतुः ॥

A lion, even in its infancy, attacks a wild elephant down whose cheek flows the rut. This (courage) is a natural characteristic of the strong; age has little to do with it.

काचं मणि काञ्चनमेकसूत्रे मुग्धा निबध्न-
न्ति किमत्र चित्रम्
विचारवान् पाणिनिरेकसूत्रे श्वानं युवानं मध-
वानमाह ।

Women string together glass beads, precious gems and gold (and wear as ornaments). What is strange there when the discerning Panini bracketed the dog (*sva*), the youth (*yuva*) and Indra (Maghava) in a single aphorism (for illustrating a grammatical point)?

उद्यमेन हि सिद्ध्यन्ति कार्याणि न मनोरथैः ।
न हि सुप्तस्य सिंहस्य प्रविशन्ति मुखे मृगाः ॥

Things are achieved, not by wishing alone but by efforts. Surely bucks do not enter the mouths of sleeping lions.

न लभन्ते विनोद्योगं जन्तवः सम्पदां पदाम् ।
सुराः क्षीरोदविक्षोभमनुभूयामृतं पपुः ॥

Creatures do not become affluent without any effort whatsoever. Devas could partake of nectar only after straining themselves in the churning of the milky-ocean.

पादपानां भयं वातः पद्मानां शिशिरो
भयम् ।

पर्वतानां भयं वज्रः साधूनां दुर्जनो भयम् ॥

Trees fear gales; the lotus fears the winter; mountains fear Indra's

वज्रपादपानां भयं वातः पद्मानां शिशिरो भयम् ।

विपदि धैर्यमयाम्युदये क्षमा
सदसि वाक्पटुता युधि विक्रमः ।

यशसि चाभिरुचि व्यसनं श्रुतौ
प्रकृतिसिद्धमिदं महात्मनाम् ॥

Courage in calamity; restraint in prosperity; eloquence in assemblies; valour in battlefields; passion for glory; assiduous devotion to Vedas—these are proved characteristics of great men.

बालस्यापि रवेः पादाः पतन्त्युपरि भूभृताम् ।
तेजसासह जातानां वयः कुत्रोपयुज्यते ॥

Although rising the sun's feet (rays) fall on the heads (summits) of loftiest mountains. For those endowed with prowess age is of no consequence.

एकेनापि सुवृक्षेण पुष्पितेन सुगन्धिना ।
वासितं तद्वनं सर्वं सुपुत्रेण कुलं यथा ॥

A single fragrant flowering tree fills a whole forest with sweet aroma even as a single virtuous son ennobles his whole family.

वरमेको गुणी पुत्रो न च सुखं शतान्यपि ।
एकश्चन्द्रस्तमो हन्ति न च तारागणोऽपि

च ॥

A single virtuous son is preferable to a hundred wicked sons. Does not a single moon scatter the darkness of the night which a multitude of stars cannot?

जत्सवे व्यसने चैव दुर्भिक्षे शत्रुचिग्रहे ।
राजद्वारे स्मशाने च यः स्तिष्ठति स बान्धवः ॥

He alone is a true relative who steadfastly stands by both in prosperity and adversity; in famine and in war; at the palace as well as at the cremation ground.

दुर्जनः प्रियवादीति नैतद्विश्वासकारणम् ।
मयुः स्तिष्ठति जिह्वाग्रे हृदये तु हलाहलम् ।

The sweet tongue of a wicked person should not entitle him to confidence; for, while there is honey at the tip of his tongue virulent poison fills his heart.

शरीरस्य गुणानां च दूरमत्यन्तमन्तरम् ।

शरीरं क्षणविध्वंसि कल्पान्तस्थायिनी

गुणाः ॥

It is wrong to identify the virtuous qualities of a man with his body. There is a wide gulf between them. The body can be destroyed within the batting of an eye-lid, but his virtues will outlive his body for eons.

परोपकाराय वहन्ति निम्नगाः परोपकाराय

दुहन्ति घेनवः ।

परोपकाराय फलन्ति भूरुहः परोपकाराय

सतां विभूतयः ॥

Rivers carry water for the benefit of others; cows yield milk for the benefit of others; trees bear fruits for the benefit of others; even so, the riches of the virtuous are used for the benefit of others.

सम्पत्सु महतां चित्तं भवत्युत्पलकोमलम् ।

आपत्सु च महाशैलशिलासंघातकर्कशम् ॥

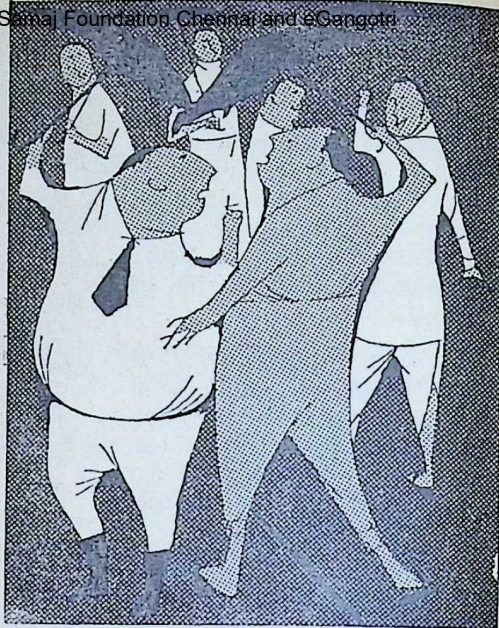
The minds (*chitta*) of the truly great are made of strange stuff. In prosperity they are tender like lotus petals. But in adversity or in the face of danger, they become hard like soldered mountain rocks.

बलिना सह योद्धव्यमिति नस्ति निदर्शनम् ।

प्रतिघातं न हि घनः कदाचिदुपसर्पति ॥

Nature points to the uselessness of fighting against heavy odds; never does a cloud near a gale.

[To be continued]



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ANSWERS BY
K. M. MUNSHI

938

Sri Bipin Bihari Samant, Rayagada, (Koraput).

Q: (1) *What is the significance of a peacock feather (Chandrika) on the crown of Lord Sri Krishna?*

A: Krishna lived in Beauty and had selected the peacock feather as a beautiful head-dress. It had become an inseparable part for Krishna's personality. I do not see any spiritual significance in it.

Q: (2) *When I sleep at night mosquitoes disturb my sleep and suck my blood. If I kill them, will I incur sin?*

A: It is the business of the mosquitoes to feed themselves on human blood and it is the business of men to see that they are driven away by D.D.T. If you go about killing mosquitoes, not only you will not incur sin, but you will earn the *punya* of saving your friends and neighbours from their bite.

939

Sri M. P. P. Menon, Bangalore 1.

Q: (1) *In your book "Bhagwan Parashurama," you have mentioned that Renuka was not killed, but my elders had told me that Parashurama killed his mother Renuka. Please explain.*

A: (1) The tradition is that Renuka was killed and then revived by Jamadagni, but I have taken liberty with the incident to bring it more in line with probabilities. (2) Please explain "Daddanath Aghori."

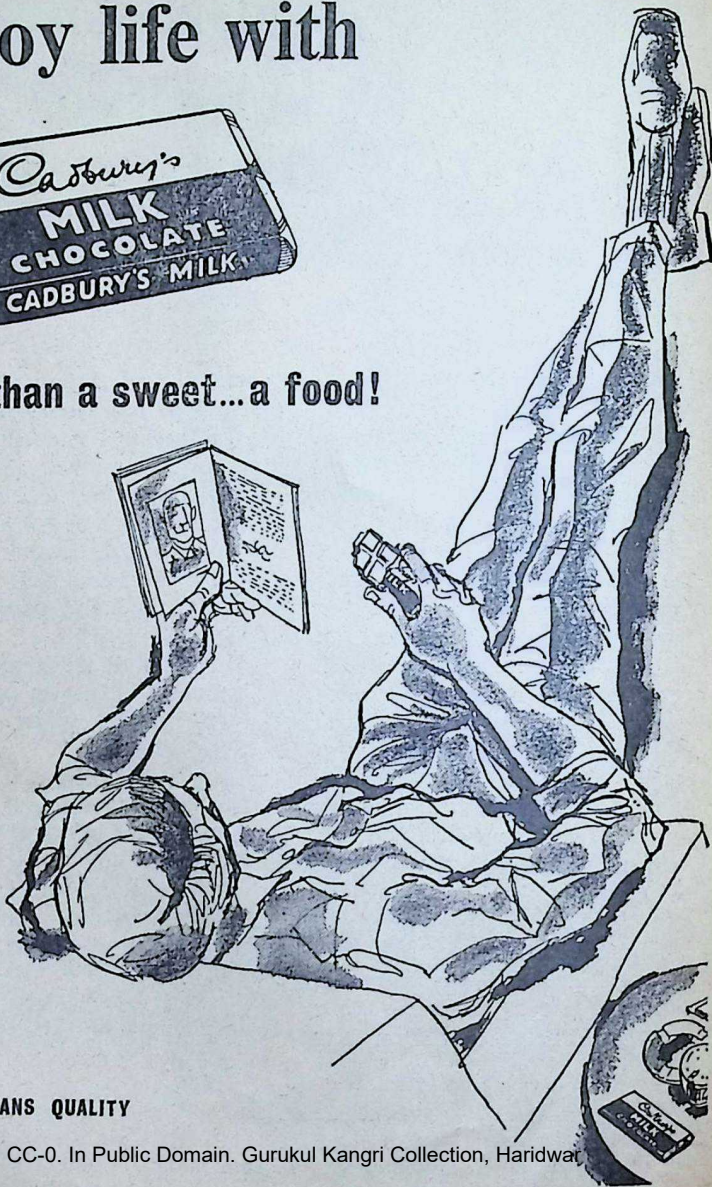
(2) Parashurama is reputed to be one of the guardian deities of the Aghori cult and I had therefore to bring in those incidents. (3) *I would like to know the reason for the "cry", hearing which Kavi...Chayamana ran to the spot.*

(3) It was the cry of wounded Parashurama telepathically conveyed.

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PROFILE
No. 161



PHYLLIS McGINLEY

THE Pulitzer Prizes in Journalism and Letters were instituted by Joseph Pulitzer (1847-1911), a newspaper publisher in a bequest to Columbia University, New York and are awarded annually by the trustees of the University on the advice of an Advisory Board for Pulitzer Prizes for work done in the preceding year. Among the winners of the Prizes in literature may be mentioned Steinbeck (1940), Upton Sinclair (1943), Hemingway (1953) and Faulkner (1955) in fiction; Eugene O'Neill (1957) and Archibald MacLeish (1959) in Drama; Auden (1948), Carl Sandburg (1951) and Archibald MacLeish (1959) in

poetry. The latest to win the Poetry award whose value is \$ 500 and all the fame thereof—all for American authors, mind you—is Phyllis McGinley, for her volume of poems *Times Three*.

McGinley who has been writing light poetry from her college days is a remarkable woman with clear-cut views of men and things. For instance she is convinced that "good cooking requires pretty much the same talents as writing good verse—taste, imagination and the patience to take pains." Small wonder that the French *chef* turned down President Kennedy's offer to take him on the White House staff! A writer of light-verse *par excellence*, she, according to Poet Auden, belongs to the genre of Belloc and Chesterton in her sensibility and imagination; she is a sort of poetical version of Jane Austen and Virginia Woolf.

Now, in a woman who indulges in light poetry it is normal to assume that the mere male should be her target. But not so Miss McGinley. Listen to her tribute to man:

For invitations you decry.
He furnisheth an alibi
He jousts with taxi-men in tourney.
He guards your luggage when you journey.
And brings you news and quotes you facts
And figures out your income-tax
And slaughters spiders when you daren't
And makes a very handy parent.

Nor is she a misogynist. Listen again to what she has to sing of her own species:

The female of the species may be deadlier than the male
And she contented with herself a cup of coffee without reducing
The entire kitchen to a shambles.

What has she to say about this technological age?

Deciding on reflection calm,
Mankind is better off with trifles:
With band-Aid rather than the bomb.
With safety match than safety rifles.

Born in Ontario, Oregon, in 1905 of German and Irish descent, Miss McGinley left it as a small child to live on a ranch in eastern Colorado. She remembers riding a buckskin pony three miles to school, where she and her brother were the only pupils, and vividly recalls the winter blizzards of her girlhood. Large herds of cattle roamed in her family's ranch where wheat and sugar-beets were the principal crops.

At the age of 12 she moved to Odgen, Utah, with her family where she attended the Convent of the Sacred Heart. She continued her education at the University of Utah and the University of Southern California. While still in college, Miss McGinley began to sell her poetry to national publications.

This success encouraged her to move to New York City. She taught school in nearby New Rochelle for four years and later became poetry editor of *Town and Country* magazine.

Miss McGinley's collection of awards includes the Edna St. Vincent Millay Prize of the Poetry Society of America. She is a member of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, International Literary Writers Guild, the Poetry Society of America and the Catholic Poetry Society.

Miss McGinley, who has been hailed by many critics as the best writer of light-verse in the United States, lives a quiet suburban life in Larchmont, New York. She was married in 1937 to Charles Hayden, a telephone company executive and has two daughters.

Their home is a tranquil, beige-coloured house hidden behind tall hedges and outlined with colourful flowerbeds by Miss McGinley as one of her many hobbies. She is youthful in appearance despite her 56 years of age.

Her previous books include "The Province of the Heart" (1959), "Merry Christmas, Happy New Year" (1958), "The Love Letters of Phyllis McGinley" (1954), "A Short Walk from the Station" (1951), and "Stones from a Glass House" (1946). She has also written several children's books, the most recent of which is "Lucy McLockett" (1959).

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*Translated from Gujarati by
H. M. Patel, I.C.S. (Retd.)*

55. Ravi Has New Problems

 NCE he had made up his mind to be a Khadi-clad follower of Gandhiji. Ravi Tripathi was able to go forward unhesitatingly, and do all that was necessary to play that role effectively. He sat up till late at night and read all Gandhiji's published writings. He observed with care the manners and mode of conversation of prominent devotees of Gandhiji and adopted them himself. He began to spin every day. He learned to wash his clothes as also to clean his pots and pans. He acquired the habit of talking with slow deliberation and with a grave mien, characteristic of Gandhi weighed down with responsibility. He made a point of bringing into his talks comments, indicative of his unflinching devotion to high moral standards. He got up at five o'clock in the morning and recited the verses from the *Gita* describing the traits which characterised the man of the poised will, which Gandhiji liked. In the evenings too, before going to bed, he recited those verses.

tion of a front rank lawyer. However he had no hesitation in sacrificing his professional activities, in order to devote sufficient time to the task which he had undertaken to help the Bardoli movement. He made contacts with editors of newspapers, and conscientiously devoted himself to the much more difficult duty of explaining the Bardoli movement and its objectives



to the members of the Legislature. After Ravi accepted the position of Uday's Secretary however he soon began to discharge his duties with such skill and ability that Uday's burden was considerably lightened.

Ravi found Rajba to be a much more difficult proposition. She seemed to be a very strange person. She would not even look at him. Was it because she was proud? Was it because she was arrogant? He found it difficult to make up his mind. For a long time he had no opportunity even to talk to her. But he soon discovered that although they did not realise it themselves, Uday and Sheela did exactly what Raj wanted them to do, though she spoke so little. Ravi was convinced that it was because of her that in some significant way Uday and Sheela were able to work as one. Ravi sensed a mystery. Was it possible that Raj provided a protective shield to their intimacy?

One day Ravi as usual went to Uday's house before going to work in his chamber, and deliberately left his bag behind. Later in the afternoon, he went back to fetch it. As he entered the drawing-room, he saw Raj getting up from her chair and going towards a bookcase to take out another book.

"Please forgive me, I had to come back as I had inadvertently left my bag behind in the morning." As he said this, Ravi saw the title of the book in Raj's hand and could not help remarking with the sweetest possible smile that he could muster. "So you read the Bhagawat. I was not aware that you knew Sanskrit. What

book do you want? Let me fetch it for you."

"Please bring me Apte's dictionary from the book-case," said Raj with a smile. "My knowledge of Sanskrit is most elementary."

Ravi seized this opportunity to get to know Rajba better. "Do tell me what word you wish to look up." Raj referred to the book in her hand and then said: "I do not know the meaning of the word (मृश) *mrush* in the words *mrusho-palakshy* etc.

Ravi smiled "It means falsehood. Have you been reading the prayer to Brahma?"

"Mr. Tripati, You seem to know Sanskrit very well."

"My grandfather, Ganpati Shastri, was my teacher and taught me a number of Shastras."

"It is surprising that though you have been a communist, you have not forgotten the prayer to God." She said with a smile.

Instead of making a rejoinder to the last remark, Ravi proceeded to repeat the prayer and then said: "This is a beautiful *sloka*, which means—'I hold God dearly to my heart, my tongue can never utter falsehood, my mind never moves towards falsehood, my senses never yield to a false path'."

"That is a definition of complete faith," commented Raj.

"If you like I would very gladly come every day at half-past one and read the Bhagawat with you."

"That is good of you. But I prefer to read books alone," replied Raj. Raj said nothing more, but stood by the side of the bookcase, turning over

the pages of Apte's Dictionary. Ravi realised that this was the signal of dismissal and said "May I take your leave?"

"Yes, certainly," said Raj. "You will no doubt want to join Uday."

Ravi went out with a feeling of frustration. Although Rajba had not behaved in an unfriendly way towards him, he felt she had shown no desire to know him better. After all, was she not a niece of a Maharaja, the sister of a flourishing barrister? And in addition, she was wealthy and beautiful. As for himself, he was poor, unknown, a hundred-rupee clerk. At the same time he could not very well charge her with arrogance. Her large eyes had seemed as if getting under his skin and judging him for what he really was. He could not help thinking that he had judged him and correctly too, to be a power-mad, vain, selfish, intriguing and altogether a small-minded man!

Nevertheless, try as he would he could not get Rajba out of his mind. His eyes kept seeing her in all her beauty and grace and fresh colour. This little conversation with her all but intoxicated him.

That evening Ravi accompanied Sheela to Bardoli. He could not sleep for thoughts about Rajba coming ceaselessly in his mind. Would it be correct to say that she had thought him to be nothing more than a small, worthless creature? No, that could not possibly be. However, there was no harshness in her voice. Nor was there the least suspicion of contempt in her eyes. There was no pride or arrogance in her manner. What then was it that made him feel ill-judged?

What, then, could be the reason? He did not, of course, belong to Raj's world.

Ravi somehow obtained mastery over himself. 'After all, I am young. I have not yet begun to conquer this world,' he said to himself. Very few have found out what I am capable of, but that time will certainly come when the greatest in this country will have to take notice of me. Then Raj along with the world, also will have to bow down before me. There was no need for me to be impatient. I must be as patient as a chess player. Once Uday and Sheela begin doing as I wished, Raj would surely cease to think me insignificant!

Whenever Ravi went to Bardoli he worked as an assistant to Jagjivan. He had often to work till late at night, arranging his papers and cuttings from newspapers about Bardoli affairs. This time also he had to work till very late: but he could not concentrate.

The day he returned to Bombay, he had completed his month of service at Uday's. Uday offered him his salary of a hundred rupees, saying: "Tripathi, you are a very useful person. I am giving you a hundred rupees because that is what we had fixed. But from next month I shall make it two hundred."

"Why do I want my salary?" asked Ravi in feigned tempers. "You are giving me my out-of-pocket expenditure. You are working for the country. How then can I take any money from you for doing what it is my duty to do. Let me also gain some religious merit by serving my coun-

try in an honorary capacity," concluded Ravi in a humble tone.

Uday looked surprised. "I have taken a vow to manage within Rs. 50 a month," continued Ravi. In addition I put by Rs. 10 for any emergency. In order to earn this amount I have arranged to write one article a month for three newspapers and each of them gives me Rs. 20 an article. I have therefore all I need. What I would ask, therefore, of you is only your blessings and kindness."

There was no humility in the smile which accompanied these remarks. He displayed merely the lofty detachment of a Sadhu. He had developed this facial expression after a great deal of practice before the mirror, and had now begun to use it from time to time in order to establish his moral superiority! Moreover, he still had in his trunk 125 out of the 200 rupees which Sanyal had given to him!

"So you have renounced the world, like a Mahatma. Since you have taken a pledge, there is nothing more that I can do," said Uday kindly. "But you are, I know, a fine worker, and I treat all those who work for me as members of my family. I will not press you to take any money today, but if you need any money, do not hesitate to ask me for it. It will be as if you have left your salary with me in safe deposit."

Uday felt deep regard for this able, industrious and self-sacrificing secretary of his, and from that day onwards began trusting him implicitly.

Ravi decided that in order to win over Rajba, he must first acquire the support of Sheela. For this purpose, it was necessary to find out the precise

nature of the relationship between Uday and Sheela. That would give him a hold over them. The first time he had met Sheela he had somehow felt hostile towards her. She seemed to him a model of the bourgeoisie. She was wealthy and so it seemed to his jealous communism-permeated mind that she was arrogant and disdainful of his poverty. Sheela, however, had made it easy for him to get over his hatred. Years ago when he was ailing, she had looked after him. She had deep regard for his grandfather, and even now indeed he was one of the few from whom she drew inspiration for her work. Uday and Jagjivan were both thoroughly satisfied with his work. There was thus abounding goodwill towards Ravi. Moreover, in the new atmosphere in which he now moved all the women whom Ravi met behaved with friendliness towards him. This helped to heal the wound that Mona had inflicted upon his self-respect.

But Ravi was not content merely with making Uday and Sheela respect him. He wanted to win Raj's goodwill. His own reason kept warning him that it was not necessary to acquire any kind of influence over Raj in order to win her goodwill and friendliness. But this was one matter, in respect of which he was not prepared to listen to good sense. He could not get out of his mind. Whenever he had a little time, travelling in the train, or in the tram, or while he cooked his food, or just before he went to bed, there kept passing in front of his mind's eye Raj's face, the shape of his head, his hair, his eyes, her attractive

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bobbed hair, her large eyes, her dark black eye-lashes and the graceful way in which she moved.

He also felt that if he was to acquire complete influence over Uday and Sheela, he must gain the confidence of everybody in both their homes. That made it all the more necessary for him to cultivate the friendship of Raj. Sheela's friendly behaviour towards him often gave him an opportunity to have a few words with Raj. He also began to find some pretext or other to go to Uday's house every morning or to accompany Uday to the Court. Moreover frequent work had to be done at night when they would also have their evening meal together. In this way Ravi found frequent occasion for spending sometime with Raj.

As he began to know Raj better Ravi was astonished to find that she did not have any of the weaknesses he had attributed to her. It was only her natural diffidence which made her appear aloof. There was no pretence and no hypocrisy in her. She was just straightforward and simple like a small child. At the same time she could forthright comment on any matter only if her opinion was sought. Otherwise if Ravi happened to say something inappropriate or irrelevant, she would merely smile and keep quiet. Raj was neither proud nor arrogant. She could not be described as bourgeoisie *grande* or *petit*. She was like someone who had come from another world, innocent and inscrutable. But was she so very innocent? If she was, why was she providing a cover for Uday and Sheela?

Though he was attracted by Raj,

his ability for introspection was not weakened in any way. He would often ask himself: 'What has brought this weakness in him?' He had not followed us here. He had read somewhere that love was possessive, that it was something which demanded everything and was prepared to give everything. And if one was in love, one always longed for the presence of the person loved. That was not the kind of effect which Raj had on her.

So long as he was busy at his work he forgot Raj. He therefore decided that this was not love. He was only developing a deep interest in her as a student of human nature, chiefly because she, for a young woman, had the attractive personality, the like of which he had never come across before. It is a good thing, he would say to himself, that he had not fallen in love. Rajba was only an amazing type of person.

On many an occasion, Ravi would think of Sheela's beauty. There was no doubt that she was very beautiful. It satisfied his aesthetic sense just to look at her—Sheela's shapely head, her glowing skin, her well-formed body and the great charm that flowed from the entire composition. There was a kind of perfection in Sheela which made it difficult to say how it could be improved upon. She seemed to him to be the model of the Gujarati woman of tomorrow.

Although Raj was not as beautiful, one felt totally different on seeing her or talking to her. In her presence Ravi always felt as if he was being subjected to scrutiny. He felt as if he was being challenged: "Have you like courage?"

face me." He found it difficult to imagine what she really was like. At the same time he found it difficult not to take up the challenge that he felt was being thrown at him.

The amazing understanding, which seemed to obtain between Uday and Sheela made Ravi sometimes jealous of them. It seemed as if the two were made for each other. Yet on no occasion did he see either of them do anything that was improper. There was no doubt, he felt certain, that there was intimate relation between them, but they seemed to be much

too clever to let anybody get even a suspicion of it.

Radharaman did not seem to worry about his wife moving about freely, and constantly with Uday. What could be his motive? Ravi did not also like the friendly and affectionate interest that both Uday and Sheela took in him. He did not wish to be under any obligation to either of them. He did not care for their affection. He wanted that they should be pawns in his hand and not that he should be a pawn in theirs.

[To be continued]

Gambling is the child of avarice, brother of inequity and father of mischief.

—Washington.

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Z. 44 (c)

Virtues of Anna-dana

PLEASED with the Brahmin's prayer, Lord Siva asked him: "Young man! Ask me of any boon you may need."

The Brahmin replied: "Lord! The moment I had *darsan* of Yourself and Mother, I have had all my needs fulfilled. I have only one desire and that is to know the virtues of *anna-dana*."

The Lord replied: "Proceed from here to Virata-desa. The King of that country is childless. The King is doing all kinds of *dharma*s for getting a child. Take this sacred ash and *akshata*s. Give them to the King. As a result of it a son will be born to him. Now, when the child is born, you arrange with the King to hold the child on a golden platter covered with tender plantain leaf before touching the earth. Ask the new-born babe your question. He will answer you!"

"I shall do so, my Lord. Now, on

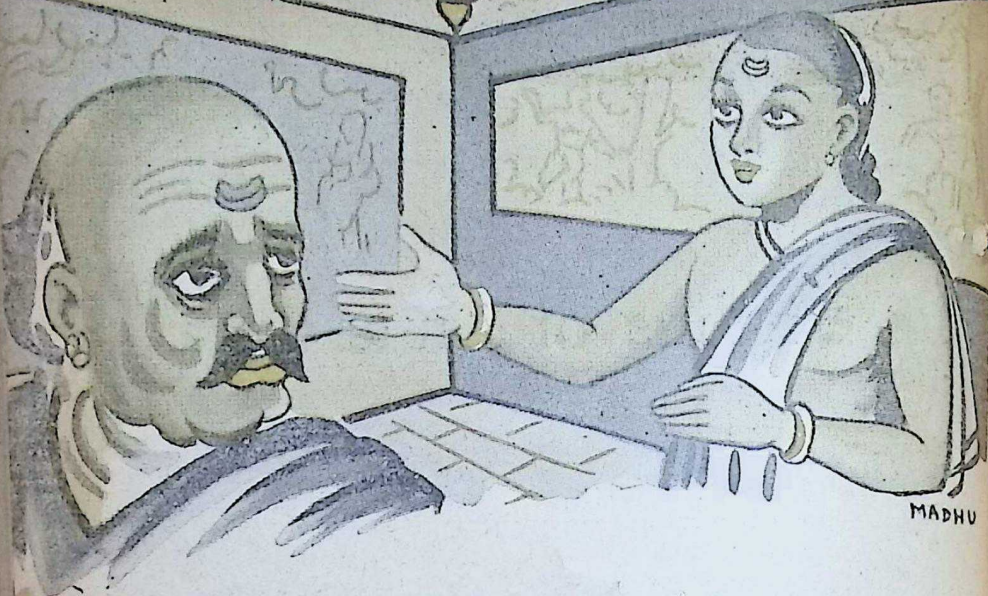
my way, a Brahmin asked me to find out from You why the tanks irrigating his fields burst times without number."

The Brahmin also communicated the desires of the serpent, cripple and the mango tree.

The Lord replied: "Listen! The Brahmin has two over-aged daughters whom he has not given in marriage. The cripple suffers because he is unwilling to impart the knowledge he had gained in his studies to others. The serpent is proud because of its *nagaratna*. The mango tree conceals seven jars of gold beneath it which are guarded by evil spirits. These are the causes."

The Brahmin asked: "What shall I tell them?"

The Lord replied: "Ask the Brahmin to give away the girls in marriage to suitable grooms. When he does so, his calamity will stop. Ask the



MADHU

cripple to impart his knowledge without any reserve to some suitable student. His trouble will be over. Ask the *naga* to present its *ratna* to some suitable person. It will stop experiencing any difficulty. Ask the mango tree to give away the jars of gold to the needy and it shall no longer suffer from its present disability."

Finally the Brahmin asked the Lord: "Lord! On my way here, a hunter gave me food and shelter, but just that night, he fell down and was eaten by a leopard. Why?"

"You will learn about him from the child whom you are going to interview!" replied the Lord and disappeared.

Happy that he had been able to see the Lord, the Brahmin was returning along the route he had traversed. When he came across the mango tree, he communicated the

Lord's reply to its query. Happy that its fruits would be partaken by others, the tree gifted away all the seven jars of gold to the Brahmin himself. But the latter asked the tree to keep them till he returned and claimed them.

Proceeding further, he met the aged *naga* and reported the Lord's prescription. On hearing it, the *naga* became overjoyed and gave away its *naga-ratna* to the Brahmin himself for bringing the happy tiding. Taking it, he proceeded further and met the cripple to whom he reported what the Lord had said. Thereupon the cripple pitched upon the Brahmin himself to teach all his vast knowledge and wrote the *panchakshara mantra* on his tongue and bade him good-bye. He was immediately cured. Reaching the Brahmin's home, he reported the Lord's advice whereupon the latter showed and gave away both

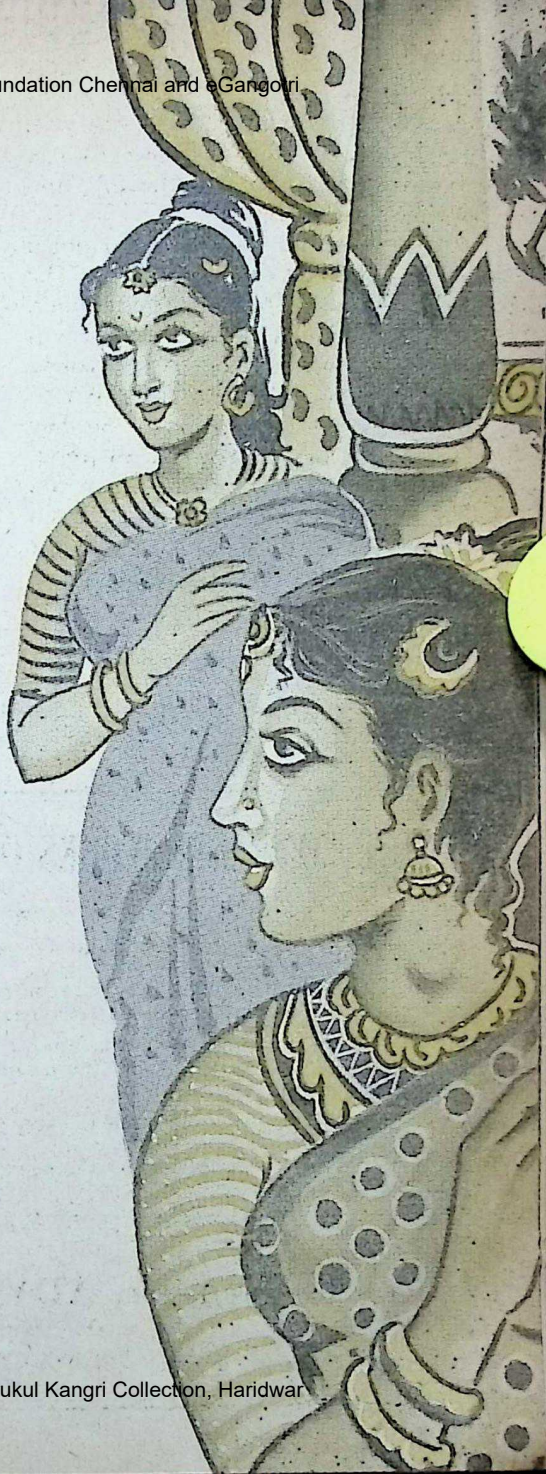
his daughters to the young Brahmin himself. For a few days he stayed in his father-in-law's place and taking his leave, went to Virata.

Meeting the King, the young Brahmin offered to cure the King of his childlessness. The King had experienced many people saying it and so he was sceptic. But when the Brahmin offered to take his own life in the event of failure, the King agreed. The Queen was brought. After she had taken the holy bath, the young Brahmin gave her the sacred ash and *akshata* given by Lord Siva. Soon the Queen was in the family way and the young Brahmin stayed on as a valuable guest.

When the time for delivery neared the Brahmin expressed his desire to interview the child before it touched the earth. He also gave the antecedents for his strange request. The King was overjoyed. He sent for other Kings and nobles, and the new-born babe was brought to the august assembly in the manner indicated.

On seeing the child, the Brahmin fell on his knees and asked: "Pray tell me the virtues of *anna-dana*!"

The child smiled and in a distinct voice said: "I was a hunter in my last birth. I gave you a little corn flour and shelter for the night. As a result I am born as heir to an empire. If this is the result of that insignificant help, you can imagine the mighty benefits of full-scale and life-time *anna-dana*. My wife, the huntress, refused to share her food and shelter with you. As a result, she is born as the fourth child of a son in the hut of the head street-cleaner in this city."



you want, you can go and verify it. The piggling has white legs and a white spot on the forehead," and closed its mouth.

The King and all those assembled were amazed at the revelation. The child was taken back to the mother.

The assembled nobles became enormously interested in the young Brahmin who appeared to them to possess extraordinary powers. So they surrounded him and asked all about him. The Brahmin related them all. The King entertained the Brahmin youngster for some more days after which he sent him back to his place.

On the way, the young Brahmin collected the jars of gold from the tree, took his wives from the Brahmin landlord, and hurried to his mother at whose feet he placed his earnings and prostrated. His two wives also fell at her feet. The old woman wept in sheer joy.

Chaturya asked the Princess by his side: "You deserve such a husband as that Brahmin boy, don't you?"

When he said it, the early rays of the morning sun peered through the chinks in the door, when the Princess rose to go inside.

[To be continued]

It is a greater thing to know how to acknowledge a fault than to know how not to commit one.

—Cardinal De Retz.

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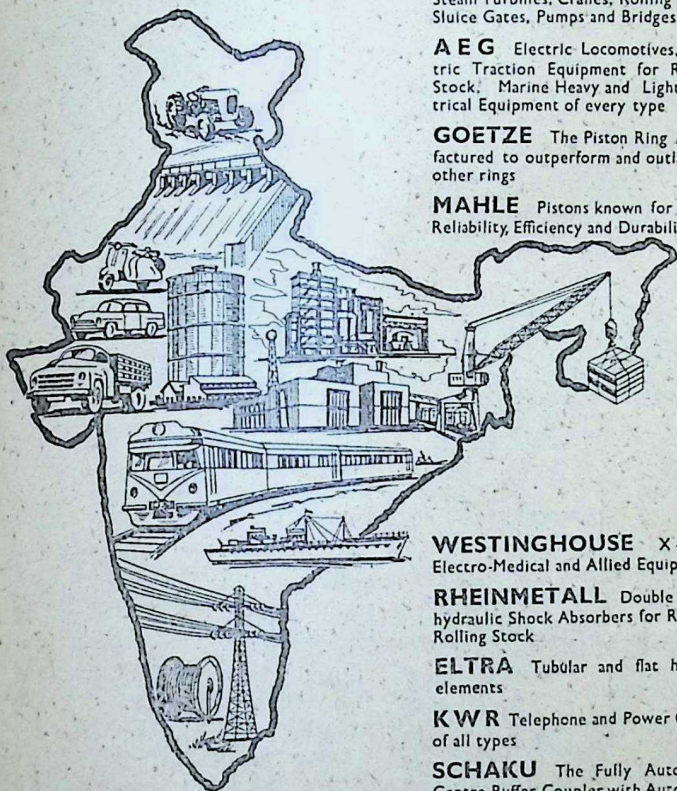
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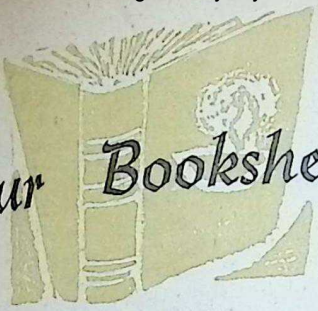
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Our Bookshelf

"THE WORLD WE SAW"—K. M. Munshi. Published by Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Chowpatty Road, Bombay-7. pp. 232, Price: 2/-.

"THE World We Saw" is a collection of the letters written by Mr. and Mrs. Munshi in the course of their travels in Japan, America, U.K. and some of the European countries during 1958. These letters were originally published in the *Bhavan's Journal* but they have now been brought together in this volume. Twenty-five letters are from the pen of Mr. Munshi while six have been written by Mrs. Munshi. They contain a description of not only the countries through which they passed but about the customs, manners, the life of the people, the development of industries, the administrative set-up and several other topics touching the various aspects of national life in those lands. One significant feature of these letters is that they have the authority of felt experience. Starting with Hong Kong, the travels took the Munshis to Japan and from there to Wake Island and across the Pacific to San Francisco, Chicago, New York and Washington. The visit included London and the Scandinavian countries and some of the chief cities of Switzerland. They wound up their tour with a short visit to Cairo.

With his characteristic flair and versatility Mr. Munshi's description of the lands and peoples is very vivid. He refers to the American life as glittering and smart while English life is described as sober and solid. He

refers to the Japanese, the faultlessly correct approach of the English and typical American hospitality bubbling over with love of human contacts. The Chicago crowd, the beauty of Washington, the American Universities, student behaviour, the concepts of "behavioural sciences", Rule of Law—all these topics receive fair treatment at his hands. Besides all the glitter and glamour, there are equally sharp references to some of the ills of American life. The less commendable sectors of society typified by sex-obsessed people, profligates, night clubs, etc., have also been mentioned, but Mr. Munshi adds that the core of the American nation is alive to the dangers arising from these. It is refreshing to learn how well our students are working in those Universities where many of them have to earn in order to stay and learn. Speaking about San Francisco University Mr. Munshi points out that it was in the physics laboratory of the California University that the Atom Bomb was first made. It is not without a touch of sadness that Mr. Munshi refers to the mechanical life of the average American and what he calls the all-pervading "gadgetocracy".

There is an excellent description of the industrial concentration of Ruhr where, Mr. Munshi says, half a million miners working 4000 feet below the earth tear away 100 million tons of coal every year from the bowels of the earth.

Though Mrs. Munshi's letters do not cover the entire tour, the few that have been compiled into this volume are characteristically frank and, as is to be expected, she has referred to the position of women, the excellent manner in which canteens and cafeteria are run and to the normal life of the average Japanese, Americans and Europeans.

In short, these letters brought together in this volume make interesting and instructive reading.

—S. R. Krishnamurthi

THE SOUL OF INDIA by Dr. Motilal Das. Copies can be had from the distributors, Das Gupta and Co. 54/3, College Street, Calcutta 12; pages 341, Price: Rs. 12.

THE volume under review is a fine collection of 47 articles from a mature mind, with a deep and profound spiritual slant and massive learning. It covers all the aspects of India's genius, her culture and philosophy and her contribution to world's thought. The author's first article is on *The Soul of India*. Dr. Das brings out the fundamental characteristics of Indian thought in every article. India's faith in the spiritual value, its exaltation and consecration of the spirit not only in the abstract theory but in the concrete planning of life is stressed. He is alive to the deeper springs of Indian religion and has brought out her power of assimilation. In his review of Vedic thought in 6 articles he shows their overwhelming intellectual, moral and poetic values. The Hindu outlook never despaired in the rationality and responsibility of men's actions. Progress for them meant, watchfulness, untiring effort towards the realisation of our ideals, a correct and clear conception of the Ends, and a realism in our choice of ends. We must live our moral life in the concrete and also look out for our mistakes. The Hindu view of education has an eye to get the pupil to a rare appreciation of values and a determination to live up to them. The articles on *The Psychological and Ethical Teachings of Gita*; *The basic teachings of Hinduism*; *The spirit of Hindu Law* are very significant in the first two parts. Part III deals about the development and tenets of Vaishnavism. We get moving accounts of Chandi Das Chaitanya in this section. In part IV we have graphic accounts of Modern Indian greatness. We have good and clear accounts of Romesh Chandra, Sarat Chandra Chatterjee, Rabindranath, Netaji etc. In the concluding section Dr. Das writes about language problem, national script and social questions like

divorce, peace and power. In the treatment of all the problems, our author's insight is highly original, and the analysis is extremely penetrating. He has a wide philosophical sweep, scientific acumen and brings out the core of Indian thought best. The book has a moral and human appeal. In short, Dr. Das with Sri Aurobindo declares: "It is time that this parrot-talk about the unpractical, metaphysical quietistic anti-vital character of Indian civilisation should cease and give place to a true and understanding estimate". Dr. Das affirms the positive view of life "the joyful acceptance of the world in terms of life affirmation". The book combines delight and instruction; hence it is at once literature and philosophy. It shows how vital and resurgent Indian culture is and was.

—Dr. P. Nagaraja Rao

THREE PHASES OF INDIA'S STRUGGLE FOR FREEDOM: By Dr. R. C. Majumdar (Birla Endowment Lectures, December, 1960), published by the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Chowpatty Road, Bombay. Re. 1.00, Sh. 9, \$ 0.50.

This unvarnished story of India's struggle for freedom is the offspring of historical thinking mated to devotion to Clio, the Muse of History. The first phase witnessed the birth of our nationalism after the Mutiny of 1857. The second phase of development covered the period from the foundation of the Indian National Congress in 1885 to the death of Tilak in 1920. The third phase of fruition (1920-47), is generally regarded as the era of Gandhi. The battle for our freedom was fought by Subhas Bose and indirectly by Hitler and Japan; our freedom is the cumulative effect of several factors operating in and outside India. The author discusses the role of Gandhi and concludes: "While Gandhi will live in history as one of the greatest apostles of peace and non-violence, the credit now given to him for his political acumen which led the

Indians to the final victory cannot command immediate assent, and needs a great deal of objective thinking" (P. 61). On P. 6 the name of Asoka is misprinted and another misprint is found on P. 26.

—R. Sathianathaier

ECONOMIC GROWTH AND INFLATION: A study of Indian Planning by Andrew Shonfield. Published by The Council for Economic Education, D-1, Corinthian, Bombay-5. Pp. 49. Price: Rs. 7.50.

This small volume consists of three lectures recently delivered at Delhi by Andrew Shonfield, the Financial Editor of the *London Observer*, under the auspices of the Council for Economic Education, Bombay.

As the title suggests, the lectures deal mainly with the question of inflation. Mr. Shonfield examines the nature of inflationary pressure in a country under various stages of its economic growth. Inflation, according to him, is never likely to become an overwhelmingly fierce threat so long as the Government is careful to pursue a rational economic policy. It is not always harmful to a country's economy. Under certain circumstances it promotes quick industrial growth as is the case with cost inflation. In an under-developed country like India, inflation results from want of saving and consequent creation of money by the State. Effective means of combating such inflation are the stabilisation of the prices of basic consumer goods and the restriction of bank credit. By such measures the government will succeed in confining the inflationary process to the developing industrial sector alone. Price control can sometimes be made ineffective by monopolistic tendencies under a system of restricted issue of import licences. Mr. Shonfield suggests that the exceptional profits made from imported articles under such circumstances can be taxed by the Government. Such a measure will also help the producer indirectly to

find a home-substitute for the imported stuff.

Referring to the Third Plan he says that India should get more money to finance it by additional taxation. The present rise in the cost of living indicates that the government has not succeeded in its policy of stabilising prices of food by accumulating adequate reserves. He also answers the objections voiced in certain quarters that the import of food articles from foreign countries is harmful to Indian economy.

—P.V.

ESSENTIALS OF BIOCHEMISTRY:

By R. K. Dalal. Published by M/s. Roy & Co., Princess Street, Bombay-2. Pp. 60

This booklet deals with the biochemical system of treating patients. The system, as the author professes, is based on twelve inorganic salts present in the body, the insufficiency of which is likely to cause diseases. Biochemical treatment, therefore, aims at effecting the cure of diseases by supplying the deficient salts. In dealing with these salts the author tells where they occur in the human body, what ailments their want gives rise to, the symptoms of such diseases and how in actual cases cure was effected. These are supported by appropriate clinical evidence. The section on Medical Astrology is an interesting study on Cell Salts, the Zodiacal signs and the characteristics of persons born under each. At the end of the book, there is an illuminating glossary on medical terminology. The booklet will indeed be useful to those who wish to study and practise this particular branch of medical science.

—P.V.

SANSKRIT DRAMAS

- (1) NISHINCHANA—YASHODHARAM pp. 136. Price: Rs. 4/
- (2) MAHA-PRABHU HARIDASAM Pp. 114. Price: Rs. 3/- both by Dr. Jatindra Bimal Chaudhuri published by Prachyaani Mandir, 3, Federation Street, Calcutta-9.

Of these two dramas, the first relates to the life of Yashodhara Gopaa, holy consort of Prince Siddhartha who later became famous as Lord Buddha. It is fittingly introduced by the learned scholar Dr. Kshitish Chandra Chatterji, the Editor of the *Manjoosha*, the famous Samskrit monthly hailing from Calcutta and the second carries the blessings of Dr. Satkari Mookherjee, Director of the Nalanda Research Institute. The learned author and dramatist has long been familiar to the readers of the *Manjoosha*. India's ancient culture and civilisation are beautifully depicted in these exquisite dramas. In these days of decadent and decaying Samskrit learning, we see a happy augury for the future in these publications of the Praachyavaani Mandir which clearly belie the myth that Samskrit is a dead language. The author's *Haribhakti* and intense religious fervour are quite clear from his quoting Sridhara (the famous Bhagavata Purana Commentator of about the 13th cent. A.D.). Laksha Heeraa a celebrated prostitute, is requisitioned to entice Haridaasa away from spiritual life, but stays behind herself to preach the holy name of Hari. An ardent devotee of the Mother cult, Dr. Chaudhuri has composed many dramas or Holy consorts like Sita, Raadha, Yashodhara, Gopa Vishnu Priya and Shaaradaamani (the last was consort of Ramakrishna Paramahansa). Besides being a dramatist himself, this scholar has organised a Praachya Vaani Samskrit Dramatic Troupe. Both the cultured dramatist and his equally cultured wife Dr. Rama Chowdhury have acted in these dramas, touring all over India, in important roles. The allround culture of the dramatist is attested to by the fact that he has composed a Samskrit drama entitled MAHIMA MAYA BHAARATAM which is at the same time a learned treatise on the Irrigation Policy of Ancient India from the Vedic

period. The style in both the dramas is reminiscent of Bhavabhuti's Puritanic fervour, particularly because the traditional Vidushaka is given up here. It is particularly gratifying to note that the musical portion of the first drama has won the approbation of leading living musicians of Calcutta. Both the dramas run into 7 acts and are divided into scenes like the English dramas, combining at once the excellences of both the types of dramas. The appendices and the English introductions provided by the author bespeak his indefatigable research into all aspects of Indian Philosophy, even the Buddhist enshrined in our Pali literature.

The printing and get-up is neat and excellent and what is most important these days, without any printer devils.

—Prof. U. VENKATAKRISHNA RAO



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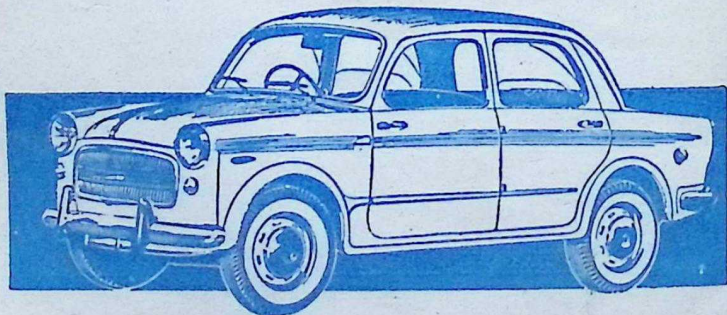
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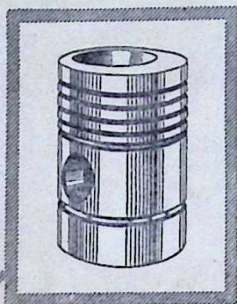
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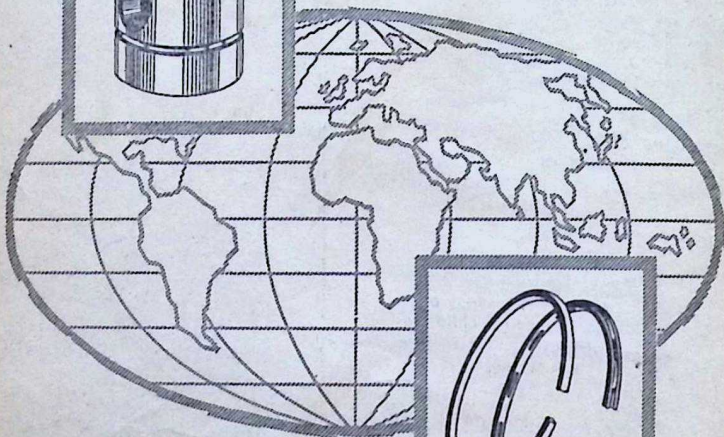


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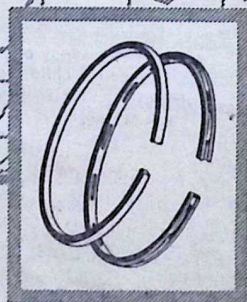
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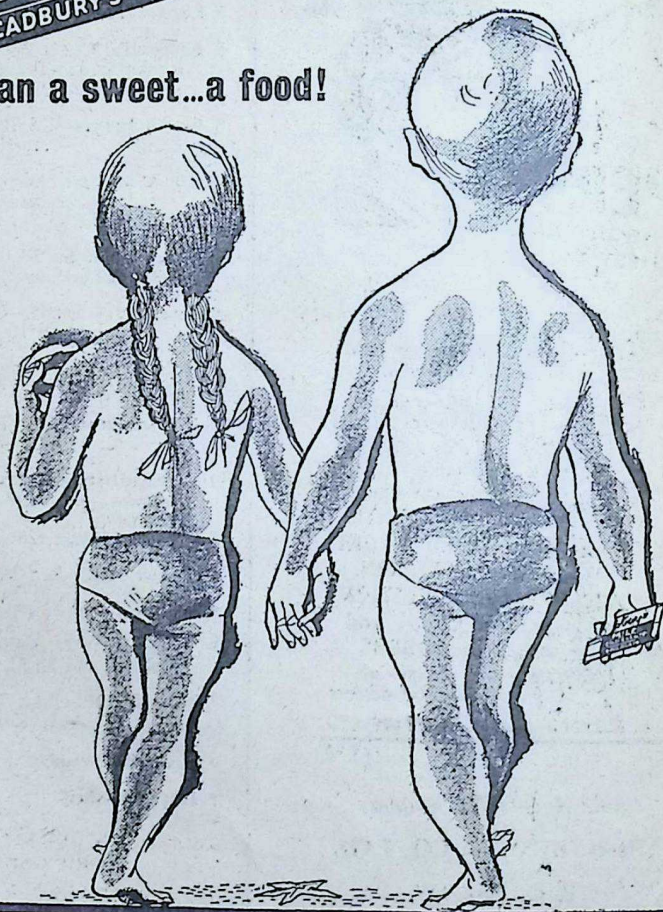
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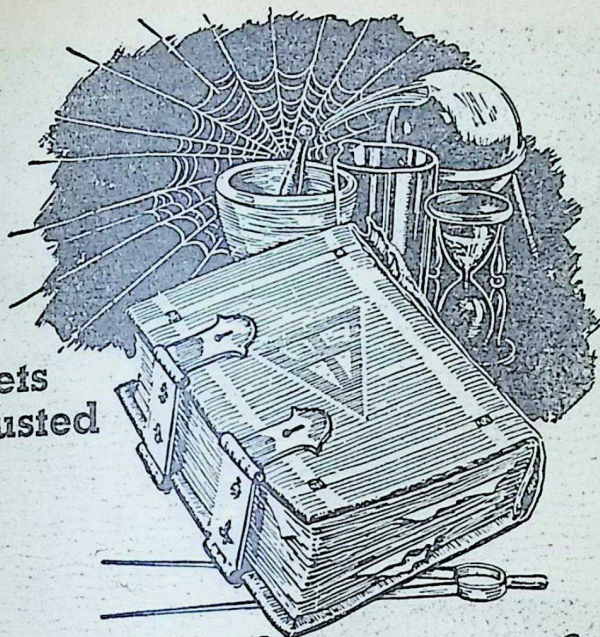


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—Rigveda, I-89-i

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सदा बालरूपापि विघ्नाद्रिहन्त्री
महादन्तिवक्त्रापि पञ्चस्यमान्या।
विधीन्द्रादिमृग्या गणेशाभिधाना
विधत्तां श्रियं कापि कल्याणमूर्तिः॥

May that embodiment of auspiciousness called Ganesa who, although young always, can yet despoil a mountain of obstacles; elephant-faced yet beloved of the lion (Lord Siva) and, eagerly sought after by *devas* like Brahma and Indra—may He bless us with prosperity.

—Sankara



Kulapati's Letter

ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE



No. 240

★ BOOKS WHICH INFLUENCED ME

★ IN CHILDHOOD

★ IN YOUTH

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN,
BOMBAY.

SEPTEMBER 17, 1961.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

I LOOK back some 60 odd years to revive my memory of the books which influenced me in my early years.

At the dawn of my memory, I find the impact of our two great epics, the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata*, particularly the latter. These works, I did not read. I heard them from my mother's lips night after night, year after year; also from the *dagaria bhats*, the typical street Puranics of Gujarat who held audiences spell-bound night after night in some seasons.

I was a shy, serious and sensitive boy, more advanced in studies than boys of my age, physically much too weak to play with them. Naturally, therefore, I lived in the world of my imagination.

I remember how the boy *bhaktas*, Dhruva and Prahlad, stirred yearnings for God in my little breast; how the exploits of Parashuram fired my imagination; how I was impatient to live in the company of the sages. I

sishta, Viswamitra and Vyas.

What particularly appealed to me in these stories was the devotion of the pupils to their *gurus*; how they would graze their teachers' cattle at all cost; how at the *guru's* commands they would stop water from running out of a field with their bodies; how they would starve themselves rather than disobey the *guru's* mandate. And I always had a wish, inarticulate though it was, to be a *rishi* myself some day. The wish was too ambitious to be within approachable distance, but throughout life it has prevented me from being a hard-headed realist.

A new world opened before me. I remember, when I read—and I learned to read very young—an illustrated Gujarati translation of the *Arabian Nights*. The impression it created on me was terrific. Night after night I flew into the Valley of the Diamonds; rode on flying horses; saw Shaherazade in her glorious beauty; waited

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for the early dawn for the city gates to open so that at some lucky moment, I may be picked to be the consort of some waiting princess. Following in the footsteps of Alladin, I remember once having rubbed an old lantern with my diamond ring to invoke a genie. All that I succeeded in doing was to break the glass of the lantern as well as the little diamonds in my ring. Instead of a docile genie to do my bidding, I had an angry father to face in the evening!

The book that sowed the seeds of historical romancing in me was a Gujarati abridgement of *Durgesh Nandini*, the famous novel by the Bengali author Bankim Chandra Chattopadhyaya. The dogged heroism with which the hero fought his enemies had a strong appeal for me. The clash of arms between the Rajputs and the Moghuls stirred in me a vague desire to drive out foreigners from our land, a theme which I worked into more than one novel later. And it need not be said that I straightaway fell in love with the heroine, Tilottama, in a childish sort of way.

This impression of *Durgesh Nandini* was intensified when one of the old dramatic companies of Gujarat turned the novel into a play. I saw the play quite a number of times, and every time I felt a complete sense of identity with the hero, Jagat Singh. In my dreams, after I had seen the play, I often married the heroine myself!

I began the study of English almost in my infancy. When I was barely eleven years old, I began to read English novels. I read scores of novels, particularly the novels of Alexandre

Dumas Jr., Walter Scott and Mrs. Henry Wood, half of which I did not fully understand. Of them, two created an ineradicable impression on me. They were Scott's *Ivanhoe*, and Dumas' *The Three Musketeers*.

When I fancied a novel, I read and re-read it time and again. Often I told its story to one friend after another. Most of such days, I lived in and with the characters of the novel.

Of the two novels, *The Three Musketeers* was my greater favourite. I think I must have read it a score of times by now and every time I read it, I feel myself in a world of mine own. The impress of the novel can easily be found in some of my early historical novels. But the art of Dumas, the prince of story-tellers, has always been my despair.

In spite of my absorption in these novels, the world of the *Mahabharata* was always with me. Its superb story never left its grip over me. Mother generally told it to my sister's children and, later, to my own, as they grew up one after another, all of whom avidly waited for the hour. During the course of such narration, we solemnly discussed the frolics of Bhim, the exploits of Arjun, the misfortunes of Karna and the greatness of Sri Krishna. I confess I had a sneaking fondness for dear, old Bhim. He was so lovable.

Even from the days of my childhood, I was drawn to Napoleon—I don't remember how or why. Somewhere—I don't know where—I had read about him. Father sometimes used to talk about his exploits. His

portrait in our history book—his face set in godlike majesty of power—fascinated me. And the first purchase which I hastened to make with the little money that I could gather was a copy of Abbot's *Life of Napoleon*. For years that book was my bible. The 'Leonine Bonnie of Mar-engo fame,' who, when his companions slept, 'studied upward in the night,' was to me a living flame of inspiration.

In puerile imitation of Napoleon's early days, I even prepared a vast programme of acquiring knowledge and planning achievements.

Pondering over Abbot's book, I also developed an urge to achieve something by ceaseless hard work—a phantom which continues to pursue me still. From that book, more than from any other—the influence of Michael's French Revolution was to come later—I also got some insight into the passionate yearnings of man for Liberty, Equality and Fraternity, and a vague childish desire to clear out the foreign conquerors from our land some day.

My foolish conceit that I knew English exceedingly well drove me, in the first year of my college, when I had just turned fourteen, to begin an epic poem on Napoleon in what I imagined was iambic pentametre. This I had the temerity to show to Sri Aravind Ghosh—later Sri Aurobindo—then our Professor of English in the Baroda College. He gave a well-deserved knock-out blow to my conceit. "My boy, I have been brought up and educated in England," said he, "and yet, I feel myself unequal to do justice to English poetry. If I were

you, I would give up writing English poetry." I felt crest-fallen but took the advice. Alas! the world is left without an epic on the Great Napoleon.

When I stepped out of my childhood, I entered entirely a different world—the world of Kalidas and Bhartrihari, Shakespeare and Shelley, John Stuart Mill and Thomas Carlyle.

I have often described how *Shakuntalam* gave shape to whatever little aesthetic sensibility I possessed. It also gave me the vision of peace in the *ashram* of a rishi, so badly needed by my tumultuous soul. Bhartrihari's *Niti* and *Vairagya Shataks* which I learned by heart provided me with a moral code and for many years I accepted one of the verses as a guide.

I read widely of Shakespeare's plays. Hamlet, Tempest, A Midsummer Night's Dream, Julius Caesar, As You Like It and Merchant of Venice were my favourites. They introduced me to the world of European Renaissance, to life in its varied aspects and to men in different moods and women of different temperaments. I have often wondered whether some of my heroines were not the children of my imagination by Rosalind and Portia.

For two or three years I became passionately fond of Shelley. Some of his lines I learnt by heart, and his *Epipsychedion* became the saga of love for me.

John Stuart Mill broke the chains of my orthodoxy, particularly his *Liberty and Subjection of Women*.

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Even his *Logic* provided some training to my impulsive nature. I remember to have copied out *Liberty* in my own hand-writing. It was not unusual for educated men of my generation deeply to cherish that monumental work.

I became a Carlyle fan very early. Of his works, I loved *Hero and Hero-Worship* the best, though I was not able to appreciate all that Carlyle wrote. In the years between 1905 and 1910 I read almost all of his works. They had an inspiring influence which kept me from giving up the struggle for life. And I always admired the volcanic eruption of his picturesque phrases.

By 1905 I was drawn to the *Bhagavad Gita* and *Yoga Sutra*. I am not sure whether I learnt about *Yoga*

Sutra from Sri Aurobindo or from Vivekananda's work. But I remember I bought an English translation when I came to Bombay for my University examination in 1905. And throughout life, *Bhagavad Gita* and *Yoga Sutra* have been shaping influences for me.

I must have read hundreds of books, studied quite a few score and enjoyed scores, but these two scriptures have been closely woven into the fabric of what I am, although the material I was made of was too tough and unmalleable to be moulded into shape.

Yours sincerely,

Ram Mumbhi

Truth is the one Reality in the universe, the inward Harmony, the perfect Justice, the eternal Love. Nothing can be added to it, nor taken from it. It does not depend upon any man, but all men depend upon it. You cannot perceive the beauty of Truth while you are looking out from the eyes of self. If you are vain, you will colour everything with your own vanities. If lustful, your heart and mind will be clouded with the smoke and flames of passion, and everything will appear distorted through them. If proud and opinionative you will see nothing in the whole universe except the magnitude and importance of your own opinions. The humble Truth-lover has learned to distinguish between opinion and truth.

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 '.... The sacred syllable
 AUM is the most
 perfect expression of
 God's name

GOD'S NAMES

Sri Bhumanand Sarasvati

GOD'S names can be divided into two classes, viz., first, those that connote all His attributes, deeds and nature and second, those which specify only some of them and are secondary.

To the first class belongs the sacred particle 'Aum' alone, and all other names fall under the second category.

The word 'AUM' is made up of the three letters 'a', 'u', 'm' each of which signifies a number of God's names.

'A' stands for, Virat, Agni and Viswa; 'U' for Hiranyagarbha, Vayu and Taijasa and 'M' represents, Isvara, Aditya and Prajna. Of these Agni is so called because it takes a leading part in all human affairs, sacrificial ceremonies. Hiranyagarbha from Him-

an, the light and Garbha, source, means One Who is the source and support of all light and luminous bodies, such as the sun. Visva, derived from the root *vis* to enter and suffix *va*, means God, since the whole universe and all the objects in the universe enter, i.e., are sheltered in Him and He enters or pervades all of them. Vayu, from the root *va* to move or kill, suffix *un* and augment *yuk*, means One Who is the life and support of the universe, the cause of its dissolution, mightier than the mightiest. Taijasa is got by adding the suffix *an* to *tejas* meaning light which itself is a composite of the root *tij* to whet and Unadi suffix *asun*. It means One Who is resplendent and gives light to the sun and other luminous bodies. Isvara derived from the root *is* to be powerful, to rule and termination *varac* connotes One Whose knowledge and power are infinite. Aditya is a secondary formation from *aditi* compounded with the suffix *nya*. Aditi itself is formed of *a*, negative particle, root *do* to cut and suffix *ktic* (*ktin* in the feminine gender). It means immortal i.e., One who never dies or decays. (Prajna is got by adding the termination *an*, to the word *prajna*, itself composed of the prefix *pra*, root *jna* to know and suffix *ka*. It means One whose knowledge is perfect or Who is Omniscient.

Thus this sacred syllable 'Aum,' combining within itself nine of the most sublime names of the Supreme Being connotes His nature, attributes and deeds in the best possible manner.

It is an underived and undeclinable word, representing in its fullest connotation only God.

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As a word signifying a human being or anything else, it does not possess this characteristic.

'Aum' is also taken, from time immemorial to be one single letter and hence the suffix *kara* is added to it to signify this idea. As such it is described as *ekakshara*—the one letter, or *ekakshara brahma*—the one-lettered symbol of the Supreme Being.

This sacred word is also formed by adding the suffix *man* to the root *av* having the following nineteen significations viz., protection, motion, desire, pleasure, satisfaction, attainment, entrance, hearing, owning, entreaty, action, wish, light, obtaining, embracing, killing, giving, division, and development.

Each of these as applied to God would connote the following ideas:—

1. *Protection*:—He, who directly or through some medium or media is the protector of all.
2. *Motion*:—There are three types of motion, viz., knowledge, movement and attainment. He is the Knower of every thing as it is. Himself being Immovable, He is the cause of the motion of the world which ever keeps on moving. Being all-pervading He is omnipresent and therefore always available to all. These are the significations of the three ideas of metaphorical motion. As general motion, it will connote God the Propagator of effort preceded by knowledge everywhere to keep the world going according to certain laws.

3. *Desire*:—Though Himself free from desire, He is the fulfil-

ment of the desires of all souls.

4. *Love*:—His Essence being Bliss, He is the Object of the love of all.
5. *Satisfaction*:—Being Himself essentially peaceful, He yet always yields joy to His devotees.
6. *Attainment*:—Being essentially auspicious, He is the donor of final beatitude to souls.
7. *Entrance*:—Being the subtlest, He is the Inner Self of all.
8. *Hearing*:—Being the framer of the organ of audition, He is the efficient cause of the hearing of gross, subtle and hidden sounds.
9. *Owning*:—Being the Self-existent Controller of all, He is the Master of all.
10. *Entreaty*:—Being endowed with all power, He is always the protector of all, to whom all approach with their entreaties.
11. *Action*:—Being the Framer of the world in formation, He is the impartor of activity with previous knowledge. Gross effort itself is called action. This is a species of the above motion.
12. *Wish*:—Being Himself free from any wish, He reveals auspicious wishes for souls.
13. *Light*:—Being essentially effulgent, He is the expeller of the darkness in the form of wrong knowledge.
14. *Obtaining*:—Though beyond the senses, extremely subtle and uncognisable, He reveals His true form in the pure heart of His devotee.

15. *Embracing*:—Being always and everywhere present through the relation of the Pervader and the pervaded, He is related to all.
16. *Killing*:—He who destroys the ignorance, wrong knowledge, hostile feelings and dissensions among those that live according to Vedic teachings.
17. *Giving*:—He who gives to souls at the very beginning of the creation a right understanding of things tending towards their happiness.
18. *Division*:—He Who is, at the time of dissolution, the cause of division of the world that is revering of the visible gross universe to its subtle invisible form.
19. *Development*:—He Who, for the formation of the world at the time of creation is the Efficient Cause of the development of the primordial or elementary matter into its gross form so that souls may enjoy the residual of their past actions.

These nineteen connotations, if expanded according to the rules of grammar, would reveal the word 'Aum' to have infinite significations. Hence, the meanings of this word being unlimited and therefore beyond human ken, it is rightly called the greatest name of the Supreme Being.

So much about the Sacred Symbol 'Aum'.

There are other and very good names of the Supreme Being, but before this 'Aum' they pale into insignificance.

For example 'Rama' is derived from the root *rama* to sport, with the suffix *ghan* or *na* and means One Who is the cause of the world's rejoicing.

So also 'Krishna' from the root *kris* and termination *nuk* means One Who attracts all the worlds and all beings towards Himself.

Each of these, therefore, connotes only one of the attributes of God, hence their use as meditative, ejaculatory prayers, can yield only partial fruit.

The devotee, through such imperfect devotion will only attain to one of the attributes of God, whereas, the utterance of and contemplation on 'Aum' will provide the pious soul eighty-seven names of God at one utterance and place before him all His attributes, deeds and nature.

Hence the recitation of such partial names is not to be recommended; nay, it is strictly to be prohibited as a *substitute* for the glorious 'Aum.'

To put any other name before 'Aum' is preposterous, hence 'Harih Aum' and such other expressions are to be avoided.

If you wish to be rich—Give.

If you wish to be poor—Grasp.

If you wish abundance—Scatter.

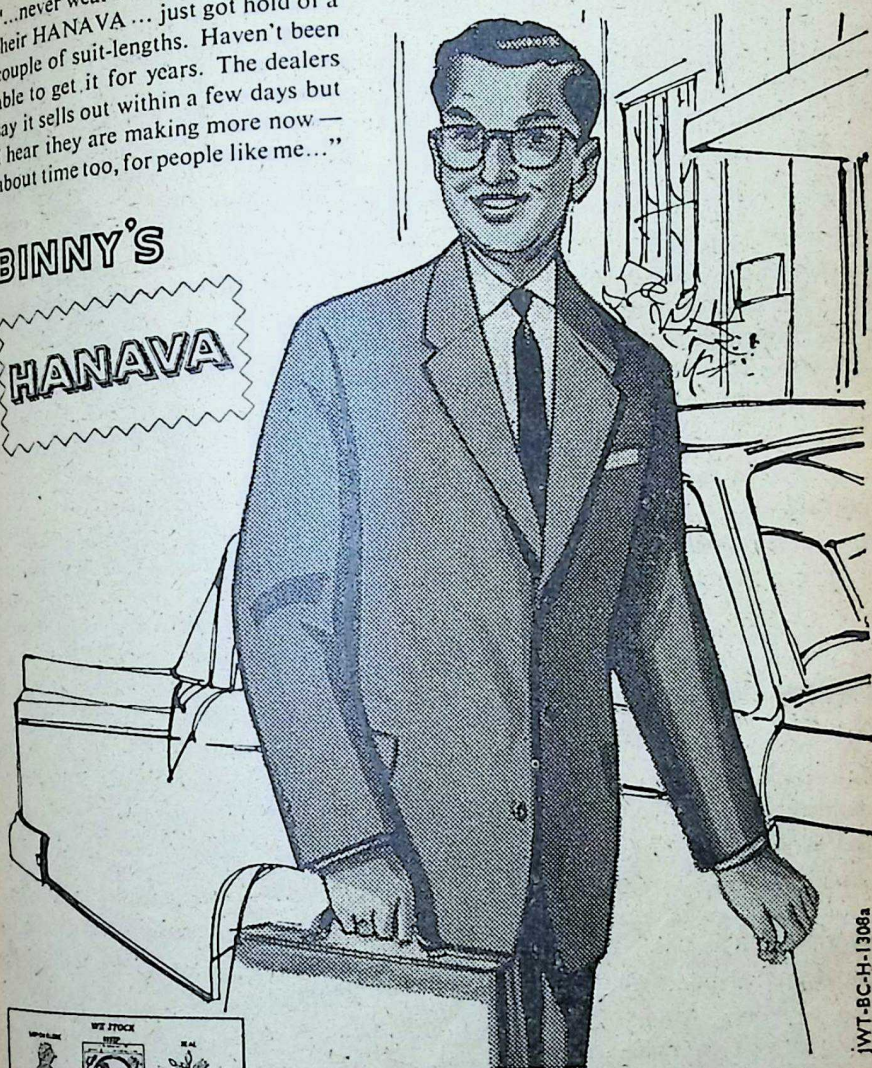
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The Meaning of

THE 66th birthday of Acharya Vinoba Bhave was on September 11, 1961. The venerable Acharya has practically covered the whole of India by *pada-yatra*.

During his *pada-yatra* in the Madras State, Sri Vinobaji happened to visit Kanchi and had occasion to meet His Holiness Sri Sankaracharya Swamiji of Kanchi Kamakoti Pitha. It was a memorable meeting between two great *mahapurushas*; One a successor-disciple of Sri Sankara, the World Teacher, and the other a follower-disciple of Gandhiji, the Mahatma. Both of them value what modern man has renounced and have renounced what modern man values. Both of them go about in *pada-yatra* to reclaim the world to a *dharmic* way of life.

The following is the brief but very meaningful conversation that took place at this meeting.—Ed.

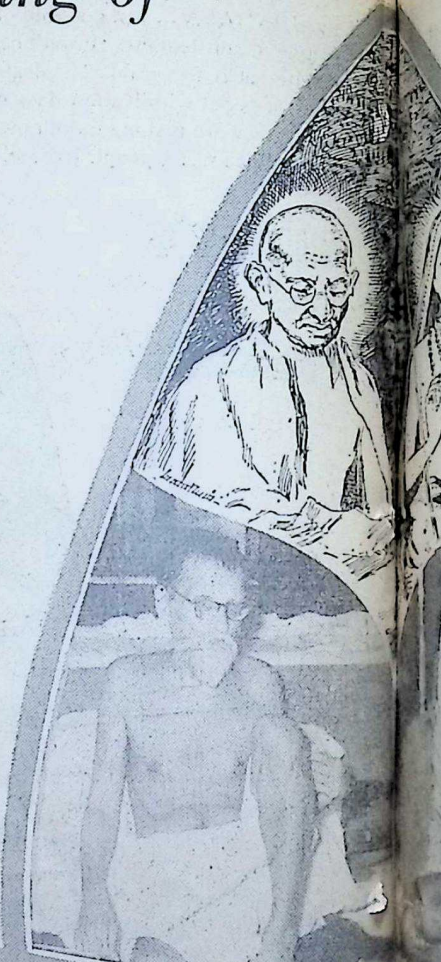
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SRI ACHARYA: Narayana, Narayana! (*That is how the Acharya greets a person who goes to him and makes pranam to him.*—Ed.)

VINOBAJI: Not at all.

SRI ACHARYA: Was it difficult for you to reach this place? If you please, you may stay here this day.

VINOBAJI: Not at all.



आचार्याः—नारायण, नारायण ! वांशीपुरवासः कश्चि सतीकृतायो अवसत् ।
 विनोबाजी—नैव ।
 आचार्याः—आयत्ने कष्टं अवसत् किम् ? तस्मिन् दिने औषधं ग्राह्यं यदि भवत् वीरः ।
 विनोबाजी—नैव.....उत्तमार्थं कश्चित् कोपं ओषुम् दृष्टवामि ।
 आचार्याः—मग्नं रत्नं कोपे माति । सेवया लोकस्य उत्थाय हति न माति । लोकः स्वस्वपदगमनेन भवेत्कति ।
 सेवाकार्यं कति । नव न दोषास्पर्दं कति । किन्तु तस्य विनिर्माणं सेवाया अति भावमयिरेव

SERVICE

I wish to listen to some instruction for my edification.

SRI ACHARYA: This is what occurs to me just now. It seems to me that the people of the world are not very much helped by service. Men engage themselves in various kinds of service according to their lights. There is nothing wrong in that. But self-purification alone should be the ideal to be attained by those various forms of service. Many people manage to live even though no one goes to do service to them. There are beasts in the forest, and birds too. No one does any service to them. There is no government in the forest. Yet, compared to men, they are happier.

However, every man should engage himself in assistance to others. But the effect of that service is not to be thought of as *the welfare of others*; it must lead to the *purification of oneself*.

God, the Supreme Atman is imminent everywhere. *He* must be served by the actions that each one performs.

VINOBAJI: That is the view that I also hold.

SRI ACHARYA: Narayana, Narayana! I am happy to hear that.



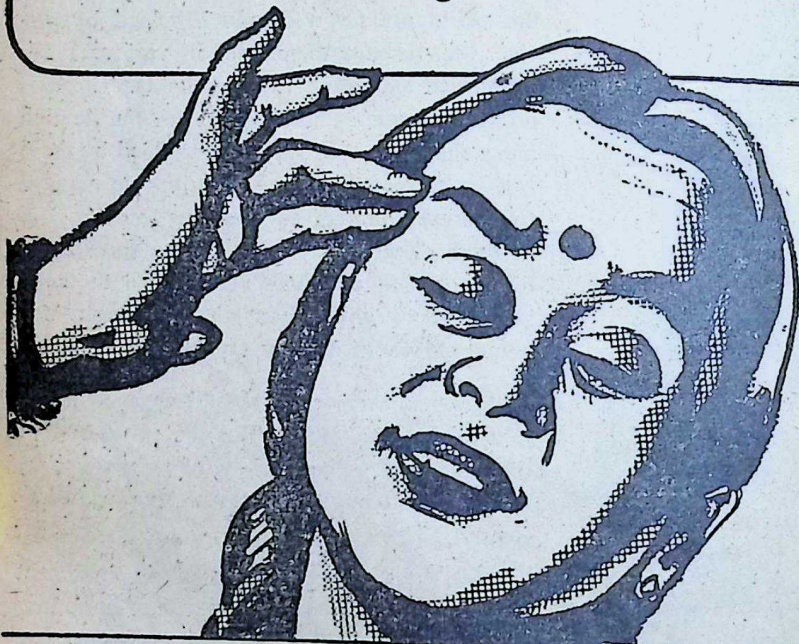
मन्त्राः श्रोतव्यं न चोक्तं तेषां न कर्मणि, न चोक्तं ते जीविनं निवेदितम् । बने गृहाम्बुजिन,
 वीथिषु च शोभन्ति तेषां मेघां बभूवुः । तत्र गार्भमेष्टं नास्ति । उवाचि ते अनुप्रासितशरा अभिकं
 कुञ्जं तत्र स्थितम् । तं तु एकेनैवास्मि तुल्यं गुह्यमाचरेन्-वोषकारं मनः कर्तव्यं यत् । तस्य कर्त्तुं न
 शक्यं नहि किञ्चलमुदिरम् । सर्वत्र अन्तर्धानी प्राप्तास्मा अभि । म्येन म्येन कर्मणा स मेधा अभि ।
 शिवोक्तिः—शिवं भवति सम्भवं ।
 अन्तर्धानः—गार्भक, नारायण 'तुल्य' ।

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Who is VINOBA BHAVE ?

*Mahatma
Gandhi*

WHO is Vinoba Bhave and why has he been selected for offering individual civil disobedience in 1940? He is an undergraduate having left college after my return to India in 1916. He is a Sanskrit scholar. He joined the *ashram* almost at its inception. He was among the first members.... In order to better qualify himself, he took one years' leave to prosecute further studies in Sanskrit. And practically at the same hour at which he had left the *ashram* a year before, he walked into it without notice. I had forgotten

that he was due to arrive that day. He has taken part in every menial activity of the *ashram* from scavenging to cooking. Though he has a marvellous memory and is a student by nature, he has devoted the largest part of his time to spinning in which he has specialized as very few have. He believes in universal spinning being the central activity which will remove the poverty in the villages and put life into their deadness. Being a born teacher, he has been of the utmost assistance to Ashadevi Aryanayakam of Hindustani Talimi Sangh in her development of the scheme of education through handicrafts. Sri Vinoba has produced a text-book, taking spinning as the handicraft. It is original in conception. He has made scoffers realize that spinning is the handicraft *par excellence* which lends itself to being effectively used for basic education. He has revolutionized *takli* spinning and drawn out its hitherto unknown possibilities. For perfect spinning, probably, he has no rival in all India.

He has abolished every trace of untouchability from his heart. He believes in communal unity with the same passion that I have. In order to know the best mind of Islam, he gave one year to the study of the Koran in the original. He, therefore, learned Arabic. He found his study necessary for cultivating a living contact with the Muslims living in his neighbourhood.

He has an army of disciples and workers, who would rise to any sacrifice at his bidding. He is responsible for producing a young man who has dedicated himself to the service of lepers. Though an utter stranger

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Vinoba and his worker has by singular devotion mastered the method of treatment of lepers and is running several clinics for their care. Hundreds owe their cure to his labours. He has published a handbook in Marathi for the treatment of lepers. Vinoba was for years director of the Mahila Ashram in Wardha. His devotion to the cause of Daridranarayan took him first to a village near Wardha, and now he has gone still further and lives in Paunar, five miles from Wardha, from where he has established contact with villagers through the disciples he has trained.

Vinoba believes in the necessity of the political independence of India. He is an accurate student of history. But he believes that real independence of the villagers is impossible without the constructive programme of which khadi is the centre. He believes that the spinning wheel is the most suitable outward symbol of non-violence which has become an integral part of his life. He has taken an active part in the previous *satyagraha* campaigns. He has never been in the lime-light on the political platform. With many co-workers he believes that silent constructive work with civil disobedience in the background is far more effective than the already heavily crowded political platform. And he thoroughly believes that non-violent resistance is impossible without a hearty belief in and practice of constructive work.

Vinoba is an out-and-out war register.

[From Mahatma Gandhi's statement of Oct. 5, 1940, announcing the historic individual *satyagraha* speech.]

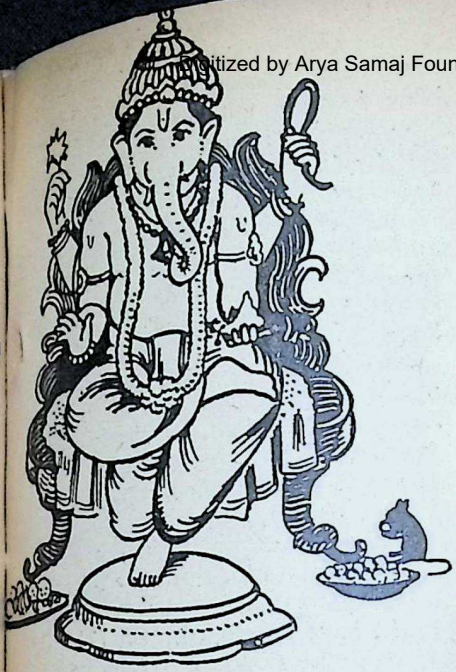
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Why should the
fourth day of the
white half be
dedicated to him?

GANAPATI TATTVA

U. Venkatakrishna Rao

In this article, Prof. Venkata-krishna Rao pursues a new line of research which will commend itself to students of history.



THE Sivabhaagavatas referred to by Patanjali in 150 B.C. seem to have later branched off into two sects, those who worshipped Ganapati and those who affiliated themselves to Subrahmanya or Kumaara. The Pauranikas invented a lovely story to say that they were the sons of Siva and that both were expounding the esoteric import of the OM so that there might be a rapprochement between them. Perhaps the devotees of Ganapati were the stronger of the two and so they were able to have their deity recognised as the elder brother.

The *Varaaha Purana* narrates a story according to which Ganapati was created by Siva from the five elements and invested with a very lovely form (some other Puranas regard him as being fashioned by Parvati). This god with his lovely form enticed

the gods themselves and so incurred the displeasure of his father who cursed him to be deformed in his limbs. He thus cursed him to receive the face and stomach of an elephant, and also arranged that he should receive the sovereignty of the diseases that infest mankind! This was natural as the father was characterised as *Bhishak-tama* or the best of doctors in the Vedas, and the son could easily inherit the capacity to ward off these diseases from his devotees.

The *Smritikaara Yajnavalkya* (I. 271) refers to the way in which there were four malignant Vinaayakas presiding over various diseases and those were specially entrusted with the task of spreading them among sinners. The *Bhagavata Purana* (X *Purvaardha* vi 27) characterises Pootanaa, the demoness who came to suckle the divine baby Krishna at Kamsa's ord-

ers as *Rakshovinaayaka*. Thus it seems probable that the overlordship of malignant diseases was conferred on *Vinaayaka* or Ganapati by his father Siva.

Why should the white Chaturthi or the fourth day be associated with him? *Maadhava Nidaana*, a famous medical digest of Ancient India in its second chapter entitled *Jvara Nidaana* seems to provide the answer thus: All *jvaras* or fevers are the result of derangement caused by the elements in our body; passion, sorrow, fear etc. produce excess of wind; anger causes excess of bile; thus bodily impurities bring about different kinds of fever and other types of diseases. The digest proceeds to describe different types of fevers which recur after a week, or in ten or twelve days, and more particularly fevers recurring *once in four days*. These called *Chaturthika* belong to the *Vishama Jvara* type and baffle the physician as they result in terrible temperature continuously for two days both in the beginning and the end. This fever can be cured only through the special grace of Ganapati, so the worship of the deity seems to have been connected with a day whose name was similar to the name of the fever, namely the fourth day in the dark or bright fortnight. Later they might have pitched upon the fourth day of the Bhaadrapada bright fortnight as being earmarked for him. This fever, it is interesting to note, also causes swelling of the stomach and face, similar to that of the deity.

In the Bulletin, Vol. I, p. 128 of the transactions of the Archaeological Society of South India, the Pandit G. S. Kulkarni, Bangalore, has pointed out that the

are compared to beasts and identified with them. Well known are *Nandi*, *Hanuman*, *Garuda*, *Ganesha*, *Aadi Varaha*, *Narasimha* etc. Among those once very popular, but now forgotten are *Varaha*, *Narasimha* and the four-faced *Kapila*. *Nandi*, we know, was Siva's bull; *Varaha*, we know, was glorified into Vishnu's third *Avataara*—*Bhavabhuti* and others glorified him also—to be subsequently forgotten. Similarly *Ganesha* also might have started as an animal and later deified, according to these archaeologists.

Now, though we might not go the whole length with them, we might at least try to understand how the idea might have developed. On February 1, 1959, the Educational Sunday Supplement of the *Hindu* carried a learned article which referred to the image of Ganapati in a *Simhaachala* temple possessing peculiar Vaishnava characteristics like the possession of four hands, the upper two arms holding the discus and the conch (exclusively Vishnu's weapons). In the Parthasarathi temple in Triplicane also inside the main shrine on the two aisles (called *Gopuravaashal* in Tamil) we see images of Ganapati. Similarly is another Jagannatha Perumal temple near Madras, in the front right main aisle, a similar Ganapati's image greets us and he also possesses exactly similar Vaishnava weapons. Vedanta Desika, the famous Vaishnava philosopher-saint, gives a new name for this Ganesha by calling him *Vishvakshena*, *Senesha* or *Aneekeshvara* in fifth sloka of his *Dayaashatka*. We are reminded of the story in the tenth *skanda*

SEPTEMBER 17, 1961

dha in which Kaali was born as an elder sister of Krishna and Kamsa dashed her on the stone. The latter skilfully eluded his grasp, rose into the sky, only to inform him that his killer was already born and was progressing elsewhere. A little later in the same context in the Purana the *Gopikaa* (unmarried girls perform (22nd *adhya*-yaya, Kumbakonam Edition) a religious rite dedicated to Kaatyayini through whose grace they could attain Krishna as their husband. The same Purana in the *Uttaraardha* of the same *skandha* (51st *adhyaya* 46th *sloka*) refers to the way in which Rukmini before her marriage prayed to Ambikaa (along with her son evidently Ganesha) that Krishna should be her husband. These aspects of Parvati, Kaali, Kaatyayini, and Ambikaa, clearly indicate how the devotees of Krishna and Siva tried to reconcile themselves by making the latter's wife Krishna's elder sister.

Vedavyasa wrote besides the Great Epic and the 18 Puranas, the eighteen *Upapuranas* also. Among these last, the *Ganesha Purana* alone has acquired the honoured first place. The other son of Siva, Subrahmanya may have the biggest Purana, the *Skaanda*, dedicated to him, but he was only the favourite C-in-C. of the gods, whose army he led against the Rakshasas. But Ganesha's fortune, like that of Narada, is unique in that even the Rakshasas worshipped him. His greatness spread to further India, where for example, in Tibet, China, Japan, Mexico, Burma, Cambodia, Champa, why, in all places where Indian culture spread and established itself, Ganapati's name and fame is

also revered. We will quote the thirteenth *sloka* of the eighteenth *adhyaya* to exhibit his universal popularity.

*sarvasyaatmaa sarvagah sarvashaktih
sarvavyaapee sarvakartaa padeshah
sarvadrashtaa sarvasamhaarakartaa
dhaataa paataa vishvanetaa pitaapi—*

The *sloka* is too simple to need any translation.

The moon's association with this god deserves to be considered now. Just as he inherited from his father, the best of doctors, the supremacy over the malignant dependents or Ganas of Siva, he also inherited two other paternal possessions, the three eyes and also the crescent moon. But the father's attendant, the moon, seems to have fostered a contempt for his pot-bellied imp and could not control his ridiculous laughter even though he had to rest on his forehead. Ganesha naturally hit him with his tusk, perhaps on the fourth day of the Bhaadrapada month (late August) according to one of the stories in a Purana, making the day holy for his devotees.

Though this god was usually depicted as having a mouse as his vehicle, his elephant-face alone became universally honoured. The sight of an elephant early in the morning was very auspicious and brought luck with it. So the kings and the aristocratic people reared elephants in their stables. The success of the king on the battle-field depended on the elephant as Kautilya declared in his *Arthashastra*. Its usefulness in lifting heavy weights helped them in buildings, massive temples and huge forts. Its sight in dreams also was considered specially auspicious and the custom of ask-

ing it to choose the next king if the previous one died sonless came into vogue. Its ivory tusks were very useful for Ayurvedic medicines and even holy *swamijis* included it in their Pooja paraphernalia. Women prepared their ornaments, combs and other fineries from this costly tusk and the elephant itself came to be regarded as sacred.

In Thyagarayanagar, a suburb of Madras, there is a temple dedicated to Agastyeshvara wherein are installed

the nine *grahas* or planets like Jupiter etc. round the sun in the centre. In this group, it is interesting to note that Ganesha is made to face Shukra and Subrahmanya faces Brihaspati or Jupiter. Evidently Subrahmanya and Ganesha, the two sons of Siva are also housed in the temple of their father and provided by him with the overlordship of the nine planets which exert good or bad influences on our lives!

"The most satisfactory thing in all this earthly life is to be able to serve our fellow-beings. To be of service is a solid foundation for contentment in this world".

—Charles W. Eliot

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SEPTEMBER 17, 1961

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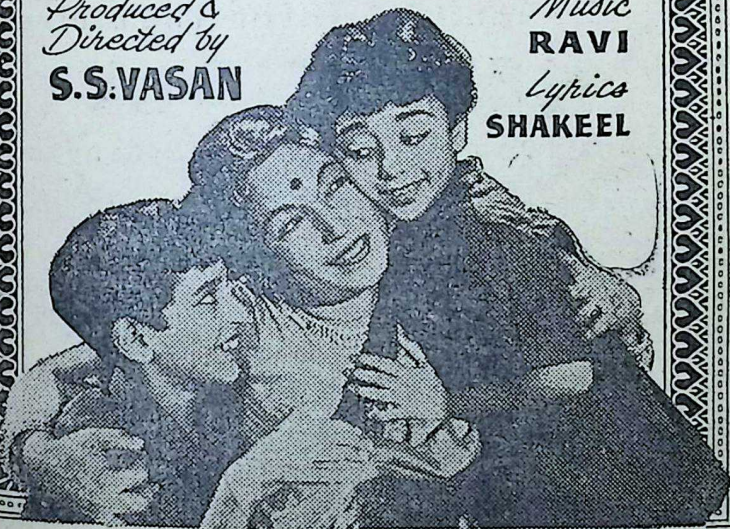
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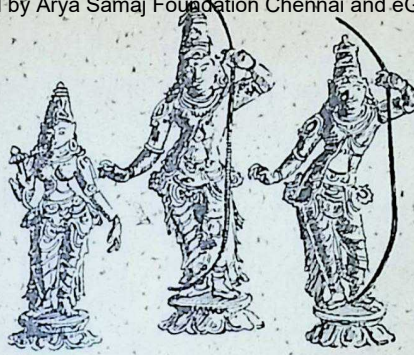
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ADHYATMA



RAMAYANA

Sugriva's Prayer

Sri Rama and Lakshmana come to Risyamooka where they befriend Sugriva and his ministers through Hanuman. Sugriva asks Rama to punish his brother Vali for stealing his wife. Rama convinces Sugriva about his ability to do so whereon Sugriva prays:

देव! त्वं जगतां नाथः परमात्मा न संशयः ।
मत्पूर्वकृतपुण्यौघैः सङ्गतोऽद्य मया सह ॥

O, God! There is no doubt that you are the Lord of the Universe. The good deeds of my past lives have materialised today by making me meet you.

त्वां भजन्ति महात्मानः संसारविनिवृत्तयो
त्वां प्राप्य मोक्षसचिवं प्रार्थयेऽहं कथं भवम् ॥

The great souls worship you for release from the cycle of birth and death. How can I, meeting the High-Priest of Moksha that you are, ask you to help me in matters of this life?

वाराः पुत्राः धनं राज्यं सर्वं त्वन्मायया कृतम् ।
अतोऽहं देवदेवेश! न काङ्क्षेऽन्यत्प्रसीद मे ॥

Wives, children, wealth, kingdom—all are created by the power of your Maya. Therefore, Lord of gods, I do not long for anything besides Thee; grant it, I beg of you.

आनन्दानुभवं त्वाद्य प्राप्तोऽहं भाग्यगौरवात् ।
मृदयं यतमानेन निधानमिन सत्पते ॥

By the immensity of my fortunes, I am enjoying the bliss of your darsan, O Lord, like the man digging for mud, suddenly discovering a treasure beneath.

अनाद्यविद्या संसिद्धं बन्धनं छिन्नमद्य नः ।
यज्ञदानतपः कर्मपूर्तेष्टादिभिरप्यसौ ॥

न जीर्यते पुनर्दादयं भजते संसृतिः प्रभो ।
त्वत्पाददर्शनात्सद्यो नाशमेति न संशयः ॥

Today that bond that tied me to life on account of long accumulated avidya has snapped; that bond which is not snapped even by performance of yajna, dana, tapas and other Vedic acts. In fact, by the last mentioned performance, that bond to life becomes mightier! But, it undoubtedly snaps instantaneously by the darsan

of your feet.

क्षणार्धमपि यच्चित्तं त्वयि तिष्ठत्यचञ्चलम् ।
तस्याज्ञानमनर्थानां मूलं नश्यति तत्क्षणात् ॥
तत्तिष्ठतु मनो राम! त्वयि नान्यत्र मे सदा ॥

Even a half moment, spent by one steadfastly on your contemplation, instantaneously kills the root-cause of the evils of *ajnana*. O Rama! May my mind always dwell on you, not anywhere else.

राम रामेति यद्वाणि मधुरं गायति क्षणम् ।
स ब्रह्महा सुरापो वा मुच्यते सर्वपातकैः ।

He whose tongue sings your sweet name, Rama, Rama for a short while,—be he a killer of Brahmins (greatest sinner), a drunkard—becomes free from all kinds of sins.

न काङ्क्षे विजयं राम ! न च दारमुखादिकम् ।
भक्तिमेवसदा काङ्क्षे त्वयि बन्धविमोचनीम् ॥

Rama! I do not long for victory,

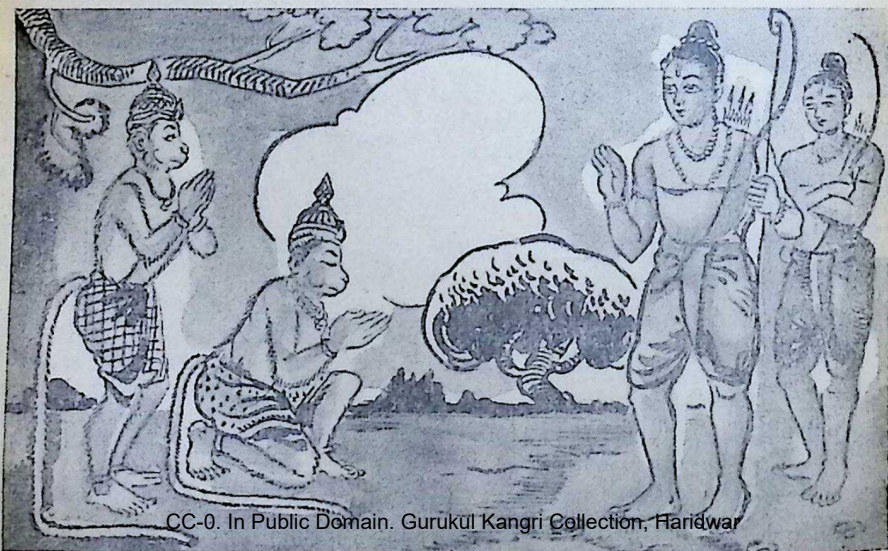
nor for the pleasures of a wife etc. I long for devotion to you alone, for *bhakti* which delivers me from the cycle of birth and death.

त्वन्मायाकृतसंसारः त्वदंशोऽहं रघूत्तम ।
स्वपादभक्तिमादिश्य त्राहि मां भवसङ्कटात् ॥

This *samsara* is the creation of your Maya. I, O best among Raghus, am an infinitesimal part of you. Therefore by enjoining me to devotion to your feet, save me from the miseries of metempsychosis.

पूर्वं मित्रार्युदासीनास्त्वन्मायावृतचेतसः ।
आसन्मेऽद्य भवत्पाददर्शनादेव राघव ॥
सर्वं ब्रह्मेव मे भाति यच्च मित्रं यच्च च मे रिपुः ।
यावत्त्वन्मायया बद्धस्तावद्गुणविशेषता ॥

All those who, before now, appeared to me as friends, enemies or neutrals being covered by your Maya, today, O Raghava, by the mere *darsan* of your feet, appear to me as



Brahman! Who indeed is the friend and who the foe? As long as *jiva* is wrapped by your *Maya*, so long is it conditioned by attributive qualities.

मा यावदस्ति नानात्वं तावद्भवति नान्यथा।
यावन्नानात्वमज्ञानात्तावत्कालकृतं भयम् ॥

As long as *Maya* holds sway, things have a mixed appearance like the friendly, unfriendly, neutral etc. Not otherwise. As long as the sense of difference persists due to *ajnana*, so long does the fear of death persist.

अतोऽविद्यामुपास्ते यः सोऽन्धे तमसिमज्जति ।

मायामूलमिदं सर्वं पुत्रदारादिवन्धनम् ।

तदुत्तारय मायां त्वं दासीं तव रघूत्तमम् ॥

Therefore he who worships *avidya* (indulges in acts pertaining to *avidya*) is immersed in total darkness (fear of death). The bondage of children, wife and all the rest of it is at the root of *Maya*. Therefore, O best of *Raghus*! Banish your servant *Maya*, away from me!

वत्पादपञ्चार्षितचित्तवृत्ति—

स्त्वन्नामसङ्गीतकथासु घ्राणी ।

वद्भक्तसेवानिरतो करौ मे

त्वदङ्गासङ्गं लभतां मदङ्गम् ॥

May my *chitta* be always be engaged in contemplating your lotus feet. May my tongue always engage in singing your name and uttering your stories. May my hands incessantly be of service to your devotees. May my body have the contact of your body.

त्वन्मूर्ति भक्तान् स्वगुहं च चक्षुः

पश्यत्वजस्रं स शृणोतु कर्णः ।

त्वज्जन्मकर्माणि च पादयुग्मं

व्रजत्वजस्रं तव मन्दिराणि ॥

May my eyes always behold your lovely form, that of your devotees and their preceptors. May my ears always listen to recitals of your *avatara-leelas*. May my feet always hurry to your temples.

अङ्गानि ते पादरजोविमिश्र—

तीर्थानि बिभ्रत्वहिशत्रुकेतो ।

शिरस्त्वदीयं भवपद्मजाद्यै—

जुष्टं पदं राम ! नमत्वजस्रम् ॥

O Lord, flying the *Garuda* banner! May my body carry the holy water mixed with the dust from your feet! May my head always bow at your feet, at which *Siva*, *Brahma* and other gods too worship eternally.

.....The sacred syllable *AUM* is the most perfect expression of God's name

There are persons who ponder upon the shortcomings of their friends. There is nothing to be gained by this; I have always paid attention to the merit of my adversaries, and have derived advantages from doing so.

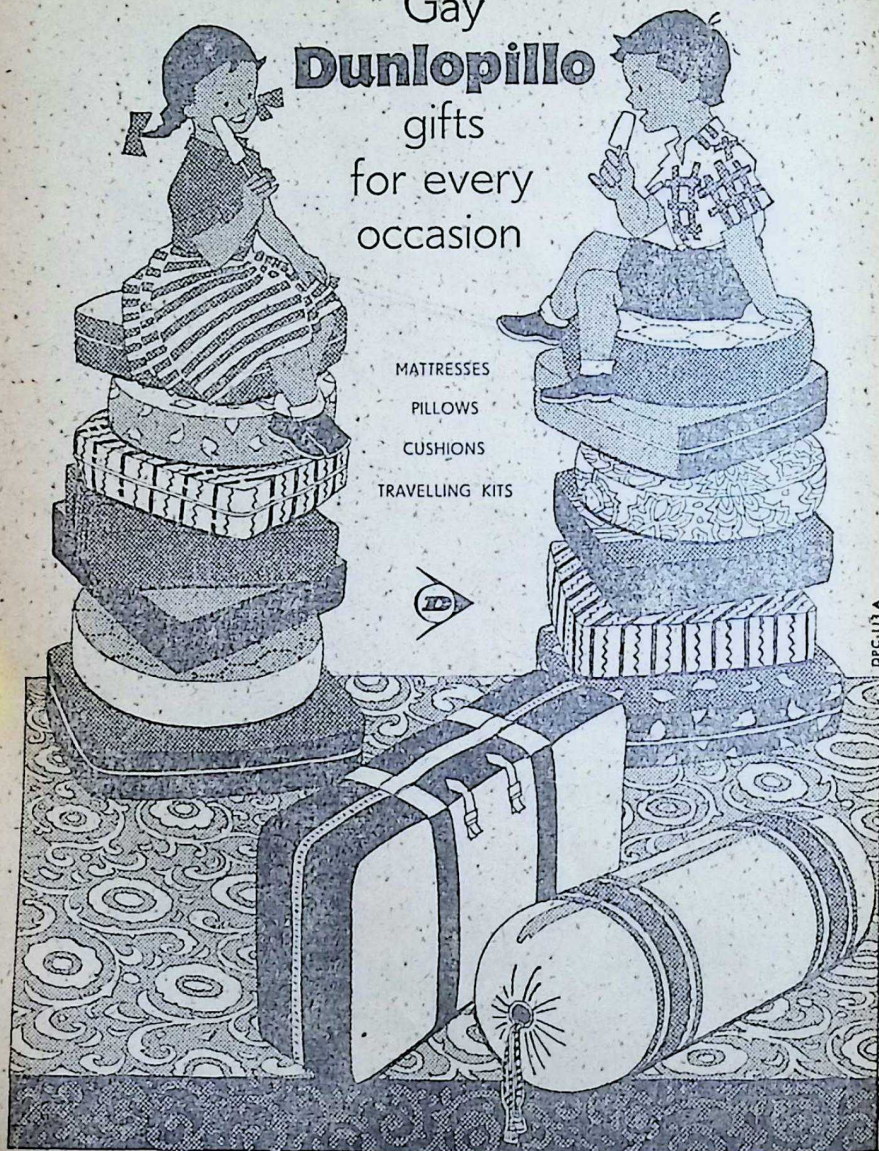
—J. W. von Goethe

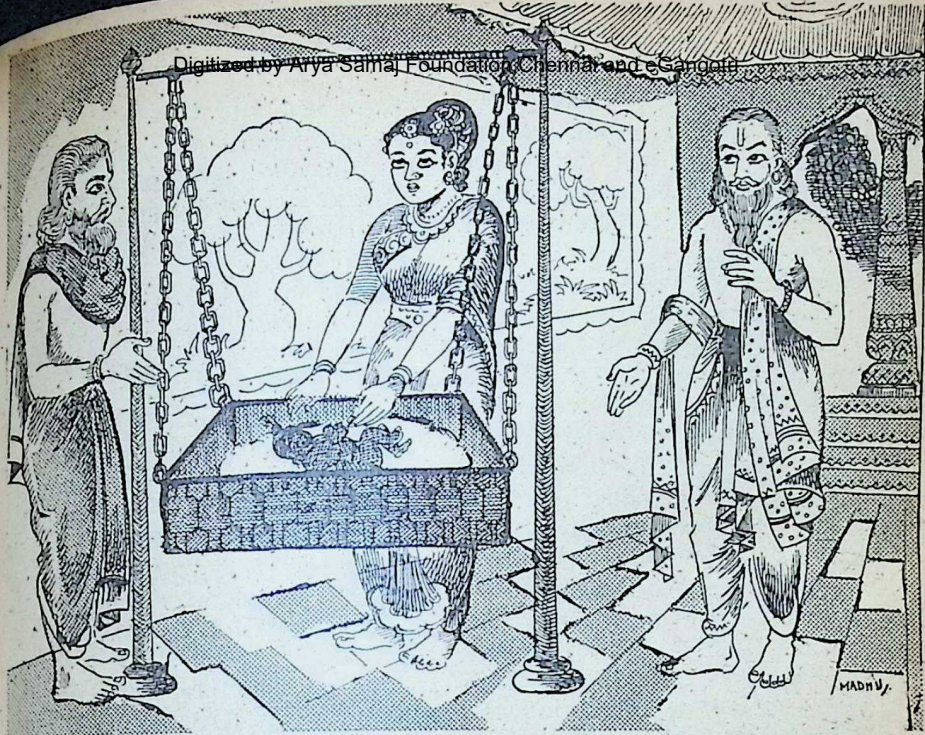
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KRISHNAVATARA

K. M. MUNSHI

30. "He is Coming"

DURING the time Krishna and Balaram were away at Goman-tak, Mathura had weltered in intrigues.

The Yadavas were violent-temper-ed, ambitious and irrepressible and such of them as had returned from abroad on the death of Kamsa were a law unto themselves. Ugrasena was too feeble to dominate the situation. Vasudeva was now the most influential

chief, and Akrura, the most respect-ed, but one was too good-natured and the other too saintly to be able to enforce any discipline.

The palace of Ugrasena itself was the centre of widespread intrigues which threatened whatever solidarity the king symbolised. All the nine sons of Ugrasena had been killed in the upheaval which followed Kamsa's death. His five daughters, all married

to the five brothers of Vasudeva, now free from the presence of their eldest brother, were busy each developing of her own ambition. Of them, *Kamsaa*, the eldest, married to Devabhaga, Vasudeva's brother, was the favourite of the father. She was very devoted to him. She had looked after him even during the years when he had been virtually a prisoner in the palace. After *Kamsa's* death, she had surrounded the aged and solitary monarch with care and affection, living in the palace and visiting her husband's family only on ceremonial occasions.

Kamsaa had a different attitude towards each of her three sons. *Chitraketu*, the eldest, as a proud cadet of the *Shooras*, and a closely knit patriarchal family, was deeply attached to its head, Vasudeva, and was busy looking after the affairs of the clan. Proud of her royal lineage and devoted to her father, she had looked upon him as a stranger.

Kamsaa almost hated her youngest son, *Uddhava*. She had never forgiven her husband for forcing her to part with her youngest son when as an infant he was sent away to *Vrindavan* to be brought up as a companion to Krishna. And on his return to Mathura, she had found him wholly absorbed in Krishna. She was furious, and nursed a sense of injury against both Krishna and *Uddhava*. Sometimes she cursed herself for having given birth to a son, who, though of the royal line, could be a slave of a younger cadet of the *Shoora* family.

All her maternal instincts were reserved only for the handsome *Brihad*, the second son, to whom she clung

with all the strength of her fiercely possessive nature. He was her darling. She pampered him to her heart's content, and surrounded him with a jealous solicitude demanding in return undivided love.

During the years *Kamsaa* had lived with her father, she had kept *Brihad* with her, and the King also had grown fond of him. When all her brothers were dead, she naturally felt that it was the right of her favourite son to be appointed the heir-apparent. The old king, however, was very fair-minded. He offered to abdicate in favour of Krishna, as, in his view, he was the fittest to rule over Mathura. This injustice rankled in *Kamsaa's* heart all the time.

Kamsaa, therefore, was very much relieved when Krishna and *Balaram* fled from Mathura. By hints and insinuations she gave currency among the *Yadavas* that Krishna and *Balaram*, out of sheer cowardice, were unable to face *Jarasandha*. Then she heard with a heart full of pride and joy that her beloved son had saved Mathura from the wrath of the Emperor by his diplomatic skill.

The story of his negotiations with *Jarasandha* had been retailed by *Brihad* with appropriate modesty to the king and the *Yadava* chiefs, and he emerged with the reputation of a saviour. *Akrura* and *Gada* were too generous to grudge *Brihad's* claim to have saved Mathura though they had more than a suspicion that *Brihad* had played into the Emperor's hands by supplying him the information about Krishna's whereabouts.

Kamsaa was also suspicious of her sisters. She had tried to get them to induce their husbands to support the claim of Brihad, but they had turned away from her. They shared the belief of the Shooras family that Krishna and Balaram were like gods and were sure to return.

Brihad had been associated with a group of young ambitious Yadava chiefs who had returned to Mathura after Kamsa's death. They all hated the tyrannical Kamsa and had been glad that he was got rid of, but they disliked the sudden emergence of Krishna and Balaram into importance in Mathura's life. Of these, Satrajit and Yuyudhava—always referred to as Satyaki being Satyaka's son—were the leaders.

When Krishna and Balaram left Mathura, Brihad and his group got an opportunity of their life. They crowded over the disgrace which the two brothers had brought on themselves by what they called cowardly fight. They were also glad that now Brihad would be the heir-apparent, for they hoped to gain immensely if a weak King came to rule Mathura.

Kamsaa had more than once ventured to mention to her husband that he should approach the King to install Brihad as the Yuvaraj. Devabhaga had frowned upon the suggestion. He would not permit his wife or sons to go counter to the wishes of Vasudeva, the head of the family. The law of the Aryans prescribed that the eldest male member of the family was entitled to the same unquestioned obedience as the father who was a god unto his sons.

In spite of the deceptive appearance

of a happy looking buxom, princess Kamsaa was very unhappy. She was obsessed by the idea that the world was conspiring to keep her beloved Brihad from one day becoming the King of Mathura. She could find no reason why he could not be the heir-apparent. Krishna himself had declined the throne. Her son was Ugrasena's favourite grandchild. He had saved Mathura from certain disaster and gained the gratitude of the Yadavas. It would also be a stroke of genuine statesmanship, she thought, if the two clans, Andhaks and Shooras—so far estranged on account of Kamsa's policy—could be united in the future ruler of Mathura.

With a view to promote her son's interests, she had been making friends with many of his friends. Of these friends Satyaki was the most brilliant and dashing. Dreaming of wars in which he hoped to win all prizes, he was impatient to see Brihad become the Crown Prince and himself the Prince's right-hand man, so that they might embark on a career of conquest. Kamsaa, by ingenious flattery, won over Satyaki and encouraged his impatience.

Whenever the King was not busy with the affairs of the State, Kamsaa waited on him and worked upon him to secure her aim. However, he would never fail to impress upon everyone—however jarring it was to Kamsaa—that Krishna alone could save the Yadavas. He, therefore, naturally declined to appoint Brihad as his successor without Krishna's approval.

For months there was no news of Krishna. Rains started coming. The king felt ill. Taking advantage of the

situation, Kamsaa, in her sweetly persuasive way, pressed upon him the claims of her son. Brihad was a worthy young man. He had served Ugrasena well. He had been the saviour of Mathura. Everyone liked him. Krishna and Balaram had not been heard of for about a year. Even Vasudeva had raised no objection to her son's claim; he had assured her himself that if the king decided to adopt Brihad as his son and heir, he would be only too willing to accept him as Yuvaraja, the Crown Prince.

Kamsaa with tears in her eyes upbraided her father for being unjust to her and to her son. The old king, fearing that any day the God of Death might claim him, was now shaken in his faith that Krishna was sure to return, and promised her to consider her suggestion favourably.

The King called Gargacharya, the preceptor, for consultation. 'But it is Dakshinayan,' remonstrated the Acharya. It was the part of the year sacred to the departed Fathers of the race and no auspicious ritual could be performed during these months.

Ugrasena, lying in bed, spoke pitiously: 'Best of Acharyas, we are a doomed race. Kamsa was wicked and made the Yadavas unhappy; that is why when Krishna killed him, I felt relieved. Then I thought that under Krishna's leadership, my people would be powerful, rich and happy. But that was not to be.'

'Noble King, I have faith in Krishna. Nothing can happen to him. He has come to establish *Dharma*, and he will live to do so. It is a pity that I cannot impart my faith to you.

'But why should he come in the way of my son?' interrupted Kamsaa who was present by the bed side fanning her father. 'My son does not come in the way of establishing *Dharma*.'

'No one can,' said Ugrasena in a tired voice. 'But I do not like to appoint a Yuvaraja when Krishna is not here. After all, without him, the Yadavas cannot be saved.'

'Suppose he does not come, what then?' asked Kamsaa wrathfully.

Gargacharya shook his head at Kamsaa's lack of faith.

As if in response to her question, there was excitement in the ante-room, and Shanku, who had succeeded Pradyota as the guard in command of the fort, burst into the room.

'Lord, Lord, He is coming.'

'Who?' asked Ugrasena in a fright, as he sat up in his bed. He had been awaiting the God of Death for some time.

'Krishna Vaasudeva. And he has vanquished Jarasandha,' said Shanku, out of breath with excitement.

'God of all Gods! Thou art great indeed!' muttered Ugrasena, as he fell back in bed relieved.

Gargacharya prayed in silence.

Kamsaa beat her forehead with her palms, and bursting into tears, left the room.

Brihad was among his roistering friends, drinking, playing dice and joking. They had come to know that the installation of Brihad as the Crown Prince was certain and were celebrating the event in anticipation.

Young Satyaki, tall, well-knit and handsome, entered the room hurriedly and with a gleam in his face shout-

SEPTEMBER 17, 1961

ed: 'Stop! you fools.'

'Come, have a drink, brother,' said Brihad, who was now in that stage of intoxication when the world looks rosy and all men best of friends. 'Those are the orders of the Yuvaraja.'

'Stop drinking, you idiot. You are no more going to be the Crown Prince than I am,' said Satyaki, unceremoniously snatching away the cup from Brihadbala's hand and throwing it on the ground.

'Fools all!' someone shouted in drunken accent.

'What is it?' asked Brihad, surprised into sobriety by the stern manner of Satyaki.

'He is coming,' shouted Satyaki.

'Who is coming?' asked Brihad.

'Messengers have just brought news that Krishna has vanquished Jarasandha and will soon be here with the King of Chedi.'

For a moment everyone became quiet. Then Virat shouted: 'Stop joking, Satyaki.'

'I am not joking. He has vanquished Jarasandha, killed Shrigalava Vasudeva of Karvirpur in battle, and is now on his way to Avanti. In a few weeks he will be here,' replied Satyaki, his voice ringing out in solemn warning.

Everyone tried to capture sobriety by an effort. There was a scowl on the face of Brihad.

'Oh!, I thought he was dead,' he muttered between his teeth.

'That's it. He should have died,' exclaimed an inebriated Yadava

youngster sitting next to him. 'He is very much alive,' shouted Satyaki so as to drown the chatter

in the room. 'Let us be sober and think of what to do next.'

● ● ●

After Krishna left Mathura, Vasudeva received a message from his sister Kunti about the danger which faced her sons, the five Pandavas. Akura was, therefore, sent to Hastinapur to see things for himself and talk the matter over to the Kuru elders, Grandfather Bhishma and King Dhritarashtra.

Akrura, on his way back, visited Kurukshetra to take his holy dip in the Sarasvati and pay his respects to the Best of Munis, Veda Vyas. After he returned to Mathura he acquainted Ugrasena and Vasudeva with the situation in which the Pandavas were placed. The elders were treating them with affection, but Dhritarashtra's sons, headed by Duryodhana, the eldest, and guided by Karna, a charioteer's son, were persecuting them in diverse ways. But the Sage was watchful and the Pandava's were not likely to come to harm.

After meeting the Yadava elders, Akrura came to meet Devaki. She was busy swinging the golden image of baby Krishna in a room which to her was a shrine. Devaki touched Akrura's feet; he was an elder cousin of Vasudeva.

'Devaki, still worshipping your Bala-Krishna?*' he commented with a smile. 'He is no longer a baby. He

* That is Baby-Krishna. The names Gopal and Govind, both meaning cowherd or lord of cows, stuck to Krishna throughout his life in spite of his later achievements and has been worshipped even under the names of Bala-Krishna, Bala-Gopal and Bala-Govind.

is our deliverer.'

'Eldest, soon after he was born I saw him. I am since wrapped up in him as he then was. I have seen him in no other form. He will be my baby even if he became the Ruler of the Three Worlds,' Devaki replied.

'How is Subhadra doing?' asked Akrura, as he sat down in front of Devaki. Subhadra was the youngest of Devaki's child.

'Oh, she is very healthy and smiling all the time. She will grow into a beauty,' replied Devaki with a touch of pride.

'But won't she feel hurt, the way you are pouring out your heart to Bala-Krishna?' Akrura asked.

'Eldest, I love Subhadra as much as a mother could. But Krishna is different; he is my life, my God, my all in this world and the next. But now tell me how is Kunti and her five sons,' said Devaki.

Akrura shortly told her about the situation in Hastinapur. Then he resumed the conversation. 'Only when I recently heard Sage Veda Vyas discoursing on *bhakti*, Divine Love, I understood how you feel about Krishna. But how can you remain wrapped up in Bala-Gopal and be a loving mother to Subhadra, you, Devaka's noble daughter?' asked Akrura.

'I can. For ten years, when in prison, I suffered endless sorrows. My only solace was my prayer for the eighth son to arrive. Then Krishna was born. He may be the redeemer of the Yadavas but to me he was God. Then for several years when I waited for him day and night, in the intensity of my longing he was to me

present in person. I saw him as a baby, fed him, played with him, sang to him, Eldest. He was not mine: I was his—all my breathing moments. Today also he is with me, always. He speaks to me. I have no will but his. I move as he wants me to. I have no life except living in him. You may not understand all this, Eldest, though I know you yourself look upon Krishna as God. But I am a little mad. Some of the ladies look upon me as unhinged. But I have no self left; it is all Bala-Krishna. I see him everywhere,' Devaki said.

'Devaka's noble daughter.' You are not mad. You have become divine. In what you feel, I see *bhakti* realised, as seen by Narada. The Best of Sages explained it to me,' said Akrura.

'What is it? I have never heard of it,' said Devaki.

'It is *Aikantika Dharma*, the Law of Love Divine as taught by Prajapati to the ancient kings, Vaivasvat, Manu and Ikshvaku. That is what the Best of Muni's said,' said Akrura.

'I never knew that I was so wise. Tell me all what the Best of sages told you,' asked Devaki.

'I will tell you what the venerable one told us,' said Akrura. 'Sage Narada, the conscience keeper of the Gods, once went to NARAYANA, the Supreme. "Oh, Thou Supreme! Men worship Thee; but whom dost Thou worship?" asked the Sage. NARAYANA then said unto Narada, "Though you are devoted to Me, what you have asked me cannot be explained in words. Go to Mount Meru, around which the universe re-

voves; from there go to Shveta Dwipa where you will meet Brahaspati, Ekata, Dwita, Trita and Vasu Uparichara. Ask them about the mystery they are seeking."

"Did Sage Narada go to Shveta Dwipa?" asked Devaki.

"He did. But he found that Brihaspati had not realised the Supreme; he was only wedded to the *Vedas* and to sacrificial rituals. Ekata, Dwita, Trita had not realised NARAYANA either; they were busy performing penances. Vasu Uparichara alone had realised Him," said Akrura.

"How?" asked Devaki.

"In the way you have given yourself to Bala-Krishna. He had given himself to NARAYANA in Love Divine; in fact he lost his life to Him by pouring it out to all—on gods, men and demons, on the good and the wicked. So NARAYANA Himself appeared to Vasu Uparichara and he was filled with Him," said Akrura.

"Then what did Narada do?" asked Devaki.

"He understood what Divine Love meant. He returned to NARAYANA overflowing with the Love and the Supreme disclosed to him His cosmic form VAASUDEVA,—THAT IS ALL. When I heard this from the Best of Sages, I thought of you," said Akrura.

"You are very kind, Eldest. I wish I could understand all you say. I am not learned," said Devaki humbly.

"You are greater than the greatest of learned men. Your love for Bala-Krishna is what the Best of Sages called *Aikantika Bhakti*—Divine Love. It is love that knows no reward, no desire for reward, no hope for heaven.

It is love that is absolute, for it is living in Him. And your love is of *Narayaniya* variety," said Akrura.

"Today you are in a mood to say very kind things about me, Eldest. If my love for Bala-Krishna is *Narayaniya Bhakti*—Love Divine—then my Krishna is NARAYANA," Devaki said with a smile.

"Who knows? He may be," said Akrura thoughtfully. "When I brought Him to Mathura, on the way, I felt for a moment that he was NARAYANA VAASUDEVA."

"Eldest, let us keep this to ourselves, for others will not understand it. And our telling them what we feel, will only raise enemies for Krishna," said Devaki.

"I know. This is our secret, Devaki," said Akrura.

Before they could speak further, Vasudeva rushed into the room, flushed with excitement, a very unusual conduct on the part of so staid a person.

"He is coming," said Vasudeva.

"Who is coming?" asked Devaki, her pale face flushed with colour. She could sense who it was that was coming.

"Krishna is coming. Damagosh is with him. They have routed Jarasandha and all his allies who are fleeing to their lands," said Vasudeva, his excitement making him incoherent. "They are coming."

"He, NATHA (Lord)!" exclaimed Devaki, her eyes humid with joy.

Akrura looked down, closed his eyes and muttered; "He NATHA, NARAYANA, VAASUDEVA."

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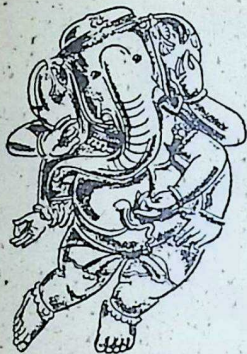
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Classical Dances and Dance-dramas of India

4. Other Forms

Sri Mohan Khokar

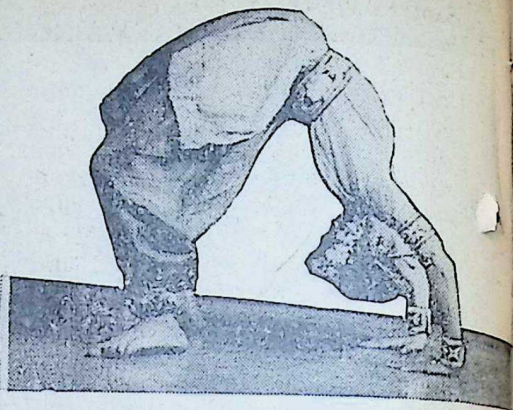
IN the previous articles, we have examined the four major forms of classical dance in India, namely, the Bharata Natya, Kathakali, Kathak and Manipuri, and also the various dances and dance-dramas which stem from, or are closely related to, these basic modes. Apart from these, there are two traditions of dance and one of dance-drama which have also had a more or less parallel development and which, though long neglected, are now coming into their own. They are the Orissi and the Chhau dances of Orissa and Bihar respectively; and the

Yakshagana of Karnatak, which is a dance-drama.

The Orissi dance is centuries old. Like Bharata Natya, it has from the outset been performed in temples as a religious offering, and the performers in this case are *devadasis* who are known as *Maharis*. The *Maharis* are attached mostly to Vaishnava temples, and the Jagannath temple at Puri, in particular, can be said to have served as the cradle and the nursery of the Orissi art. *Maharis* have been in the service of this temple since the 12th century A.D., and there is evidence that, since then, they have

maintained an unbroken tradition of dancing before the Lord two times every day. Since the beginning of the 17th century, however, Orissi has also been performed by a class of dancing boys who wear female attire and who are known as *Gotipuas*. From the close of the 17th century Orissi suffered from indifferent patronage and passed through a long period of neglect, but today, as a part of the current revival of Indian dance, Orissi, too, is happily coming into its own.

The technique of Orissi is based to some extent on the *Natya Shastra*, but Orissi also has its own texts, such as the *Abhinaya Chandrika* and *Natya Manorama*, which are in Sanskrit but are written in the Oriya script. The basic body movements and poses



A Karana of Orissi. This Karana is also mentioned in the *Natya Shastra*.

A Yakshagana dancer



of Orissi are known as *Bhangis* and *Karanas*, and in the case of the latter, quite a few are borrowed from the *Natya Shastra*. In fact Orissi is the only dance in India today which uses any of the *Karanas* listed in the *Natya Shastra*. Hand gestures, which are called *Hastika* or *Parija*, play an important part in Orissi, and while some of these are borrowed from the *Natya Shastra* many are original and exclusive to the Orissi dance.

Orissi has a repertory which includes items of *nrita* as well as of *nri-tya*. The former category has items such as *Mokshya Nata*, *Swara Pal-labi* and *Tarijham*, while the latter includes dances such as *Batú Nritya*, *Sabhinaya* and *Ishta Deva Bandana*. The *nrita* items carry footwork and stylised movements and poses which are performed to the accompaniment of the singing of rhythmic syllables and the playing of the drum. In *nri-tya*, *abhinaya* is done for songs in

Sanskrit and Oriya. The *Geeta Govinda* of Jayadeva holds a very important place in the *nritya* of Orissi; in fact there is a 400-year-old tradition by virtue of which the *Maharis* are allowed to recite only the *Geeta Govinda* and no other text in the Jagannath temple—a covenant which holds good to this day.

Another variety of classical dance is the *Chhau*, fostered by the people of Seraikella and Kharaswan, now in Bihar State. For centuries the rulers of Seraikella were not only great patrons of the dance but were also good dancers themselves.

Though performances of *Chhau* can take place at any time of the year, it is on the occasion of *Chaitra Parva*, the spring festival, that it finds its highest expression. Special dance competitions are held at this time and the *raja* himself acts as the judge and awards the coveted trophy—a ceremonial flag—to the winner or the winning team every year.

The *Chaitra Parva* is celebrated at Seraikella in honour of Ardhhanarishwara, the representation of the union of Shiva and his consort, Parvati. The festival lasts four days. It begins early in the night with a ceremonial propitiation of Ardhhanarishwara at the temple at Majna Ghat, on the bank of the river Kharkhai. After this a dancer, impersonating Ardhhanarishwara, starts from the river bank dancing his way to another Shiva temple near the palace of the *raja*. The dancer is dressed in red and all the exposed parts of his body and face are also painted red. On his head he carries a pot of sacred water from the river. His dancing is accompanied by

the playing of drums and pipes and on either side of him are volunteers carrying flaming torches. The dancing ends when the dancer reaches the temple at the palace. The ritual water-pot is deposited here and the pot which was buried here the previous year is unearthed. By the quantity of water left in the latter, certain predictions regarding the coming year are made.

The ritual dance of the first night is known as *Jatra Ghata*. More or less similar dance processions take place on the second, third and fourth nights and are known respectively as *Brindabani*, *Garia Bhar* and *Kalika Ghata*. Each night, after the preliminary rituals, dance competitions are conducted at the palace.

The *Chhau* dance is so called because the *Chhau* (mask) is its indispensable feature. There are different masks for gods, human beings and demons. As the dancers wear masks, they have to depend on hand gestures and movements and postures of the body for their *abhinaya*.

Though it is generally believed that the *Chhau* dance developed out of the one-time mock fights of the *Paik* warriors of Orissa, in its present form it has a definite and well-codified technique. It is performed only by males who play the female roles as well. The technique is based on some extent on the *Natya Shastra* and the *Abhinaya Darpana*, but it also incorporates many principles which have been locally evolved. Besides various types of footwork and stylised hand-gestures, the *Chhau* dance also contains a set of *topkas*, or modes of

Many Happy Returns



DR. S. RADHAKRISHNAN

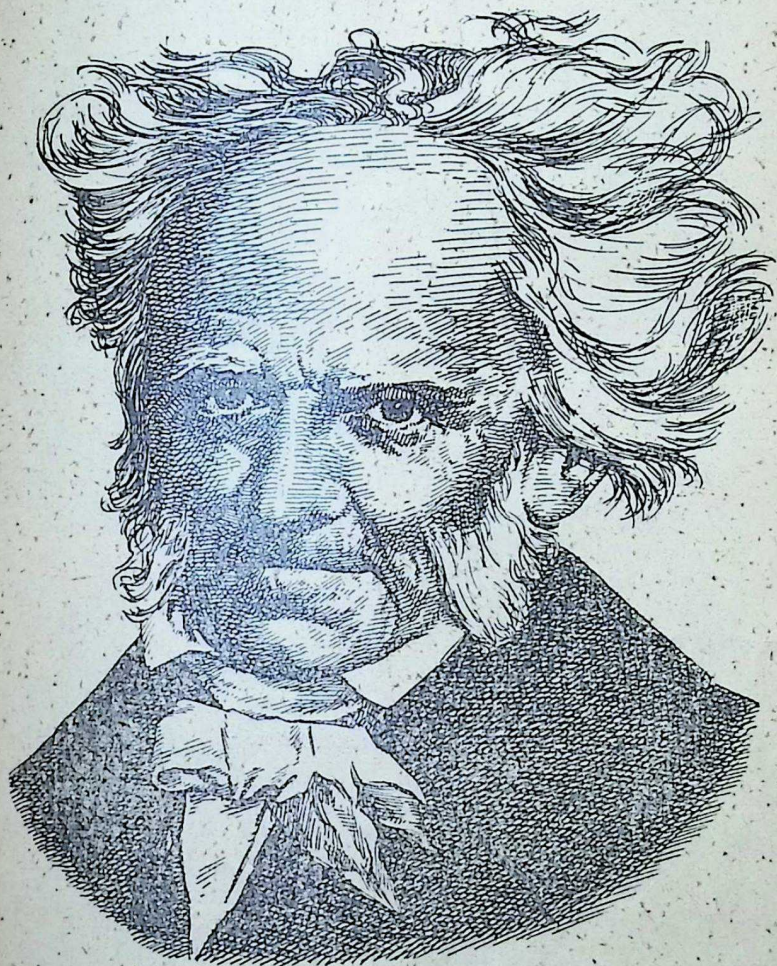
[b. September 5, 1888]

"No living man has done so much as Sir Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan to bridge the gap between East and West."

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—Lionel Curtis

Homage



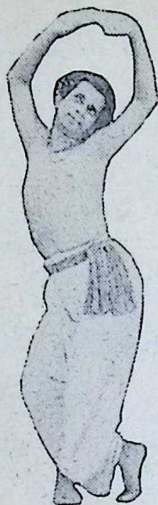
ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER

[b. February 22, 1788; d. September 21, 1860]

"He has risen above himself and looked over the landscape of wisdom beyond the mountain peaks of desire to the vast horizon of peace."

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—Henry Thomas.



A beautiful Tribhanga pose of Orissi

epics and *Puranas* and also from nature and the everyday life of the people. There are also combat dances which are invariably performed with vigour and dexterity and are very exciting. Some compositions are presented in the form of dance-dramas.

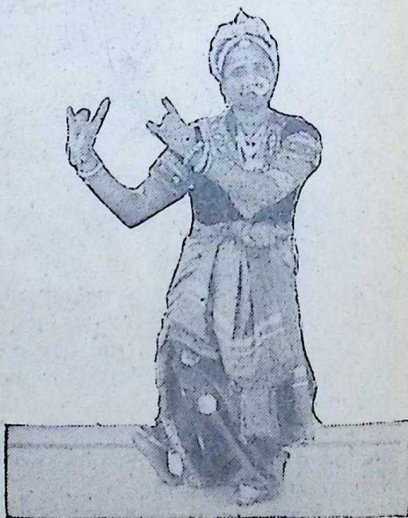
The music is simple and austere. The orchestral tunes and songs are set to modes and rhythms of the Hindustani music system.

In the area of the former Mayurbhanj State, adjacent to Seraikella, there is another tradition of dance which is similar to the Chhau except for the use of masks. The repertory of the Mayurbhanj tradition, however, is not as rich as that of Seraikella.

The Yakshagana is a form of dance-drama which has been practised since several centuries in Mysore

and South Kanara. It is essentially a folk art, but it has made efforts to pattern itself after the classical forms of dance and dance-drama obtaining in the neighbouring regions of Andhra, Tamil Nad and Kerala. In its rendering, the performers sing verses, speak dialogues and act and dance. The plays are written in Kanarese or Tulu. Though the language is generally simple, one can sometimes find in it the makings of great poetry.

The Yakshagana plays can be performed at any time of the year. But they are mostly staged after the harvest season, that is, in February and March, and during Deepavali and Shivaratri festivals. The performances can take place anywhere but they are usually arranged in the courtyards of temples or in any open space adjoining



A debutant of Mysore in Orissi dance



A Gotipua dancer in Orissi. Gotipuas are boys who wear female attire when they dance.

ing the temples. A stage is improvised, and is sometimes provided with a canopy of bamboo festooned with tender leaves of the coconut. Illumination is provided by gaslights or flaming torches or big oil-lamps.

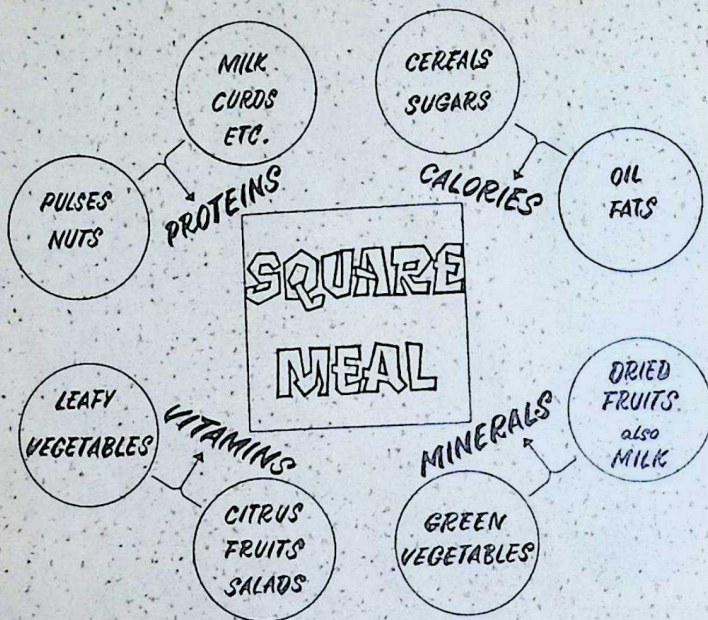
The performers are all men. They are usually attached to organised troupes, which are known as *mandalix*. Each *mandali* is in the charge of a *Bhagavatar*, who is the producer, director and conductor of the plays. He is invariably a learned scholar, and sometimes he is also the author of the plays he produces. While the themes are borrowed from the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata*, sometimes

which have a bearing on chivalry and heroism are preferred. Formerly, social themes were a taboo, but since about 75 years ago, such objects have also been included in the repertoire.

A Yakshagana performance begins with certain preliminaries. Two persons hold a curtain in front of the stage and the principal characters appear behind this curtain and do some dance movements and also offer *puja* to the gods. Then, one by one, the characters come in front of the curtain and execute short dances with a view to showing their valour and prowess. Then begins the play in which there is much vigorous dancing. Dances depicting combats are quite common. The performers speak dialogues and sometimes also sing and use facial expressions and hand gestures, albeit to a limited extent, to project their ideas. The singing is also done by a vocal chorus which is led by the *Bhagavatar*. The songs are set in *ragas* and *talas* but sometimes folk tunes are also used. The musical accompaniment is provided by the traditional *mridanga* and the *chenda*. The Kadangi, who is the buffoon, is an indispensable character of the Yakshagana plays.

The costumes are quite colourful and gorgeous. Most of the characters wear heavily bejewelled coats and ornaments such as shoulder and breast-plates, ear-rings and anklets. Different characters wear crowns of different shapes and these are made as elaborately as the ones used in Kathakali. The characters paint their faces, according to the type of role they are portraying.

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation, Chennai and Bangalore
 The author is a foreign qualified Doctor, who is specialised
 in clinical research-cum-public health nutrition work. He belongs
 to the State Nutrition Organisation, Bombay—Ed.



Dr. V. N. JAI

THERE is ample dietary evidence to show that, influenced by religious customs, and food fads, beset by economic handicaps, and guided by taste buds, many of us have not yet arrived at a satisfactory choice of diet. The majority of us have remained vegetarians. Even those who have no objection to consuming meat, are perforce vegetarians, owing to the usually high cost of non-vegetarian foods, viz., flesh, fowl and fish.

It is no longer valid to believe that lack of stamina and resistance to ill-

health is related to lack of meat in the diet.

The elephant grows to an enormous size; the deer is capable of great speed and the cow cannot only maintain herself but can also produce milk; they all consume only the plant foods.

Nevertheless, restriction in the choice of food, as is the case with strict vegetarianism, raises the question of nutritional adequacy, deserving greater attention and effort in planning the menus and the meals.

There is hardly any need to affirm

that our food should collectively contain all the essential ingredients (nutrients), such as proteins, fats, carbohydrates, a few vitamins and two major minerals, viz., calcium and iron. A diet which meets the body's needs of these nutrients in desirable quantities and proportions is termed a *Balanced Diet*. It is a nutritional target to be achieved by a judicious combination of available foods within the economic limitations of the family.

The present article will deal primarily with the nutritional merits of specific foods, food groups and food combinations, acceptable to the typical vegetarian citizen.

MILK:

Let us start with *milk*, the most essential item in our daily food. The observation that a babe develops into a toddler *solely* on milk, eliminates the need to stress that milk is the most complete of the *natural* foods. No wonder ours is a milk-traditioned country since ages; though, comparatively high cost of wholesome buffalo's (or cow's) milk, limits the level of its consumption. On the other hand the use of skim milk-powder, as is done in the large-scale manufacture of 'Toned' milk (in Bombay) is an economic substitute, especially in our country, where availability of fresh milk is rather low.

Curds and buttermilk, from reconstituted skim milk are acceptable forms of milk products and can usefully supplement the total milk intake in a poor family.

Skim milk-powder is known to be a very economical source of the three important constituents of *any* milk, viz., first-class proteins, assimilable

calcium and the vitamin B₂ (riboflavin). It can be effectively mixed with staple cereals such as wheat, in the preparation of *chapaties*, *puris*, etc.

I may refer here to the *little known* fact that such a *protein-rich chapati* has become a component of a 'high-protein dietary regime,' prescribed since a decade, for severely malnourished patients in hospitals of some States, notably Gujarat and Maharashtra. The incorporation of inexpensive, tasty and nutritious *methi* leaves into such a 'milk chapati' would further enrich the preparation known as *methi thalipith* or *dhebra*, commonly consumed in Western India.

LEGUMES (कडोले) provide yet another important protein-rich food group, invaluable in a vegetarian dietary. The large variety of legumes (syn: pulses), available perennially at low-cost has earned for itself the nick-name of "poor man's meat." Both the *whole* pulse and the split gram (syn: dal) yield near-complete proteins, as also 'B' vitamins. Depending upon the region of the country, one or the other of the common varieties viz., *tur* (red gram), *udid* (black gram), *mung* (green gram), *chana* (bengal gram), *masoor* (lentil) is the popular legume consumed with the staple cereal. An intelligent combination of them is known to enhance the biological efficiency of the proteins. '*TREVTI* (meaning three) *dal*' is a tasty, thick liquid preparation incorporating the first three of the above grams. Its occasional serving; besides, helps break the monotony in the menu.

Many of the legumes are amenable



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SEPTEMBER 17, 1961

to germination. When they are allowed to sprout, vitamin C—occurring in abundance only in juicy fruits, develops in the soft, easily digestible pulse. One helping (about 60 g.) of sprouted *mung*, *matki*, *chana* or *val* is an inexpensive substitute for the expensive citrus fruits in this respect, provided it is cooked rather conservatively. This is a healthy habit, particularly in summer months, when fresh vegetables and fruits become scarce and 'out of bounds' for the Commoner. It can be served in the form of *usal*. To improve its nutritive value, steam-cooked sprouted pulses may be garnished with grated coconut, coriander leaves, onions or garlic before serving.

Let us turn to other equally nutritious foods.

Everyone is familiar with the edible oil-bearing nuts, such as the groundnuts, coconut, and sesame (*til*); *badam*, *pista* and the *kaju*. Some of them, specially the first one, form a potent source of good quality proteins. Their high oil-content, besides, makes them a concentrated source of calories. The year-round availability of groundnuts at low cost has prompted many a mother to devise suitable snacks for her kids. The use of groundnut (or *til* seeds) and *chana* with *gur* (jaggery) as the sweetening-cum-binding component, is a sound dietary composition. A formula was designed, some years ago, by the Department of Nutrition, for children attending the primary schools in Bombay. Clinical evaluation showed that this special preparation (called *chiki*) was acceptable to thousands of children, given 1 oz., on

working days, throughout the year. Such a *chiki* is thus a truly low-cost nutritious recipe—providing proteins, ensuring energy and imparting sweetness.

The high cost of the majority of other members of this food group, prevents their regular use in the average family. Moreover, the high oil-content, associated with non-edible fibre, renders them all rather difficult for complete digestion. On the other hand, the need to popularise them—in some modified form, is increasingly recognised by nutrition workers.

There is convincing evidence to show that the diets of the low-income groups of population, not only of our country, but of several other countries of Asia, Africa and Latin America, are primarily protein-deficient. This observation has motivated food technologists to process the inexpensive protein-rich plant foods, such as soya bean, groundnut, bengal gram, with a view to evolve acceptable food supplements. The Indian multi-purpose food—an attempt in this direction, is a blend of specially processed (oil-expelled) groundnut flour (75%) and bengal gram flour (25%) fortified with vitamins and minerals.

Let us now travel to the vast land of *vegetable-cum-fruits*, of the plant kingdom. The production and availability of innumerable vegetables viz., the green leaves, the swollen roots, the leguminous beans and equally varied fruits—both the fresh, juicy (sweet or sour), as also the dried but tasty ones, is a boon to the tropical populace, such as ours.

Although diverse in structure, ap-

pearance, taste, and the culinary procedure for its proper utilisation, the vegetables have a common qualitative nutritional denominator. Vitamins, mainly Carotene (the forerunner of vitamin 'A' in the body) and minerals, mainly Iron are present in high degree. Fruits, on the other hand, are known for abundant supply of vitamin 'C'. The presence of significant amounts of essential vitamins and minerals has earned them the physiological title of 'protective' foods. Green leaves typify these protective elements. The *greener* the leaf, the *greater* the content of carotenes and iron. In the country, at least fifty varieties are known to be consumed. Add to this about a score of edible roots and tubers, such as potatoes, sweet potatoes, carrots, radish, beetroot, the *kandas* and the like. Lastly, the remaining (unclassifiable) varieties of green plant foods (to be cooked as vegetables) would easily register a century, lending themselves to as many ways of combining and serving them.

The nutritionist, however, would endeavour to popularise the use of coriander and drumstick leaves, *alu* and *mayalu* leaves, radish and onion leaves, in judicious combination with colourful carrots or beetroot, *chana dal* or sprouted pulses, crushed groundnuts and/or grated coconut. Culinary combinations are not far to seek. Here are a few of them:

ECONOMIC SALAD:

Sliced radish and beetroot (with or without carrots), mixed with sprouted mung. Onions and coconut to taste. Serve the salad along with a

spread of leaves of the *same* radish and onions.

GREEN CHUTNEY:

The conventional ingredients viz., coriander leaves, roasted chana dal (crushed), coconut (grated) and green chillies, may be suitably supplemented with *pudeena* (mint), and *amla* or green tomatoes. It will result in nutritional enrichment together with an improvement in the colour, taste and the flavour of the *chutney*.

'PULSE AND LEAF'

COMBINATIONS:

It is difficult for many of us to easily develop a liking for a cooked leafy vegetable, as part of the daily meals. A combination, however, of *chawli*, *methi*, *palak*, *chakvat*, *alu* or drumstick leaves etc., with *dals*, to which groundnuts are added, is a much more acceptable dietetic advice.

Incorporation of certain leaves (up to 10%) in popular preparations such as *bhajias* is an effective way of enhancing the nutritive value. *Mayalu* is an example of an entire leaf being amenable to frying as a *bhajia*.

The *Alu-wadi* (syn: Pantra) is another example of the utilisation of an entire big-sized leaf in conjunction with *chana* flour.

The savouries are suitable most for the industrial (and other active) workers, who have to derive large quantum of calories from cheap, non-bulky snacks, at the premises.

LEGUMINOUS BEANS :

From amongst the tens of plant foods (consumed as vegetables), the fresh legumes, such as the *papdi*, french beans, the string beans and the cluster beans deserve special men-

tion. The edibility of their green pod (unlike that of peas), heightens their nutritional merit.

FRUITS:

Fresh fruits, being mainly seasonal in availability, are rather expensive, during the greater part of the year, in any given region. Obviously, they can be consumed in fair quantities only during seasons, by the large segments of population. True, fruit-eating has remained a luxury with many of us. Nevertheless, *amla*, *amrud* and *papaya* are highly nutritious fruits, generally within the reach of the majority. The first two are an excellent source of C vitamin; the third one, of A vitamin.

A word about the renowned Banana—an African name. The soft and sweet pulp, with agreeable aroma and comparative inexpensiveness, explain its popularity. Whatever the colour—green, yellow or the golden red; whatever the variety—*rajeli*, *velchi*, *mutheli* or *basrai*—the fruit provides energy. The following illustrate a few of the various ways of utilising the fruit.

PACHADI (Salad with curds):

Slices of banana, tomatoes (ripe), carrots, cucumber and *mogri* (tender purple stems) are put into curds for two/three hours. Salt and chillies to taste. Season with mustard seeds and garnish with coriander leaves, before serving.

SHIKRAN:

This is an admixture of a small quantity (say, 150 ml.) of milk (cold) and one ripe sliced banana. Simple and sweet. Easy to take and excellent in taste.

A suitable combination of *methi* leaves with *rajeli* banana can be the basis of a tasty vegetable preparation with good nutritive value at low-cost.

Apart from their nutritional merits, illustrated in the foregoing, the plant foods—particularly the vegetables and some fruits provide varying amounts of tough indigestible fibre (called 'roughage'), which aids proper bowel movements.

Having given priority to the 'Proteinic and Protective' Foods, let me now take you to the energy-rich foods, viz., the starchy cereals, the sugars and the cooking fats.

CEREALS:

The two major grains viz., rice and wheat, supplemented with 'bajra', 'jowar', maize and millets (small-sized grains) such as ragi, wari, rajgira, kodra, constitute the staple cereals and the chief source of calories in our diet. Consumed as they are in large quantities, the cereals also provide appreciable amounts of 'B' group of vitamins. These nutrients are not always evenly distributed in the grains. In rice, for example, they are concentrated in the 'outer layers'. As a result of milling, these coverings are mostly detached. The removal is more complete if the milled rice is polished. Thus, whereas the appearance improves, nutritive value suffers. Hand-pounded rice is obviously to be preferred.

Amongst millets, Ragi (syn: *Nachni*, *Nagli*) deserves special mention. It is an excellent source of calcium. It may be served in the form of a gruel or utilised in the preparation of *Upama*, *Dosai*, *Vadai*.

Many and varied are the preparations from either rice or wheat. There is, however, experimental evidence to show that blending of two or more of the cereals or a cereal with a pulse, yields better nutritional balance. The 'Missi chapati' of the North, the 'Idli' of the South and the 'plain Dhokla' of the West deserve to be more widely accepted. A mixture of cereals in the daily food is, in my opinion, an effective approach to the complex food problem of the country, expected of any enlightened citizen.

SUGARS:

In their sweetness lies the attractiveness of sugars. However, the nutritive value of commercial sugars is restricted to the release of energy during utilisation by the tissues. Small amounts of minerals, chiefly iron, are present in the brown sugar, jaggery (*gur*) and honey. The more refined the sugar, the fewer minerals it contains.

DIETARY FATS:

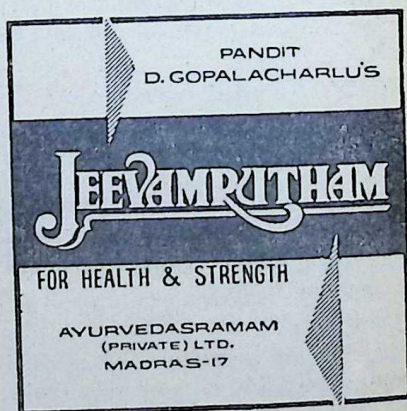
One more and an important food group to provide energy, is the cooking oils and fats, butter and ghee. Many of the commonly consumed vegetable oils are in general rated better than the animal fats, in view of their much higher content of "Essential Fatty Acids (EFA)". Amongst the edible vegetable oils, SAF-FLOR OIL (*Kardi*) has a very high percentage of total EFA. A word about the hydrogenated oils or *vanaspati*, as it is called. The process of hydrogenation (passing of hydrogen) is not expected to impart any nutritional value. The product

On the other hand, its content of

EFA is necessarily less than that of the raw material viz. the parent vegetable oils. At the same time whether '*vanaspati*' *per se* produces any ill-effect or not is still highly controversial. In view of the scientific suspicion, however, that there may exist a detrimental inter-relationship between dietary fats and heart (and arterial) disease, intensive research on the subject is in progress.

At the end of this nutritional travelogue, I wish to commend the dietitian's map, (given as head-piece to this article) specially designed for the future reference of the reader who prefers to be vegetarian.

One helping of each food group in a meal will facilitate the individual food factors to function as a team in the body. It will provide a SQUARE MEAL and a BETTER DEAL to the system.



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ANSWERS BY
K. M. MUNSHI

940

Sri A. S. Gopalakrishna, Mysore.

Q: *What is Death? I want to know the correct meaning of the above word.*

A: Death is changing one physical body for another.

941

Sri G. H. Halappa, Kodaganeer.

Q: *Who was the Guru of Bhagavan Sri Ramakrishna Paramahansa?*

A: Totapuri, a *sannyasi* of the Dashnami *sampradaya* founded by Adi Sankara.

Sri R. P. Vohra, Amritsar.

Q: *What are the cardinal virtues according to Indian Culture?*

- A: 1. *Satya*, accord between mind, word and deed.
2. *Yajna*, dedication of life to Higher Power.
3. *Tapas*, self-mastery induced by self-discipline involving purity of body and mind.

Sri H. Lakshman Rao, Bellary 2.

Q: *If a man sees a cat running away with a rat in his mouth, what*

should he do? 2. Would not frightening the cat to make it drop the rat deprive it of its legitimate food? At the same time would not passively looking at it make a man share the sin of killing a life? Kindly enlighten me.

A: If you see a cat trying to run after a rat, shout them off. If you see a tiger trying to eat a man, shoot the tiger. Don't run about cats or tigers. They will find their food in spite of you.

Isn't it funny, your asking questions which are not of any importance to you, to the cat or the rat?

944

Sri D. Venkateswara Rao, Vizagapatnam.

Q: *What will happen to the world if all human beings start spending their time in thoughts of the Almighty singing Sankirtans as advocated by Vivekananda?*

A: Vivekananda never said such a silly thing and you can be sure the day that you anticipate won't come for centuries.

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any occasion...



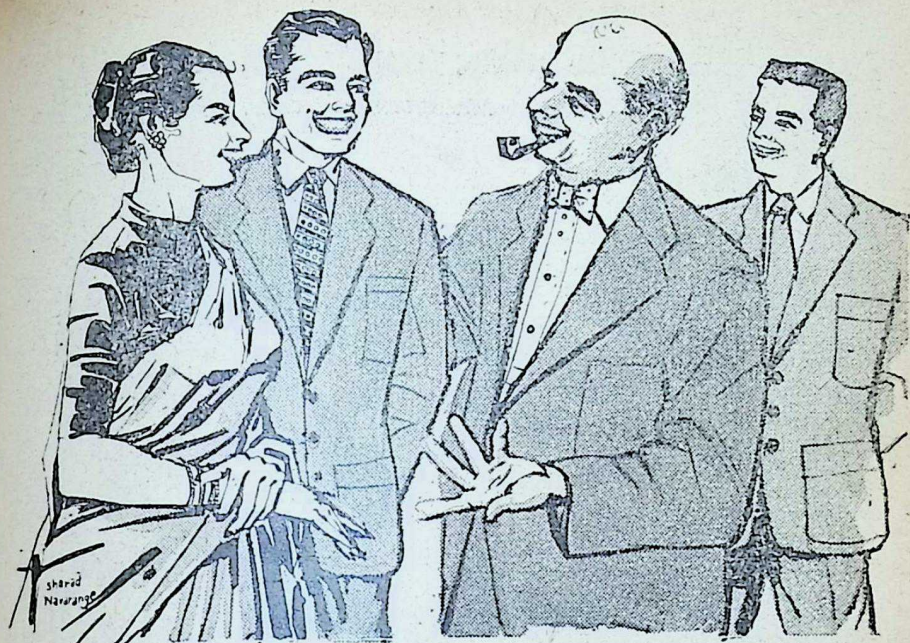
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PART II

Tapasvini

K. M. MUNSHI

Translated from Gujarati by H. M. Patel, I.C.S. (Retd.)

56. Sir Sadique Plays Politics

BARDOLI *satyagraha* aroused great interest throughout the country. The press was vehement in its criticism of the Government's policy. Many people in the country came to look upon this as a decisive battle of trial in the efficacy of Gandhian technique in winning the War of Independence. Through-

out the country people were deeply moved. In Gujarat and Bombay, particularly, popular enthusiasm reached incredible limits.

The farmers of Bardoli, true to their pledge not to pay the revised land revenue until their grievances were redressed, cheerfully suffered whatever hardships the authorities

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chose to inflict upon them. Nothing frightened them, be it seizures of land and property, sale of lands sequestration of cattle or physical torture at the hands of the pathans.

Vallabhbhai Patel's magnificent handling of the campaign raised him to the front rank of Indian leadership and earned for him the designation of the Sardar of Bardoli. Even people who had no confidence in Gandhiji or his passive resistance movement, now started to vie with each other to support the Bardoli movement. Some members of the Bombay Legislative Assembly, one after the other, began to send in their resignation of membership as a protest against official handling of the Bardoli movement. The City of Bombay was thoroughly aroused, firm in its determination to assist Bardoli to victory.

For months, Uday and Sheela strove unremittingly to secure support for the movement. They established contact with a number of members of the Legislative Assembly and persuaded them to resign their membership. They met the editors of newspapers and their correspondents, and fed them with the news from Bardoli. They enlisted the support of the business community for the movement; as a result, many trade associations passed resolutions supporting it. They impressed some members of the Executive Council of the Governor and Ministers of Bombay Government to resign, if they could not use their good offices to find a satisfactory solution of the problem.

A complete understanding had sprung up between Uday and Sheela,

who in working with him found satisfaction she had never known before. So occupied was she with her work that she hardly found time to meet her husband Radharaman. He, on his side was only too glad that she should remain occupied with her work day after day till late in the evening. After the bitter and icy experience of that terrible night, he had no desire to woo Sheela again. As she lived in the Sardar's house and kept up appearances, that was convenient for him. His personal prestige remained unimpaired, while he could keep irregular hours. By common understanding they avoided each other when at home.

Radharaman now became completely indifferent to what people thought about his ways. His car now frequently stood parked till late at night in front of his mistress's house on the road to Walkeshvar. His colleagues, no doubt found that now he frequently kept late nights and drank to excess. But he did not care.

However all these things began to tell upon his efficiency as a lawyer. But his standing in the profession was eminent. Whenever he attended to his work with care which was now not often, his advocacy remained unchallenged, and so he was still sought after by the solicitors. But he grew irritable, began to browbeat his own clients, often forced them to unwilling compromises. Soon he could give neither his body nor his mind to his work. He could find relief only in drink.

Among those who helped Uday most in establishing contact with the members of the Legislative Assembly



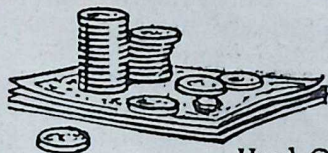
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was his friend Madanlal, a member himself and a leading lawyer. In this work, he was ably assisted by Sheela. She was well known to most of the members as the able and charming wife of a well-known lawyer. As the Legislative Assembly was on sessions in Poona Uday and Sheela went there very often to meet its members, usually accompanied by Ravi as Uday's secretary. These members however had views of their own. Some did not like the idea of resisting the Government at all; some were against *satyagraha* on principle; some were for a settlement at any cost. Only a few who accepted the views of Uday and Sheela that no compromise should be accepted at the cost of Sardar's prestige, as the Bardoli *satyagraha* was an important battle in the struggle against British. Many of the members were therefore annoyed at Uday giving such exaggerated importance to Sardar. It was for them, as members of the Legislature, to negotiate a settlement, they said, and Sardar, as an outsider, had no long standing. The uncompromising attitude taken by some members of the legislature was attributed by others to Uday and Sheela, and what was called their 'obstructive attitude' was duly conveyed both to the Members of the Executive Council of the Governor and the Ministers. Yashodhar who exercised considerable influence in government circles came on the scene. He made it his business to remain present in Poona when the session of the Legislature was on. He was reputed to enjoy the confidence of Ministers and Members of the Executive Council particularly of Sir Sa-

dique Ali. He did not in fact act as an intermediary in many a deal of the members of the Legislative Assembly and Government.

One day Yashodhar took Ravi in his car to a minister's house and tried to find out why Uday and Sheela were so inflexible in their views on the subject of Bardoli. In his clear way he also tried to discover the extent of the intimacy between them and whether Uday could be influenced in any way, to favour an easy settlement of the Bardoli impact.

Ravi could easily see from the conversation that some very important people in the Government were anxious to get Uday out of the way, if necessary even by discrediting him. When he left Yashodhar, his first reaction was to inform Uday of what had transpired between them. But on second thoughts he decided to say nothing, the information he had secured might be useful to him later on a more suitable occasion.

Again when Uday and Ravi had come to Poona to canvass support for Bardoli, Yashodhar met Ravi near the Council hall.

'Hallo, Tripathi, why are you all by yourself? What is Mr. Solanki doing? Has he gone back to Bombay or is he here?

Ravi wanted to cultivate this man who had the reputation of possessing a major bias of influence over there in power.

Yashodhar, walking alongside Ravi, continued the conversation. 'What is the matter with Solanki? Why is he so firmly opposed to a compromise?'

That is because Udaybhai is convinced that this is the first stage in

the major War of Independence. It is, therefore, of the greatest importance according to him that Bardoli should end in Sardar's victory.'

'Why does he not realise that if Martial Law is proclaimed, Bardoli will be smashed to bits within a matter of moments?'

'I have heard him say many times,' said Ravi, 'that once a *satyagraha* movement was begun against the Government, there could be no surrender. Death would be preferable to a humiliating compromise,' continued Ravi, as if he was taking Yashodhar into confidence. He wanted to know what the intriguer was after.

'Tripathi, you know that I am friendly with many highly-placed persons. They have nothing but admiration for Solanki. The Government was even considering the possibility of utilising the services of so well-known and able a barrister.'

'Motabhai (Uday) does not care for such advancement.'

'Of course, he is a straightforward person,' interjected Yashodhar. 'But I think his firmness is inspired by his friend, that wife of his friend Radharaman.'

'Who?' enquired Ravi as if he had not understood the question.

'Sheelabehn Dalal. Surely, you know what everyone else knows,' said Yashodhar with a meaningful hint. 'The whole world knows how this loving couple carry on day after day. The woman, I am sure, was at the root of the mischief in this case.'

'Look, Mr. Yashodhar, I am Mr. Solanki's Secretary. Why do you talk to me about such matters?'

'Please, Tripathi, don't take offence.

I am only saying this to you because you are in the confidence of Solanki. If you wish him well, now is the time to protect him from harm. This is politics. Solanki is a friend of mine. That is why I would request you to persuade him to watch his step. Otherwise anything might happen. In any case you know best what you should do.'

Yashodhar went away leaving Ravi to ponder over the sinister implications of his remarks. He did not realise till this moment how important Uday's position had become in the Bardoli movement. If the *satyagraha* movement was successful he felt Uday's prestige would go up, but that, in a way, would come in the way of his own advancement. If Uday was discredited in the way, there would only be Jagjiwan between him and Vallabhbhai.

● ● ●

Sir Sadique, a member of the Executive Council, was a highly experienced diplomat. He had started his career as a petty lawyer, had been elected to the democratised legislature under the Montague-Chelmsford Reforms as representing the Muslim bloc. Then he had become a Minister and later a member of the Executive Council. For years now, he was the strongest Indian member of the Governor's Council.

Sir Sadique was a past master in the art of strengthening and using his influence. Whoever came to him for a favour got something or the other. If he had to turn down a request, he would compensate the supplicator by showing favour in some other way.

He made it a point to be a friend of every caste and community, though his influence was based on the support he got from the Muslim members and his hold over the community was based on the clever way in which he advanced their interests.

His bulging tummy, his ready smile, his vigorous pats which he bestowed on the backs of those who came in contact with him, created an impression of a good fellow. He had a few trustworthy men who spread his reputation as a good man; among them, Yashodhar was the most important.

On one occasion, when Uday and Sheela were invited by Sir Sadique to meet him, Yashodhar came to receive them at the Poona station and took them to the Executive Councilor in his car. Sir Sadique greeted them and tried to sow the seeds of ambition in Uday's mind by asking when he was likely to be the High Court Judge.

Sheela intervened and said: 'Sir Sadique, it is now for you to get this matter of Bardoli settled. The Government, so everybody says, does whatever you wish.'

"Sheelabehn, as you know, I have been most anxious to bring about a settlement. His Excellency the Governor is also keen on a settlement. But it is for you to persuade Vallabhbai to agree. Everybody says that he is very much in your hands and listens to your counsel."

"Sardar is ready for a settlement. What he wants is justice. He is not anxious for a fight" replied Sheela.

"Well then, the matter is easy" said Sir Sadique and accompanied him re-

marks with a snap of his fingers. "Persuade him to agree to the farmers paying up the new, increased assessment and I shall get the Government immediately to appoint an Enquiry Committee."

"How can it be?" asked Uday. "Sardar has made the farmers take a pledge that whatever happens, they will not pay the new land revenue assessment. They are prepared to pay only at the old rate."

"But what is the difference between the new and the old land revenue assessment? It is only a matter of some 30,000 rupees. If the Enquiry Committee which Government is willing to appoint decides upon a lower rate, the Government will surely honour its decision and pay the money back" replied Sir Sadique.

"But you surely realise quite well that the entire strength of this campaign, rests upon pledges of the farmer being honoured. If now we were to ask the farmers to break their pledges the passive resistance movement will surely have failed."

"But you realise what the cost of going on with the fight would be. It would seem as if Sardar is more keen on his prestige. If he is anxious to save his face, you must know that Government also has its face to save."

"Sir Sadique, I am working among the women of Bardoli," said Sheela. "Their courage is astonishing and indeed matchless. You perhaps do not know what kind of supplementary pledge they have taken. They are ready to smash their bangles rather than allow their husbands to break their pledges," interjected Sheela with great vehemence. Have you ever

heard of a Hindu woman making such a resolve? For the first time in this country we see determination of this kind. If we now let down these people, then we are fit to remain slaves for ever."

"But, Sheelabehn, you have no experience of the world. Surely Sardar is not a dictator of this country so that whatever he wishes must be done."

"That is quite true. He is Not: he has neither a kingdom nor is he a dictator. But Government must surely understand that they cannot continue to rule against the wishes of the people indefinitely," said Uday. "And what is to be done about the land which Government has sold after forfeiture?"

"Nothing of course. That land is gone, sold away" remarked Sir Sadique as he spread out his hands and burst out laughing and then he added, "The purchaser of the land will surely refuse to return it."

"Surely you cannot mean that lands worth thousands of rupees sold away for a song will not be returned to the farmers."

"Those who died in the battle are dead and gone, while those who have survived will survive. The poor farmers were foolish enough to follow Sardar and commit suicide."

"Sir Sadique, if Government desires to make the farmers break their pledges and to recover the newly assessed land revenue due to them and if their land, which has been sold in auction, is not going to be returned to them, what is the meaning of talking about a settlement?" enquired Sheela in an angry and impatient

tone.

"Why not say quite plainly that you wish to crush the farmers and to make the civil disobedience movement look silly?" added Uday.

"But then if such movements succeeded, do you not realise that the British Government in this country cannot survive?"

"What is the matter with you Sir Sadique?" asked Sheela. "Why are you so keen about the British Government? If I had any influence with you at all I would press you to hand in your resignation rightaway. If they want to run their administration, let them do so with their own British officers and men. Why should we assist them?"

"You appear to have become a complete Gandhi-ite, Sheelabehn."

"I am not a follower of Gandhi. And indeed I have not the necessary mental strength to take part in it" rejoined Uday. "But I do know that this is the first time in the history of India that people have stood up to the government in this manner, firmly yet peacefully. It seems to me it ought to be the duty of us all to stand by the side of such brave people."

Sir Sadique burst out laughing as he remarked: "My young friends, you are very enthusiastic. But you have a lot to learn yet."

"What you would like us to learn. I suppose, is that it would be better for Bardoli to eat the humble pie, is that not so?" asked Sheela.

"My dear Sheelabehn, you cannot run a Government if you do not insist upon compliance with its orders. There would be chaos and there would be no progress. If you were

to ask Radharaman Saheb he will also tell you the same thing. No Government can afford to give in to a passive resistance campaign."

"I do not know how the minds of great men work" replied Sheela. "I am only a woman and perhaps do not see very far. But let me tell you this that Sardar will not agree to a settlement on the lines you desire and even if he wanted to do so, we would not let him agree. We have now learnt wherein lies the secret of our strength. Even if Bardoli were to be destroyed completely, the women of Bardoli will neither break their pledges nor let their men do so."

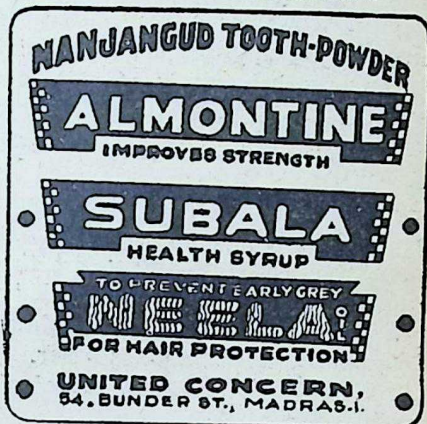
"Look Sheelabehn, Radharaman is a wise man. My advice to you is to do whatever you wish after consulting him. Mr. Solanki, you should also think carefully. This is not a matter of minor importance. The Governor-General and the Secretary of the State are determined to take strong action. It is only because our Governor is a kindly person that he has not yet allowed the matters to take a more serious turn."

"Well, what can they do? They can bring their army. They can fire upon us. We can face them and die. Then do you think that you will survive to occupy your present position?" asked Sheela.

"Sheelabehn, think carefully. Do not say or do anything in anger. Are you returning by the three o'clock train? Very well, then good-bye. Sheelabehn, give my salaams to the Barrister Saheb. Yashodhar, please see them off at the station. Mr. Solanki, Good-bye. It has given me great pleasure to have met you."

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When Yashodhar returned after seeing off Uday and Sheela he found Sir Sadique in deep thought: "Yashodhar, I did not know that Mrs. Radharaman was such a strong-minded person."

"She has earned for herself quite a place in the Bardoli campaign and in addition has also made Solanki join her in her efforts."

"I thought it was she who was a pupil of Solanki!" said Sir Sadique.

"It is difficult to say who follows whom. It is a fact however that Uday-Solanki has brought about quite an awakening amongst the people of Bombay. He has approached every section of people."

"This is no simple problem. How to persuade such people take a reasonable view? As long as people like Uday and Sheela are there, certainly

Sardar will not agree to a settlement."

"Solanki and Mrs. Radharaman have also succeeded in converting many members of the Legislature. Even a leading member such as Mandalal under their influence has become a staunch supporter of Sardar. He too is a follower of Mrs. Radharaman."

"What shall we do then?" enquired Sir Sadique.

"Uday Solanki and His Highness of Premkot are friends. When His Highness came to Bombay last time he had been to see Uday. Rowjibhai was also saying that His Highness was very fond of Solanki's sister. It may be possible to influence Solanki through him."

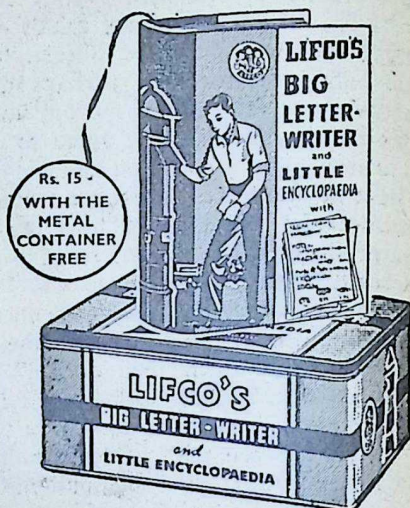
Sir Sadique called his stenographer and dictated a telegram: His Highness Sir Samarsinh Bahdur Maharaja Saheb of Premkot: Very important work. Please come immediately to Bombay. I shall meet you on the fourth day from today. Do not delay—Sadique. Send this immediately, urgent. Then he added "Yashodhar, you had better warn Radharaman. I am doing my best for him with the Governor also, I find that his wife has become the leader of Government's enemies."

"I do not know whether Radharaman has any influence over his wife," said Yashodhar laughing aloud.

"Why, are they not getting on well? I had heard that they were on good terms."

"The two of them only can say whether they are on good terms or not," said Yashodhar craftily.

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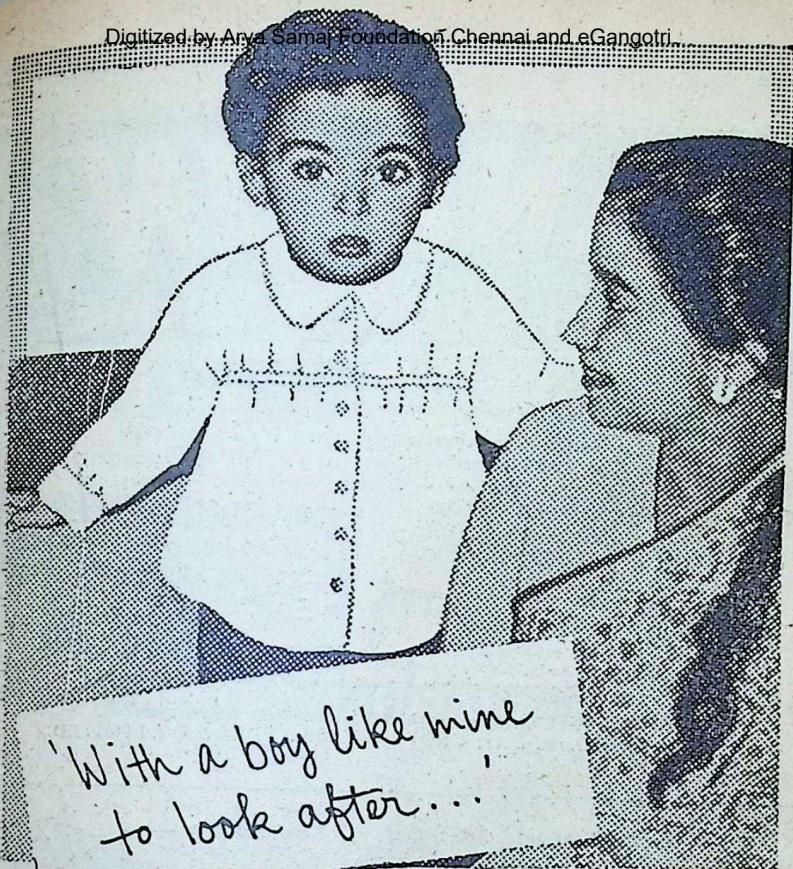
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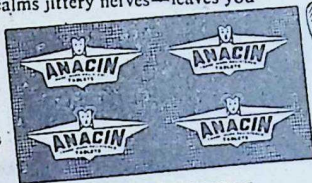
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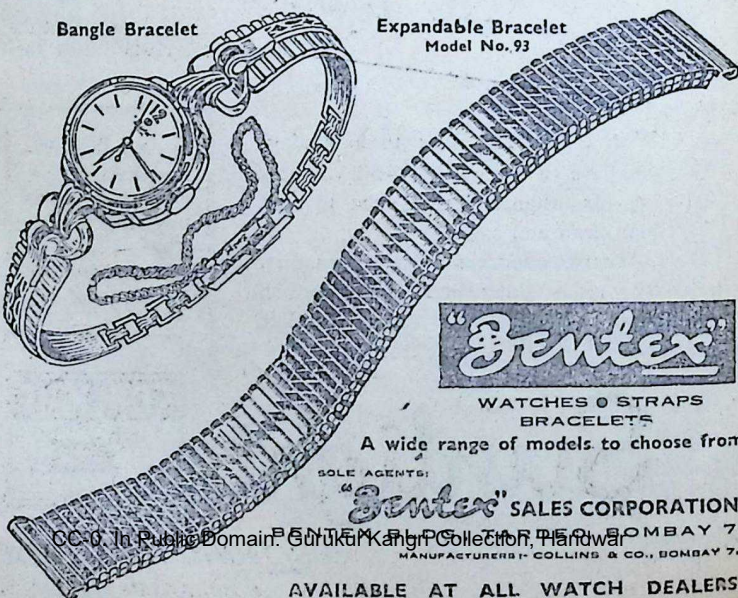
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Oilman's Daughter

WHEN the younger Princess came on the twelfth night, Chaturya, as usual, beguiled her with another story which was as follows:

King Gaurava ruled over Kalinga. One day his son went out on a hunt and on his way back, he saw a charming girl who was drying sesamum seeds before her house. She was an oil-monger's daughter. Attracted by her, the Prince alighted from his horse and asked her: "Young lady! Can you tell me of a flower which is smaller than the sesamum flower?"

This question stung her to the quick. She took it as an affront of her father who was an oil-monger. Not to be out-done, she asked the Prince: "You are born in flower, bred in flower and rule the flower of an empire. Could you tell me of a five-petalled flower?"

The effect of this repartee was not lost on the Prince too who, although he gave the correct answer, (the eye) showed to her: "If I am the Prince of Kalinga, I shall not leave you unpunished for your impertinence. Listen—I shall do so by marrying you, but right from that moment, making you a life-prisoner by confining you to solitary confinement!"

The girl was not to be out-done.

She gave a counter-challenge: "If you really mean what you say, I shall bear a son by you and make him flog you with a whip for your impertinence!"

Choking with rage, the Prince trotted home on his charger and fell flat on his bed. He failed to turn up for his dinner. When his solicitous father came to him, the Prince said: "Father! I have made a vow and I want to fulfil it."

"O, that is simple. Why should you forego your meal?"

"No, not so simple, I presume, father! I want to marry the daughter of the oil-monger residing in yonder street."

"What!" exclaimed the Maharajah. "I have never known or heard a predecessor of mine marrying a commoner. Please, forget it."

"If that is your decision, father, I shall relinquish my title to this kingdom and become a commoner. May be, by cutting all my links with my parents I may be able to marry the woman," replied the Prince.

Realizing that his son was dead-fixed on the girl, the King gave in. Soon royal emissaries sought out the oil-monger who had already been briefed by his daughter. He expressed himself as deeply beholden to the king for the honour being done to him.

In short, he readily agreed and the day was fixed for the marriage. The City was gaily decorated and invitations were sent to all neighbouring Kings. The marriage took place amidst great pomp and not a word of the challenge had leaked.

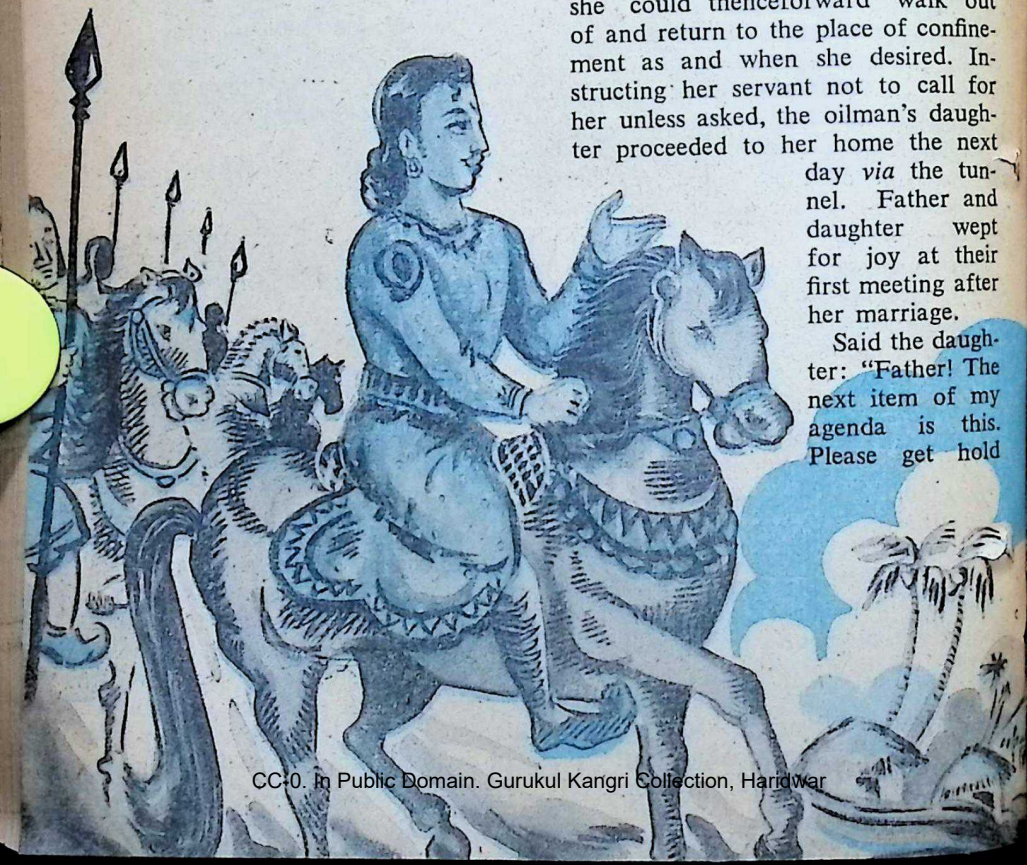
Soon after the distinguished guests had departed the Prince was as good as his word; for, he took his bride straight to the palace annexe, which had been filled with provisions, for solitary confinement. Placing a single woman servant at the disposal of his

bride, the Prince sealed the door of the palace from outside, happy that he was able to fulfil the first vow of his life.

According to the briefing of his daughter, the oil-monger, engaged some capable engineers and ordered at enormous cost, the construction of a secret tunnel between his house and the palace where his daughter was confined. For months together the excavation work went on, unknown to anybody else. Soon contact was established and the oilmonger's daughter's joy knew no bounds when she found she could thenceforward walk out of and return to the place of confinement as and when she desired. Instructing her servant not to call for her unless asked, the oilman's daughter proceeded to her home the next

day via the tunnel. Father and daughter wept for joy at their first meeting after her marriage.

Said the daughter: "Father! The next item of my agenda is this. Please get hold



of a street-juggler and engage him to instruct me in his arts during fixed hours when I shall be here."

Accordingly the oilman got hold of an ace street-juggler and engaged him to instruct his daughter in all the tricks of his trade and also in the performance of tantalising acrobatics. Very soon, the oilman's daughter became an expert performer.

Under instruction from her, the instructor got an appointment with the King for the exhibition of his tricks. He collected the best team from among his pupils, the star-performer, of course, being the oilman's daughter. On the appointed day a huge crowd had collected before the palace to witness the much advertised performances. Members of the royal family sat together in a balcony. The oilman's daughter had dressed herself so rakishly and distinguished herself by her feats so well that she easily stole the heart of the Prince who did not in the least recognise in her his own segregated wife. As a mark of his appreciation of her, the Prince, at the end of the show, presented the oilman's daughter with his pearl necklace and as he did so, he did not leave his intention undisclosed.

The oilman's daughter who returned home along with the party called the leader aside and said: "Old man! The Prince will soon call on you. He will ask you about me. Tell him I am your daughter. He will want to have my company. At first try to put him off. Finally yield to him for the price of a thousand gold coins and arrange the meeting at the summer-house in the outskirts of the city at nightfall." The old man agreed.

No sooner had he turned his back on her, than he heard the prancing hooves of the royal horse at his door. When he opened it, he was agreeably surprised to be confronted by the Prince who took him aside.

Things happened just in the way as had been indicated by the oilman's daughter. The meeting was arranged and on the following night, the oilman's daughter, unrecognised by the Prince, lived with her own husband, each with a purpose. When the Prince departed in the early morning from



the summer-house, little did he suspect that he would be made to eat his words.

Happy that the second act of her drama had successfully concluded, the oilman's daughter went back to her home and from there through the tunnel to her confinement. At the close of ten months from that date, she gave birth to a glorious son who grew up to be an *enfant terrible* at her father's place.

When he was about six years old, one of his mates abused him as a fatherless child whereupon the youngster asked his grandfather about it all. He in turn took him *via* the tunnel to his mother. That was the day the oilman's daughter had been eagerly awaiting. She embraced the child and told him who his father was and what he owed to her.

"Leave it to me, mother. I shall see you soon after fulfilling your vow," said he and returned in the company of his grandfather.

Learning all about his mother made the boy seek the street-performer under whom he too underwent a course of education. By that time he had grown into a youth with a powerful frame of body and mind. Later on taking leave of his grand-parents, he sought board in a neighbouring village in the home of an old woman and in exchange looked after her buffaloes.

While in her employ, the boy carried out a series of successful raids on the royal palace and stole the personal effects of the Prince too. The King alerted the Police but the Police Chief himself was made a scapegoat of by the clever boy. This infuriated

the Prince so much that he himself set out to catch the thief or thieves who had been eluding the police force with such cleverness.

The youngster who came to know of it decided to seize the opportunity and dressing himself as a small trader and taking with him all the paraphernalia of his vocation, pitched his tent at a forlorn place a few miles away from city limits. It was dusk and he could hear the movement of a hundred horses and the rattling of swords. He became alert.

On seeing the lone light flickering from his tent, the equestrian party halted before him. It was the royal troupe with the Prince at the head. The youngster was struck by the remarkable resemblance of himself to the Prince and decided to make capital out of it.

Asked the Prince of him: "Hey! Why do you stay here at this time?"

"Hi, hi..." started the youthful trader and said: "I have a special kind of clients at night here."

"What do you mean?" asked the Prince.

"To tell you the truth, the light-fingered fraternity who frequent these parts are my valued customers," replied the youth.

The effect of this revelation was miraculous, for the Prince dismounted and taking the youth aside asked him "Young man! I am the Prince of this Kingdom. I am out to catch the thieves who have lately been on the rampage. If you help me to catch them, I shall reward you suitably!"

The youth replied: "I am much beholden to you, sir, and I feel it my duty to help the State. But the way

SEPTEMBER 17, 1961

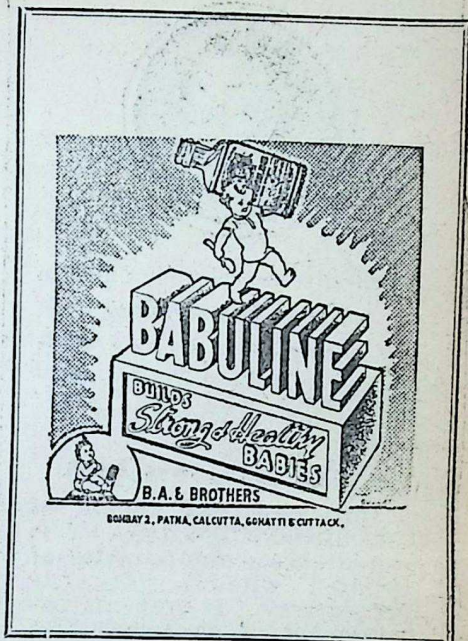
of doing it is different. For that, you have to ask your followers to remove a mile away from here. You and I alone can stay here. When the "guests" arrive I shall quietly hand them over to you!" and laughed.

The Prince agreed and ordered his followers to stay back.

After some time, the youth asked the Prince: "Sir, it is time that they start coming. Now I would advise you to remove your regal attire and, putting on common ones, enter this gunny bag. When my clients arrive, I can easily open this bag in the way of opening a commodity."

It appeared reasonable and soon the Prince prepared himself to enter the gunny bag *sans* his royal appurtenances. Once he was in, the youth fastened the gag on the Prince's mouth and bundled him up in the bag with strong ropes. Next, he put on the royal robes himself, mounted the Prince's horse and whistled, when all the royal followers who had been staying back rushed to him. The youth's resemblance to the Prince has already been alluded to. In consequence of it, the infantry men literally took him for the Prince. The fake-Prince called out to them: "Look! Here, inside the gunny is the arch criminal who has been marauding. Carry him to the palace," and as he said so, he whipped the Prince who was bound hand and feet inside the gunny.

Separating himself from the party, the fake-Prince went to where he had hidden his loot and carrying them all in another bag, returned to the King's presence. In the meantime a huge crowd had collected to see the thief caught red-handed by the Prince.



The fake-Prince deposited all the stolen articles before the King stating that they had been recovered from the thief who lay before them in the gunny bag. The King was overjoyed and embraced the fake-Prince thinking it was his own son. So did all the ministers and other officials believe.

When at the bidding of the King the gunny was opened and the gag removed from the prisoner, the King thundered at his own son: "Why, you thief, did you enter my city? Where do you come from?"

The thoughts passing through the Prince's mind at that time can only be imagined. Nevertheless, he overcame the humiliation and shouted passionately: "No, I am not the thief. I am your son. The man who stands before you and whom you think to be your son is the real thief!"



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The King looked from one man to
the other and felt perplexed. To fur-
ther clarify things, he made the pri-
soner wear the royal robes, when the
resemblance between the two became
remarkable.

At last the old King called the youth
aside and asked him in loving words,
"Who are you? Tell me."

The youth replied: "I don't know.
Ask your son to bring before you his
wife who has been kept in isolation
at yonder palace annexe. She will tell
you all about me."

The old King was astounded and
gave immediate orders to bring
the oilman's daughter before him. She
was brought. Called upon to explain
the youth's statement, she fell at the
feet of the old King and related *in ex-
tenso* all that she had done to fulfil
her vow and ended by declaring that
the youth standing before him was
his own grandson by her.

Called upon by the King to prove
her statement, she produced the pearl
neck-lace and other ornaments pre-
sented by the Prince to her when they
were alone on a night at the summer-
house which made it clear beyond
doubt that the youngster was no other
than the Prince's own son.

Th youngster completed the story
by recounting what all he did to fulfil
his mother's vow.

It was impossible to say who was
happier. Needless to mention that the
Prince got reconciled to the oilmon-
ger's daughter and his son with whom
he lived long after.

Chaturya ended: "Princess! You
need a husband of the calibre of the
young Prince, don't you?"

As he said this, it was nearing day-
break and so the Princess left him.

(To be concluded)

SEPTEMBER 17, 1961

NOTES & NEWS

DELHI KENDRA

Shri Lal Bahadur Shastri, Home Minister, Government of India, honoured Acharya Prabhakar Mishra, Head of the Sanskrit Department, Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Delhi and Organizing Secretary of World Academy of Sanskrit and conferred upon him the degree of "Vidyavachaspati", a most respectable degree in Sanskrit, at the occasion of *Guru purnima* on 27th July, 1961, for his knowledge, ability and his great services in the field of Sanskrit studies. This was celebrated in a conference of learned Sanskrit scholars at Diwan Hall, Chandni Chowk, Delhi.

17th CONFERENCE OF SANSKRIT MITRA MANDAL

The 17th Conference of Sanskrit Mitra Mandal was held in the premises of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Curzon Road, New Delhi on 1st August, 1961, under the Presidentship of Shri Anantasayanam Ayyanger, Speaker of the Lok Sabha. Shri Acharya Prabhakar Mishra, Head of the Sanskrit Dept., Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Delhi, spoke on the different activities of the Bhavan in popularising Sanskrit and estimated the progress made in teaching Sanskrit in the capital. Then the following dignitaries spoke on the importance of Sanskrit:

1. Shri Sriman Narayan Agarwal,

Member, Planning Commission.

2. Shri Jaisukhlal Hathi, Deputy Minister of Irrigation and Power.
3. Shri L. O. Joshi, Chief Secy. of Delhi Administration.

Shri S. Ramakrishnan, Executive Secretary of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, was also present on the occasion. In the end, Shri A. K. Majumdar, Director, Delhi Bhavan, gave a word of thanks to all who participated.

The Gita Vidyalyaya centre of Delhi Bhavan organised lectures on Gita on Sunday, the 23rd July, 1961, wherein Shri J. H. Dave, Director of Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, and General Secretary of World Academy of Sanskrit (also a member of Sanskrit Board, Government of India) gave his valuable talk on the Philosophy of Gita.

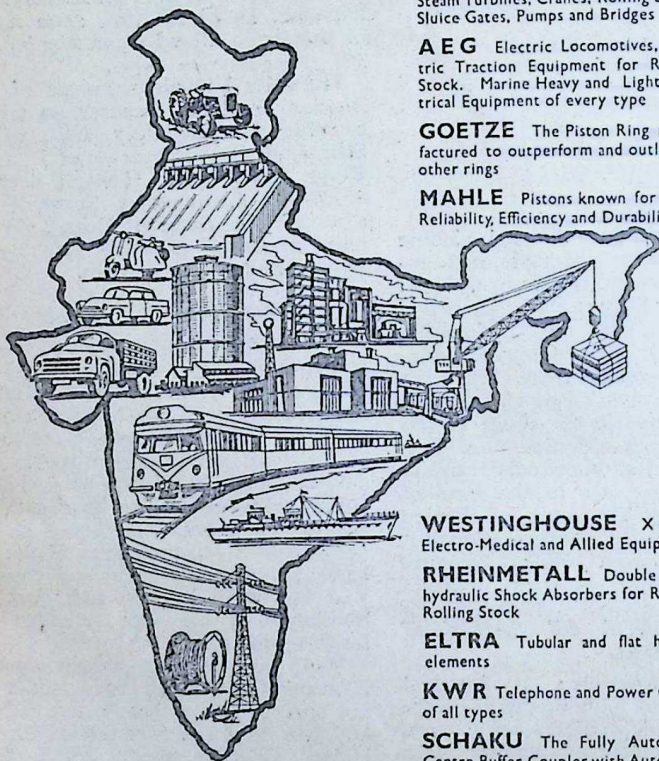
PAST STUDENTS REGISTER

A comprehensive register of the past students of the Bhavan's M.M. College of Arts and N.M. Institute of Science, has recently been published. It contains complete information about the alumni of the two Institutions of the Bhavan, detailing their profession or service together with their office and residential addresses, phone numbers and the period for which they were at the Colleges. The names are arranged country-wise as well as city-wise, and for Bombay City they are arranged profession-wise also.

Many of the past students of the Bhavan's Colleges are today well-settled not only in the various States of India but also in foreign countries like the United Kingdom, the United States of America, West Germany, South Africa, Kenya, British East Africa, North Borneo, Fiji, Nepal, etc. The directory will serve as a very useful hand-book to all the past students of the Bhavan's Colleges and enable them to keep in touch with their co-students as well their Alma Mater.

It is modestly priced @ 0.75 nP. per copy. Copies can be had from the Bhavan's Book Sales Division.

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Our Bookshelf

THE UPANISHADS: ANTHOLOGY
By D. S. Sarma. Published by Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Chaupatty, Bombay-7. Price Rs. 2. Pages 307.

The volume under review is an excellent anthology, giving us the text and translations of almost all the important passages from eleven Upanishads. They are selected with great care with an eye not only to their spiritual message but also to their literary value. The passages are representative of each Upanishad. They give the reader a connected and clear idea of the philosophy and the religion of the Upanishads. Prof. Sarma's translations are well known for their faithfulness to the original and the perfect idiom of the language in which they are expressed.

The volume has a very clear and lucid introduction to the subject in thirty pages. Prof. Sarma gives us a concise account of the Upanishadic "concept of God, His creation, and man and his salvation". The Upanishads represent the fundamental source book for all the schools of Vedanta. The Upanishads are the recorded experiences of the seers and sages of India. They represent the mystical aspect of Hinduism. Prof. Sarma clearly brings to the mind of the reader the relation between the Brahman of the Upanishads and God. The *saguna* and *nirguna* Brahman are not two different categories. There are no two or multiples of Brahman. They are one and the same viewed under two different standpoints—the relative and the inde-

pendent standpoints. Our descriptions of ultimate reality however high we may soar are pitifully inadequate human conceptions.

All that the negative description means is that there are no analogous human qualities in Brahman, and not that Brahman is a blank or a void or *sunya*. It is the real of reals and it is the ground and goal of existence.

Prof. Sarma has developed a pet doctrine of his, which is at the basis of all Hindu thought and culture i.e. the doctrine of *Spiritual Progression*. It is best brought out in the dialogue between *Bhrigu* and *Varuna* in the III chapter of *Taithiriya*. The conception of Reality is described as seeping in all creation, in matter, life, consciousness, intelligence and bliss (*annam, pranam, manas, Vijnanam* and *Ananda*). The scheme of Man's evolution from his animal nature to god-head is made intelligible by the involution of the spirit. The significance of the cosmic ladder and its multifarious significance is explained with great skill and profound thought in perfect language. The relation between man and god, their con-substantiality is best described. It is this identity at the heart of all existence, and the plenary experience of the fact, that makes the Upanishads

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proclaim in a startling manner the great *mahavakyas* i.e. "This self is Brahman" "Thou art That," "I am Brahman" etc. We human beings are no banished strangers tied down to a body of dust without a glimmer of divinity in us. We are spirit eternal. To those who do not understand the spirit of the Upanishads, the Upanishadic statements may appear as extravagant, incredible and even blasphemous. It is a matter of spiritual experience. It affirms the divinity and dignity of man. The present volume is a companion to Sarma's Gita lectures and Gita translation. It is a labour of love born out of a long-cherished desire and spirit of dedication. The present volume is a book that must be read by all interested in religion in general and Hinduism in particular.

The book carries an appreciative foreword from the pen of our philosopher-statesman Dr. S. Radhakrishnan. We have copious notes at the end of the book which help the reader. The volume is an invaluable introduction and study of the Upanishads in English.

—Dr. P. Nagaraja Rao.

SRI MADHVA'S TEACHING IN HIS OWN WORDS. By B. N. K. Sarma, Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan Rs. 2.

Dr. B. N. K. Sarma has given us in this volume under review the philosophy of Sri Madhva in his own words, with appropriate comments, that link up one passage with another. He has selected 155 passages from the 37 works of Sri Madhva's and has woven them into a fine garland. In a general introduction which is full of information, Dr. Sarma gives us the life and the historical and doctrinal background to the philosophy of Sri Madhva. The regular philosophy and religion of Madhva is presented under several heads, e.g. *His conception of Reality, His Logic and Theory of Knowledge, His conception of the universe, God and Soul, The path to liberation and the occurrence of evil*. Most of the passages are from the metrical

masterpiece the *Anuvyakhyana* of Madhva and his great *Prakarana Vishnu Tattva Nirnaya*. Dr. Sarma in his notes on each of the pithy passages, explains the significance of Sri Madhva's doctrines and his criticism of the rival views. This fact makes Sarma's exposition critical and highly philosophical. The different subtle doctrines of Madhva's philosophy e.g. His doctrine of *Visesha*, his concept of the dependent Real, His view of *Sakshi*, His conception of *Isvara* as the Prime cause of liberation and not the expiation of mere Karma, His doctrine of the five-fold difference, his three-fold distinction of the nature of soul and the ineradicable persistence of difference in *moksha*, are explained well and supported at each stage with citations from scriptures and arguments from logic.

The volume has two separate appendices. The first appendix gives us a clear and brief account of the contents of all the works of Sri Madhva. The second gives us a brief account of the popular mystics of Dvaita Vedanta known by the name of *Hari Dasas*. There is a valuable index to the book. The volume is an excellent and admirable introduction to the philosophy of Sri Madhva. The publishers have already given us the book "on the Philosophy of Sankara in his own words". It is followed up by that of Madhva; ere long, we will have the philosophy of Ramanuja in his own words. That would give us the *Vedantic Triad*, our perennial heritage.

—Dr. P. Nagaraja Rao

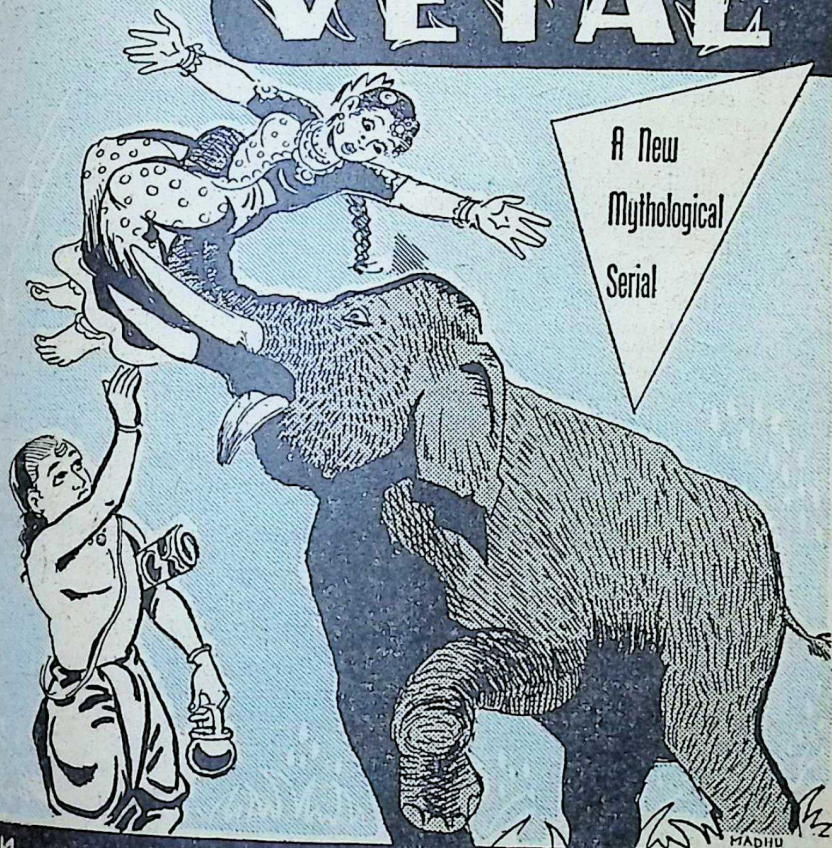
JAPASUTRAM. By Swami Pratyagatmananda. Published by Ganesh & Co. Madras 17. Pp. 79. Rs. 4.00.

Much credit is usually given—and rightly so—to Sir John Woodroffe for the resuscitation of the Doctrine and Practice of the Tantra from the ignominy into which it had fallen and its presentation in terms of modern thought. It is not, however, always remembered that this was made pos-

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sible to a great extent because of the ready assistance and collaboration he received at the hands of genuine Indian exponents of the System the foremost of whom was Prof. Pramathanatha Mukherji, as Pratyagatmanandaji was known in his *purvashrama*. Swamiji is easily the most authentic expounder of the philosophy and *sadhana* of the Tantra Sastra (Shakta) today. Apart from his various writings in the earlier years, his Japasutras in Bengali-Sanskrit embody his profound knowledge and realisation in the Mantra Sastra and constitute a monumental landmark in the history of modern Yogic Thought.

The original *Japasutram* comprises 521 Sutras and over 2,000 Karikas in Sanskrit with elaborate commentaries in Bengali. The work runs into six volumes but has so far remained largely unknown to the non-Bengali public for the reason that even the Sanskrit portion is printed in Bengali characters. It is fortunate, however, that the author felt moved to give a synoptic view of the whole treatise in English and we have now before us this short but profound book dealing in five chapters with Vak, Prana, Varnamala, Nada, Bindu, Kala, Ardhmatra etc. Though Swamiji avers that his treatment is only general and indicative, the approach and exposition is so many-sided and spectacular in its evocation of the symbolism and imagery of the Vedas and Puranas that it would require more than one reading to follow the argument.

Fortunately the book contains two lucid expositions of some of the fundamental concepts treated in the work viz. a bird's eye-view of the contents of the original volumes by Prof. C. C. Chatterji and a brilliant, fascinating address by Justice P. B. Mukherji on the Metaphysics of Sound. The latter, particularly, demonstrates the pitiful inadequacy of the modern Physics of Sound with its theory of Vibrations and shows, step by step, how all Creation has issued from the Original Sound, Nada-Brahman. A reading of

these two contributions helps a good deal to follow and appreciate the contents of the book.

We do hope it will not be long before the Power, which has been responsible for holding this slender volume so tantalisingly before us, releases a fuller and more satisfying account of the contents of the original encyclopaedic Work.

—M. P. Pandit

THOUGHTS FROM THE GITA. By R. Krishnaswami Aiyer. Published by Ganesh & Co. Madras 16. Pp. 181. Price: Rs. 4.00.

This is the second edition of the work on *Gita* by Sri R. Krishnaswami Aiyer who is well-known for his writings on Hindu Dharma and Religion. He makes it clear at the outset that he does not accept the view of some of the modern scholars that the *Gita* is a later interpolation in the Epic and represents a medley of differing standpoints, philosophical and religious. He sees in it a well-knit manual of daily conduct and spiritual *upasana* for the realisation of the Ideal of the Advaita. His exposition is simple, analytic and readable. A welcome addition to the growing literature on the *Gita*.

—M. P. Pandit

ASIA: CHALLENGE AT DAWN:

Personalism versus Marxism. By Dr. M. K. Haldar. Siddhartha Publications. Delhi. 1961. Price: Rs. 9.50.

Europe conquered Asia and Africa by virtue of her technical supremacy. Since then the West has been relentlessly trying to maintain its advantages by creating better and more machines, and the Afro-Asians, knowing it to be source of power, have been trying to imitate the West. As a result cults like Communism have developed where the role of a human being has been reduced to that of a machine. But as John Stuart Mill said: "Human being is not

a machine to be built after a model, and set to do exactly the work prescribed for it, but a tree, which requires to grow and develop itself on all sides, according to the tendency of the inward forces which make it a living thing". The question thus is whether man is just a unit of a predetermined society or is the society an organisation which provides an individual the fullest scope for his development—social, political, economic and spiritual. The first view is postulated on Marx's dictum: "It is not consciousness of men that determines their existence, but on the contrary, their social existence determines their consciousness", and "...the mode of production determines the general character of the social, political and spiritual processes of life". This is a denial of all values and human dignity.

Hitherto all "progressive" movements have attempted to compromise with Marxism, and as a result failed. Personalism is a doctrine, which as Dr. Bhabha explains, is a challenge to Marxism. Personalism does not denounce modern science and technology, nor is it indifferent to human suffering, but it wants at the same time to uphold the value and dignity of human individual. Personalism holds that the crux of the political and social problems does not lie in conferring freedom to the individual in the sense of release from the form and order of the society; it lies rather in establishing a society where the basic aim would be to develop a political organization to open possibilities for an individual to integrate himself with the society in order to fully develop his inherent qualities. This new experiment is being done in Vietnam where President Ngo Diem is trying to uplift the economic condition of his country with the help of modern technical methods integrated to the social, philosophical and religious systems of his country.

This book deserves to be widely read.

DISINTEGRATION: HOW TO AVERT IT? By C. P. Ramaswami Iyer and others. Published by Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Chowpatty Road, Bombay-7. Pp. 56. Price: Rs. 0-75 nP.

This booklet contains five lectures delivered by five eminent intellectuals of India at a symposium conducted by the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan in Dec. 1960, on the question of the disintegrating tendencies visible in India's national life to day. The speakers (Dr. C. P. Ramaswami Iyer, Sri J. B. Kripalani, Sri Shriman Narayan, Sri H. M. Patel, Sri K. M. Munshi) have tried to be as objective as possible in their analysis of the situation though one has to admit that the opinions of the more active politicians among them are slightly coloured by the views of the parties they represent. A non-moral view of things, (which is conspicuous everywhere in world's politics today and Dr. C. P. prefers to call it 'a crisis of the soul'), linguistic division of the country, advocating sectional interests based on caste, community, race as a means to rise to political power and such other things are shown to be the causes for these disruptive tendencies. Among the remedies suggested are centralisation of power, integration of services on a national level, retention of English as the medium of instruction under the prevailing circumstances, zonewise planning and provision of opportunities for the study and growth of all languages. The Appendix contains an essay on 'Dangers of Linguism' by Sri K. M. Munshi. The book is particularly interesting as it seeks to provide an answer for the pressing question of national integration with which all patriotic citizens are concerned at the moment.

—P. V.

EDUCATION AND THE AIM OF HUMAN LIFE: By Pavitra (P. B. Saint-Hilaire) Published by Sri Aurobindo International Centre of Education, Pondicherry. Pp. 85. Price: Rs. 1-50.

This book is mainly concerned with the ideal system of education which Sri Aurobindo advocates in his works. At the outset, the author deals with the complex nature of modern life and says that education ought to have a purpose, for the younger generation is in vigorous search of "a principle of action that would at the same time satisfy their conscience and ensure the security of their life."

Coming to the spiritual aspect of modern life the author observes that the world is in imperative need of a spiritual awakening. In this context, religion has a great task to achieve viz., that of fashioning a superior man who will usher in a new "creative age of civilisation." Sri Aurobindo's concept of religion contains two original elements: (1) The religion in the past emphasized the spiritual elevation of the individual while Sri Aurobindo aims at the spiritual transformation of the entire society (2) Spiritual life is not preparatory to salvation as the old religion believed but a means of attaining the greatest happiness and perfection even on earth by discovering the true nature of the soul of man. Man, in other words, has a divine mission to perform, here and now.

With this end in view, the whole programme of child-education should be reorganised. Such an integrated set-up has mainly five aspects—the physical, the vital, the mental, the psychic and the spiritual. A system satisfying these five aspects alone will bring about the many-sided development of a child's personality. The book indeed reveals to us a world of truth about present-day life of which we seldom think.

—P. V.

KERALA CHRONICLE: English Daily. Trichur. Managing Editor: K. Krishna, Chief Editor: C. H. V. Pathy. Single Copy 7 nP. Annual Subscription Rs. 25/-.

The need for a dynamic English daily in Kerala, especially in the context of the present social and political developments in the State had long been felt among the educated circle both inside and outside Kerala for a long time. It is satisfying to note that the management of *Express*, the popular Malayalam daily, have met this need by publishing the above English daily from August 17. The early issues, while giving deserving prominence to matters of national and international importance, have a wide coverage of Kerala news. Under Chief Editor Pathy's able stewardship, the paper is bound to blaze new trails. We welcome the paper and wish it a long life.

BOOKS RECEIVED

THE ESSENCE OF UPANISHADS Pp. 210. Rs. 3/-; **ANAND GITA** (The song of Bliss). Pp. 44. Rs. 2/- Both by Sri Sivananda Saraswati. Published by the Yoga-Vedanta Forest Academy, P.O. Sivanandanagar, V. Rishikesh, U.P.

A STUDY IN THE ETHICS OF THE BANISHMENT OF SITA by Arvin Kumar published by 'Sarita' Magazine, New Delhi, Pp. 54, Price: 75 nP.

LETTERS OF SRI AUROBINDO Pp. 68. Re. 1/-; **LIGHTS ON THE VEDA**. By T. V. Kapali Sastri. Pp. 89. Rs. 2/- Both published by Sri Aurobindo Ashram, Pondicherry South India.

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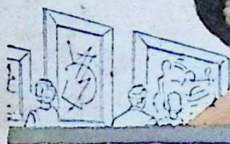
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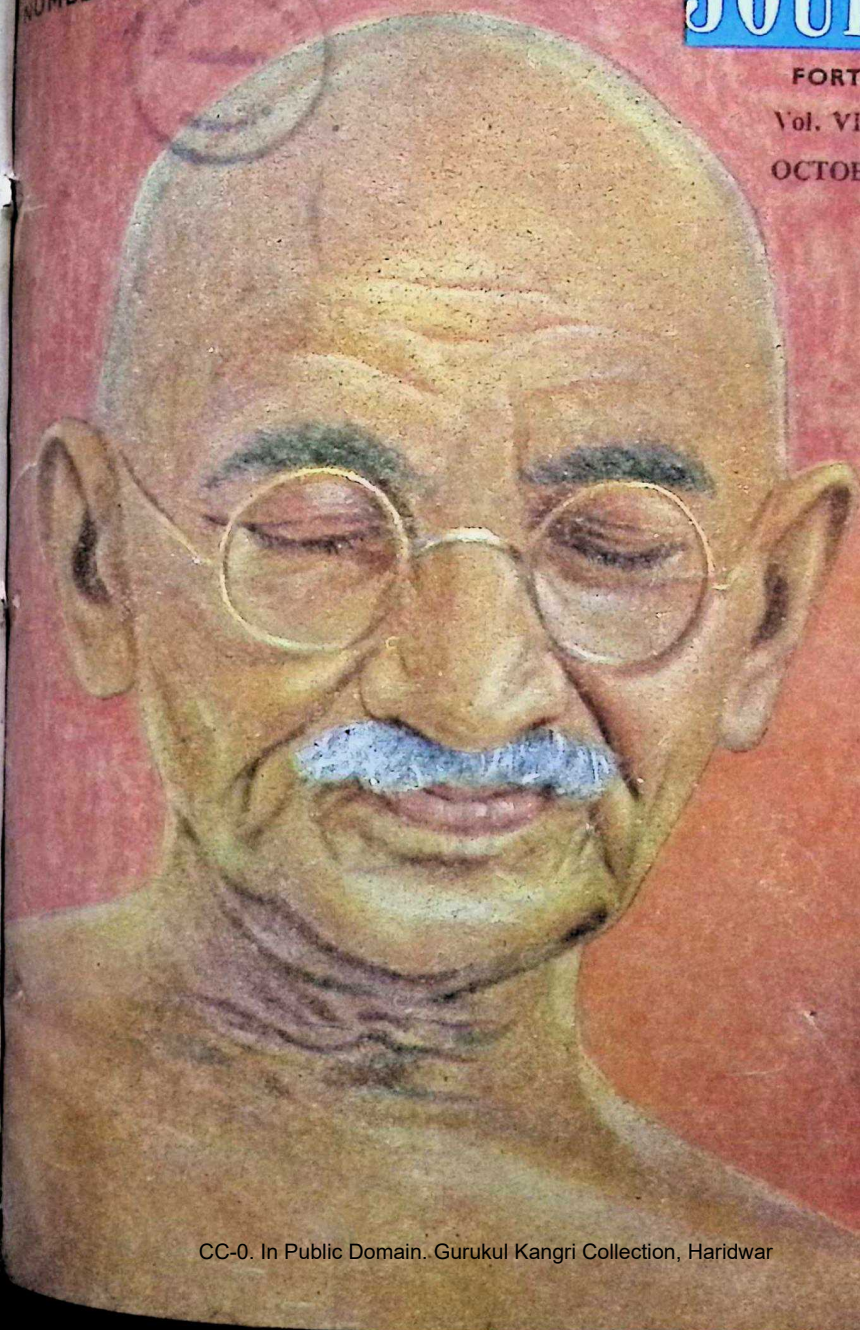
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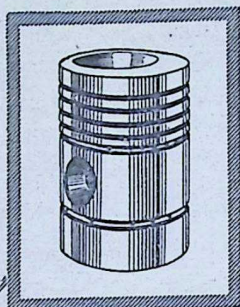
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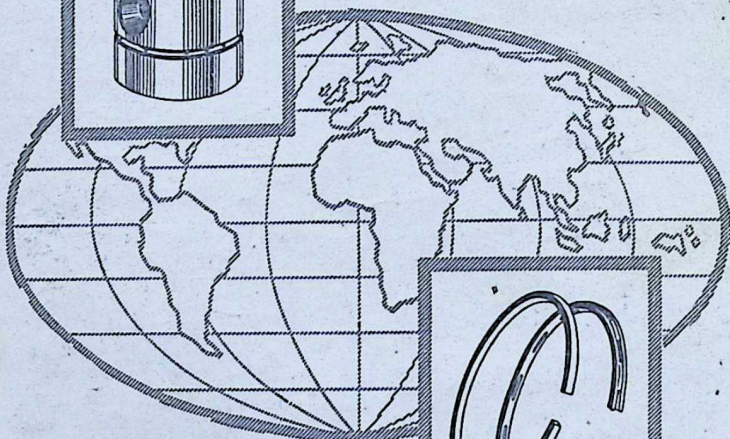


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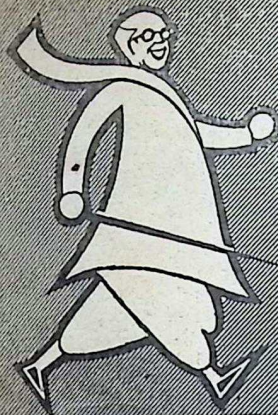
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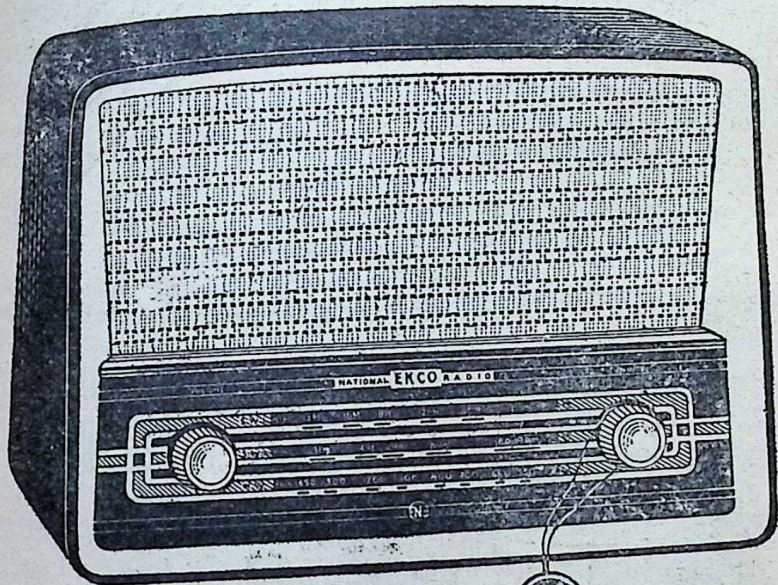
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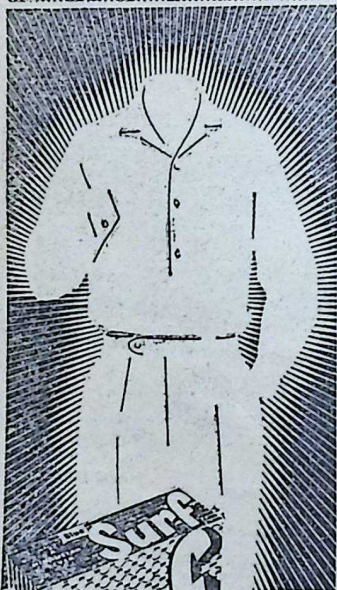
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'TEST A NEW IDEA...'

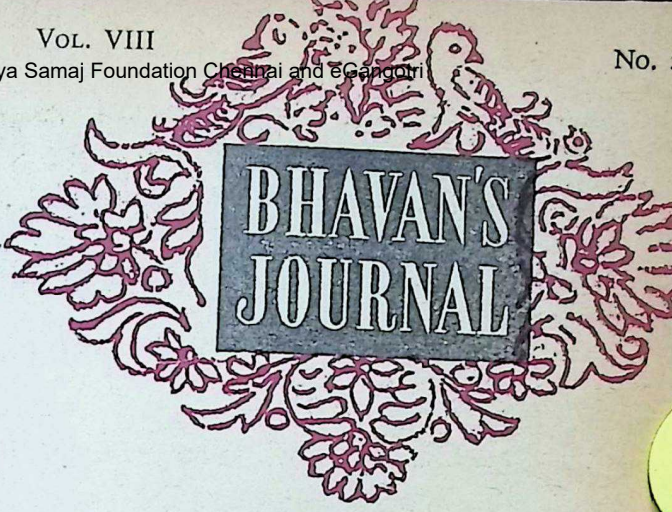
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Let noble thoughts come to us from every side

—Rigveda, I-89-i

TRUTHFUL WISDOM

यां मेधां देवगणाः पितरश्चोपासते ।

तया मामद्य मेधयान्ने मेधाविनं कुरु स्वाहा ।

Oh Effulgent God ! Make me a possessor of superior discriminative understanding by bestowing on me through truthful conduct that wisdom which the enlightened and the protectors of society, by Thy grace, attain to and utilise.

—Yajurveda, XXXII, 14



Kulapati's Letter

ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE



No. 241

★ FRANK BUCHMAN ★ MAN OF GOD
★ HIS DEDICATED FOLLOWERS

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN,
BOMBAY,

OCTOBER 1, 1961.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

 N August 7, 1961, died Dr. Frank Buchman, the founder of the Moral Re-Armament, at the age of 83.

I knew him well; he gave me the privilege of being his friend. He had been our guest at Lucknow; we were his at Mackinac on Lake Michigan in U.S.A. We knew his philosophy of life and saw it in action in three continents. We can claim scores of his disciples as personal friends.

He was one of the most controversial figures in the modern world. Thousands were devoted to him; thousands hated him. Again and again he was derided, criticised, sneered at, admired and followed. Universities turned him out and university men by hundreds offered him their devotion. Organised religious institutions fulminated against him, but thousands learned religion from his lips. Some in our country were shocked to find us admiring him. We have found

equally others who, in his name, opened their doors and hearts to us.

A German by descent and American by birth, a Lutheran Churchman by profession and an unorthodox practitioner of the teachings of Christ, he began by living in slums to follow Christ and ended by building a church—if one can use the term for so loose an organization—regardless of forms on the rock of faith in God's guidance.

● ● ●

I don't claim to be Buchman's disciple; most things he taught and stood for, I had learnt from the *Bhagavad Gita*, the *Yogasutra* and the *New Testament*, years before I heard his name. I have tried to study the working of many movements, and so have I done with M.R.A. I don't belong to it. I am old enough to see clearly the way M.R.A. is built up and is working. I know its good points and bad. But after all is said and done, I am happy to be its friend. For, it is a great experiment

carried on by a band of selfless men drawn from many nations working in many countries.

All his life Buchman lived in God. I have not known another who was so filled with Him. He lived an austere life dedicated to Him; he left himself in His hands all his waking hours. He was inspired by the faith that he was doing His work. He was in dead earnest in trying to live in Him.

'Nivasishyasi mayi eva'—'Thou shalt live in Me,' said Sri Krishna to Arjuna. 'Be Thou My Instrument, Arjuna.' This was true of Sri Ramakrishna, of Sri Aurobindo, of Gandhiji. From St. Augustine to Brother Lawrence, the Christian mystics so lived. The same can be said of Frank Buchman—and I speak from personal knowledge.

There are men who speak of faith in God by conviction. But to few it is given to live the faith in experience, and Frank Buchman was one of them. I require no higher passport for holding him in deep respect.

In these days people judge of such men with derision or disbelief. Ignorant of the power of God themselves, they cannot believe that anyone could live in Him honestly and completely. These men deserve to be pitied, for they deny themselves the privilege of rising higher in the scale of life.

Frank Buchman wanted men to be pledged to absolute love, absolute purity, absolute truth, absolute unselfishness. To him and to those who follow him, these have been absolute standards.



Dr. Frank Buchman with Rashtrapati Rajendra Prasad at the Rashtrapati Bhavan, 1952.

Some of his Western critics blame him for simplifying religion in this way. It is forgotten that all great religious leaders have stressed moral standards. *Upanishads* have done it, also *Gita*. 'They are absolute and universal,' says Patanjali. So says Jesus.

The Vedic values emphasized *Satya*, *Yajna*, *Tapas*—truth, dedication, self-discipline. Truth, goodness and beauty were absolute standards taught by the Greeks. *Satyam*, *Shivam*, *Sundaram* stand for the same standards in modern times. They are the characteristics of *dharma*. What is wrong in Frank Buchman standing for them in a

world poisoned by hedonism and corrupted by Freudian theories? These standards, upheld by prayer and endeavour, are a call, nay, a challenge to the best in men.

Frank Buchman sought to develop these standards by a two-fold technique: first, in all earnestness by our trying to discover every day whether we have fallen from the standards, and if we find that we have, by offering our apology to whomsoever our lapse was directed.

Why this undemanded apology to people who are mostly ignorant of our lapses, or are indifferent to whatever we do?

Buchman throughout life offered apologies to a host of persecutors, often unwanted and more often unrequited though they were. I have seen his disciples searching their hearts and offering apologies to husbands, wives, parents, friends and even strangers, for deeds which the others had not even noticed. I have also seen quite a few parents and sons, husbands and wives suddenly come together in fresh relationship by such apologies.

Pondering over it, I could see its value. First, such earnest effort at repairing our lapses trains us to apply the touchstone of the absolute standards to our own actions and thoughts, and in consequence, strengthens the will to abide by them. Secondly, it removes, by a sort of *prayaschitta*—expiation—the little misunderstandings which more often than not build up barriers between man and man, and as a result invest human relations with a genuine freshness. Last, it involves the holding

on us of our ego which makes us proud, unforgiving, selfish and assertive, and deprives us of the privilege of loving and to be loved.

I dare say this practice adopted without sincerity would be a meaningless ritual, but so are all attempts at self-correction, prayers, confessions and expiatory actions pursued without active sincerity. But to apologise for acts unnoticed by the other side ordinarily requires an earnest effort to mobilise the will to uphold the standards—even if it is a form of exhibitionism.

Frank Buchman's next ritual prescribed for those who want to cultivate God-consciousness is to seek God's guidance, individually or collectively. Many of his critics have severely condemned this practice. On a superficial view, it looks childish for normal men and women on the least provocation solemnly to sit down, take out pencil and note-book and seek the guidance of God by writing the thoughts which come to one's mind.

However, when I examined this practice closely, I found a significance, which I should like to share with you.

Religion, as distinguished from 'the religions' is one. Its essence is, in the words of Brother Lawrence, 'practice of the presence of God' in all that we do. 'Leave all else. Surrender thyself unto Me'; that is religion as Sri Krishna taught us in the *Bhagavad Gita*.

All religious forms, *sandhyas*, *japas*, prayers, masses, hymn singing, mystic practices and rituals of every kind, have for their end an earnest seeking for the presence of

OCTOBER 1, 1961

God. Not that He stands before every one who participates in such religious forms. Not that to every such person He gives his mandate. But to seek the Presence itself is an act of surrender that brings a momentary contact with Him and inspires us to purer, nobler and stronger purposes.

Again, the difference between one religion and another lies in the difference in approach and form. But if a simple ritual is found which can give us 'the practice of His presence', it would provide the core of religion to the followers of every religion. And what simpler practice can there be than to invoke His guidance every time we take a step? And what difference does it make if the guidance is sought in silence with closed eyes as most of us do, or sought in subdued prayer on paper through the pencil?

The critics who deride this practice, in truth, do not object to the ritual. What they do not like is that 'modern men' being so full of their own wisdom and so arrogantly conscious of the fact, should stoop to seek guidance of any Higher Power. Those who believe in God can have nothing in common with such men.

However, Frank Buchman, by this device has taught a large number of men of all religions irrespective of creed, race, colour, culture, to work together in common dedication. In Caux and in Mackinac, for instance, we saw assembled men and women from all parts of the world, belonging to different nationalities and religions, joining in seeking God's guidance. In substance, there we

found the nucleus of the one world to come.

The critics of Buchman admit that he did inspire faith in a large circle of men in different countries. But they object to his being supplied with money by his disciples and admirers. Where does it all come from, they ask. They do not pause and inquire as to how any religion—for the matter of that any movement inspired by



Kulapati Munshi Ji speaking at a reception at the Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar, when he was Governor of U. P., 1952.

faith—gets money. Who built the mighty *stupas* to Buddha and the magnificent cathedrals to Christ? Who fed the hundreds of men who presided over sacrificial sessions in ancient India and at present finance religious institutions the world over? And who gave money to Gandhiji and give it today to Ramakrishna Mission? Only the rich out of their amplitude and the poor their mite.

So it is with M.R.A. I have seen at Kyoto a whole M.R.A. congregation subscribe to the heavy expenses of the conference—the rich, the well-to-do, the miners, and the dock-yard workers. Caux and Mackinac are supported by thousands, rich and poor. I have seen a worker give up his provident fund. I have seen a world industrialist giving a part of his share of profits of his industrial empire. I have seen some of the hard-worked middle-class men give up a part of their income to the movement. Why?

The money is given not to earn respectability, for no list of donors is published in the newspapers as in the case of Government sponsored funds; there are no favours expected either. The money so given is not exempted from income-tax. Nor is it collected by the bait of permits or the fear of ministerial frowns; not even by invoking the lure of heaven or the fear of hell. It is given in faith and for the faith that the world needs to be changed.

I have lived with many of the active adherents of M.R.A., among whom are shrewd businessmen, capable army men and politicians, brilliant artists, trained scientists and

highly intellectual men. Most of these dedicated men are filled with fiery enthusiasm to change the world to a God-inspired planet living in truth, love, purity and unselfishness.

Many of them move from country to country carrying out the mission, regardless of personal ambition and comfort. Without exception, they are pure, abjuring drink, self-indulgence and slander. Like good Samaritans, they bring comfort to those who come near them with cheerful affection. In their centres, they help each other and the visitors—even to the extent of looking after their needs—in the true spirit of service. In Mackinac and Caux, there are no servants; what they call the task force does all the chores, each one as he gets the mandate. And thousand-strong assemblies are housed, fed and looked after with clock-work precision.

● ● ●

Frank Buchman inspired this devotion because he had that quality which distinguishes the man of God from the others. He could release mysterious streams of faith. This one quality alone sets apart the mystic and gives him the power over men. Even in these days of obsessive science, we saw it in Sri Aurobindo, Ramana Maharshi and Gandhiji. And Frank Buchman had this quality in ample measure.

Then it is said that the M.R.A. is working against Communism. And why not? The hand of the Communist is against every man who believes in freedom, in ethical absolutes and in God. Why should men, honest in their faith in a higher destiny for

man, not fight the sinister Communist ideology with equal, if not superior, determination?

No one needs be blind that the West has been losing the battle for men's souls against Communism. Every time there is a summit meeting, the forces of truth and freedom seem to lose. Such conferences appear to be solemn rituals to legalise what has already been taken over by Communism. The 'Peace Conferences' are generally intended to give a legal fiction to an illegitimate gain. Why?

Because the West has given up the ideological battle before it began. Its faith in democracy is superficial; its firmness to stand for its pledges wither away when faced with danger. So far there has not been any ideological line it will draw against its capacity to surrender.

If Buchman, inspired by a God-

given mission, took up the ideological battle in the best way he could, with the limited means at his disposal, is not Gandhiji's estimate 'that M.R.A. is the best thing that comes out of the West', justified?

We, Indians, steeped in the tradition and teachings of the *Gita*, should appreciate what Buchman did, and respect those who honestly uphold faith in God. That all that he taught had been taught to us by our forefathers is no reply to the predicament in which we find ourselves that we have lost the courage to stand up for what they taught. Anything that gives us such courage therefore should be given a welcome.

Yours sincerely,

K. M. M. R.

Thus Spake Buchman . . .

The world shall be governed by men who are governed by God. Why not let God run the whole world?

* * *

The problem is not just an iron curtain which separates nation from nation, but steely selfishness which separates man from man and all men from the government of God. And when men listen to God and obey, the steel and iron melt away.

* * *

The world is on the knife-edge of decision. We must go all out to save our nations. When men change and are gripped by the fire and passion, the purity and honesty of a moral ideology, miracles happen.



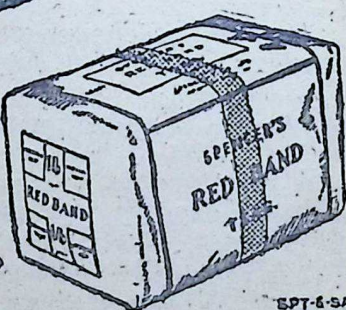
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VIGILANCE

Among followers of Buddhism, the *Dhammapada*, which constitutes the utterances of the Buddha, is considered as sacred as the *Gita* among Hindus. It is memorised by the devout.

We give below a couple of verses from the text of *Dhammapada* in their Sanskrit rendering, the original text being in Pali, and a commentary thereon written by Mother of Sri Aurobindo Ashram, Pondicherry.—Ed.

MOTHER

अप्रमादोऽमृतपदं प्रमादो मृत्योः पदम् ।
अप्रमत्ता न म्रियन्ते ये प्रमत्ताः यथा

मृताः ॥ (१)

एवं विशेषतो ज्ञात्वाऽप्रमादे पण्डिताः ।
अप्रमादे प्रमोदन्त आर्याणां गोचरे

रताः ॥ (२)

—Dhammapada.

Vigilance is the way to Immortality, Negligence the way to Death. The vigilant never dies; the negligent is already dead. (1)

They know this thoroughly well, the wise in vigilance and they rejoice in their vigilance, ever in the presence of the Great Ones (2)

IN the text here the word *Nirvana* is not used in the sense of annihilation, as you see, but in the sense of an eternal existence in opposition to life and death as we know them in the present earthly existence, that are contrary to each other, life contrary to death, death contrary to life. It is not *that* life which is spoken of, but the eternal existence which is beyond life and death—the true existence.

Vigilance means to be awake, to be on one's guard, to be sincere—never to be taken by surprise. When you

want to do *sadhana*, at each moment of your life, there is a choice between a step that leads to the goal and falling asleep or sometimes even going backward, saying, "Oh, later on, not immediately"—sitting down on the way.

To be vigilant is not merely to resist that which pulls you downward, but to be awake in order not to lose any occasion to progress, any occasion to overcome a weakness, to resist a temptation, any occasion to learn something, to correct something, to master something. If you are vigilant, you can do in a few days what would otherwise take years. If you are vigilant, you change each circumstance of your life, each action, each movement into an occasion for coming nearer the goal.

There are two kinds of vigilance, active and passive. There is a vigilance that gives you a warning if you are about to make a mistake, if you are going to make a wrong choice, if you are going to be weak or allow yourself to be tempted and there is the active-vigilance which seeks an occasion to progress, seeks to utilise every circumstance to advance more quickly.

There is a difference between preventing yourself from falling and advancing more quickly.

And both are absolutely necessary.

He who is not vigilant is already dead. He has lost contact with the true reason for existence, for living.

So hours, circumstances, life pass bringing nothing and you awake from your sleepiness into a hole from where it is difficult to get out.

Throughout this teaching there is one thing to be noticed; it is this: you are never told that to live well, to think well is the result of a struggle or of a sacrifice; on the contrary it is a delightful state which cures all suffering. At that time, the time of Buddha, to live a spiritual life was a joy, a beatitude, the happiest condition, that which frees you from all troubles of the world, all the suffer-

ings, all the cares, making you happy, satisfied, contented.

It is the materialism of modern times that has made of spiritual effort a painful struggle and a sacrifice, a hard renunciation of all the so-called joys of life.

This insistence on the exclusive reality of the physical world, of physical pleasures, physical joys, physical possessions is the result of the whole materialistic tendency of human civilisation. It was unthinkable in ancient times. On the contrary, withdrawal, concentration, liberation from all material cares, consecration to the spiritual joy, that was indeed the happiness.

From this point of view it is quite evident that humanity is far from having progressed; and those who were born into the world in the centres of materialistic civilisation have in their subconsciousness this horrid notion that only material realities are real and that to be occupied with things that are not material represents a wonderful spirit of sacrifice, an almost sublime effort. Not to be pre-occupied from morning till evening and from evening till morning with all the little physical satisfactions, physical sensations, physical pre-occupations is to give evidence of a remarkable spirit. One is not aware of it, but the whole modern civilisation is built on this conception: "Ah, what you touch, that, you are sure, is true, what you see is surely that which is true, what you eat is surely that which you have eaten, and all the rest—puff! We are not sure if they are not vain dreams and if we are not giving up the real for the unreal, the game



for the shadow. After all, what are you going to gain? A few dreams! But when you have solid coins in your pocket, you are sure that you have them there!"

And that, it is everywhere, below everything. Scratch just a little the appearances, it is there, within your consciousness; and from time to time this thing whispers to you, "Take care, don't be a dupe." It is indeed lamentable.

We have been told that evolution is progressive and that it follows a spiral of ascending progression. I do not doubt that what one calls comfort in modern cities is a much higher degree of evolution than the comfort of the cave-man. But in ancient histories, they always spoke of a power of foresight, of the prophetic spirit, the announcing of future events through visions, life's intimacy with something more subtle that had for the simple people of that epoch a more concrete reality.

Now, in the beautiful cities that are so comfortable, when one wants to condemn anything what does one say?—"It's a dream, it is imagination."

And precisely if a person lives in an inner perception people look at him askance and ask whether he is altogether sane in spirit. One who does not pass his time in amassing money or in increasing his comforts and well-being in securing a good position and becoming an important person, a man who is not like that is mistrusted, yes, people ask whether he is sane in spirit.

And all that is to such an extent the stuff of the atmosphere, the content of the air you breathe, the orientation of the thoughts received from



Mother.

others that it seems absolutely natural. You do not feel that it is a grotesque monstrosity.

To become a little more conscious of oneself, to enter into relation with the life behind the appearances, does not seem to you to be of all wealth the best. When you sit in a comfortable armchair, a well-furnished table in front, when you fill your stomach with delicious dishes, that certainly appears to you much more concrete and much more interesting. And if you look at the day that has passed, at the ledger of the day and if you have had some material advantage, some pleasure, a physical satisfaction you mark it as a good day, but if you had received a good lesson from life, if it had given you a knock on your nose to tell you that you are a stupid fellow, you do not give thanks to the Grace, you say, "Ah, it is not always amusing to live!"

When I read these ancient texts, I have precisely the impression that from the inner point of view, from the point of view of the true life, we have fallen back terribly and that for the acquisition of a few ingenious me-

chanisms, a few seconds of average sentaj Foundation and that people which a simple life gives!

our laziness, the acquisition of instruments and apparatus that economise the effort to live we have renounced the reality of the inner life. It is that sense we have lost and it needs an effort for you to think of learning the sense of life, the essential reason for existence, the goal towards which we must advance, towards which all life advances, whether you want it or not. One step towards the goal, oh! it needs so much effort to do that! And generally one thinks of it only when the outer circumstances are not pleasant.

How far are we from the times when the shepherd, who did not go to school and kept watch over his herd at night under the stars, could read in the stars what was going to happen, commune with something which expressed itself through Nature and had the sense of the profound

It is very unfortunate that you have to give up one thing in order to gain another. When I speak of the inner life, I am far from opposing any modern inventions, not at all; but how much have these inventions made us artificial and stupid! How much have we lost the sense of true beauty, how much are we burdened with useless needs!

Perhaps the time is come to continue the ascent in the curve of the spiral and now with all that this knowledge of matter has brought us, we shall be able to give to our spiritual progress a more solid basis. Strong with what we have learnt of the secrets of Nature, we shall be able to join together the two extreme ends and rediscover the supreme Reality in the very heart of Nature.

[From: *The Advent*]

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...pursuit of truth and goodness leads to artistry in life....

GANDHI

the

Master

JAWAHARLAL NEHRU

NINETEEN SIXTEEN. That was when I first saw Bapu, and an age has gone by since then. Inevitably one looks back and memories crowd in.

During his long life, full of hard work and activity and novel adventures out of the common rut, there is hardly any jarring note anywhere. All his manifold activities became progressively a symphony and every word he spoke and every gesture that he made fitted into this, and so unconsciously he became the perfect artist, for he had learned the art of living, though the way of life he had adopted was very different from the world's way. It became apparent that



the pursuit of truth and goodness leads among other things to this artistry in life.

Even in his death there was a magnificence and complete artistry. It was from every point of view a fitting climax to the man and to the life he had lived. Indeed it heightened the lesson of his life. He died in the fullness of his powers and as he would no doubt have liked to die, at the moment of prayer. He died a martyr to the cause of unity to which he had always been devoted and for which he had worked unceasingly, more especially during the last years

of his life. He died suddenly as all men should wish to die. There was no fading away of the body or a long illness or the forgetfulness of the mind that comes with age. Why then should we grieve for him?

Our memories of him will be of the Master, whose step was light to the end, whose smile was infectious, and whose eyes were full of laughter. We shall associate no failing powers with him of body or mind. He lived and he died at the top of his strength and powers, leaving a picture in our minds and in the mind of the age that we live in that can never fade away.

The picture will not fade. But he did something much more than that, for he entered into the very stuff of our minds and spirits and changed them and moulded them. The Gandhi generation will pass away, but that stuff will remain and will affect each succeeding generation, for it has become a part of India's spirit. Just when we were growing poor in spirit in this country, Bapu came to enrich us and make us strong, and the strength he gave us was not for a moment or a day or a year but it was something added on to our national inheritance.

Bapu has done a giant's work for India and the world and even for our poor selves, and he has done it astonishingly well. And now it is our turn not to fail him or his memory but to carry on the work to the best of our ability and to fulfil the pledges we have so often taken.

[Culled from his writings]

THE WAY OF SAINTS

Samarth Ramdas once entered a garden of sugar-cane along with his disciples. One of his disciples ate a sugar-cane without asking the owner. The owner came and gave a good slap on Ramdas's cheeks. The cheeks were swollen. Ramdas did not speak a word. He left the garden quietly. He knew this was his Prarabdha. Sivaji asked Ramdas: "Guru Maharaj, what is this? I see much swelling on thy face. Kindly tell me the cause." Ramdas refused to tell. Sivaji began to insist several times. Ramdas narrated the story to him and asked Sivaji to give some lands free to the owner of the sugar-cane-garden and not to punish him in any way. Sivaji obeyed the commands of Ramdas.

* * *

Pavahari Baba ran after the thief, who entered his cottage with intent to steal, and, placing a bag of vessels at his feet and prostrating before him, said: "O thief Narayan! I never knew you were in my cottage. Kindly accept this bag of vessels. This is yours". The thief was instantaneously moved by the extraordinary kindness and love of Pavahari Baba. He immediately became his disciple and in course of time became a wonderful saint.

* * *

A Sadhu once presented Raidasa with a piece of porous stone, the very touch of which was said to transmute iron into gold. The Sadhu even demonstrated such a transformation. Raidasa would not at first accept this gift and later asked the Sadhu to slip the stone into the thatch of his cottage. When thirteen months later the Sadhu came to see Raidasa again, he enquired as to what use the latter had made of the stone. Raidasa told the Sadhu that he would find the stone where he had left it in the thatch.

—From: Practice of Bhakti Yoga
by Swami Sivananda

Mahatma Gandhi and Rt. Hon. V. S. Srinivasa Sastri were great friends personally, even though they differed in politics. They had great esteem and respected each other's intellectual and personal integrity. Gandhiji often sought and greatly valued Sastriar's advice. In his letter to Sastri of November 24, 1932 from the Yeravda Prison, Gandhiji said "Your criticism soothes; your silence makes me nervous. Time only deepens my love for you; our differences appear to me to be superficial. Deep down I feel and touch the meeting ground that is precious".

When in 1923 Gandhiji was asked if he would like to see any person before he was put under chloroform for being operated upon for appendicitis when a prisoner in Yeravda Central Prison, he asked for Sastriar.

GANDHI

Rt. Hon. V. S. Srinivasa Sastri

I have called Gokhale my political Guru. Therefore, Sastriar is a fellow disciple. And what a disciple and yet an usurper!!! I was to have the honour of being Gokhale's successor but I found in Sastriar a worthy usurper to whom I make a willing surrender... I had and have no gifts which Gokhale had and Sastriar has in luxurious abundance!—Mahatma Gandhi, January 20, 1946.

GANDHI rightly describes himself as a soldier. With a soldier's unquestioning faith in the justness of his cause, he combines a soldier's unquestioning faith in the wisdom of his campaign. His march may be hindered and delayed, but it must be pursued relentlessly and unflinchingly. He deplores the losses and sufferings of his side and has a tear to spare for the enemy as well. He

will try to minimise them to the utmost. But turn back he will not. He atones his mistake and failures in the only way open to him: by fasts and prayer and penance.

When his account with God is settled on one page, he opens a fresh one on the next.

Gandhi has often called himself a scientific experimenter. It is not his



Rt. Hon. Sastri

fault if his tools and chemicals happen to be human. Unfortunately, they feel and suffer, and the operator himself is as tender-hearted as any Sister of Mercy. But the laboratory knows no pity and needs no rest. The truth or *Satya* must be found.

He seeks the guidance of God at every step. What more could one do? He is charged with a great mission and must fulfil it. The world must learn Satyagraha at its peril. In Germany and France, in Britain and America, in the Dominions and, indeed, all over the civilised world, his

Far greater than all warriors who led armies to battle was this little man, the bravest, the most tried friend of all.

—Sarojini Naidu

The admiration for Mahatma Gandhi in all countries of the world rests on recognition, mostly subconscious, recognition of the fact that in our time of utter moral decadence, he was the only statesman to stand for a higher level of human relationship in the political sphere.

—Albert Einstein

sayings and doings as the head of the non-cooperation movement are studied with intense interest as a new evangel for the future of mankind in the international as well as in the national sphere.

Gandhi's theatre encompasses the earth. History, far-off history, is his only competent judge, after God. This, the present writer believes, is a true and just picture of the psychology of Gandhi.

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When the Mahatma Helped the C.I.D.

A Police Official's Reminiscences



As a Sub-Inspector in Wardha Police Station during the memorable days preceding the 'Quit India' movement, I had to meet Gandhiji often in connection with my duties, which were almost always unpleasant. It was either to arrest someone, or search the hut of one of the inmates of Sewagram Ashram, or seize papers belonging to an important politician. Whenever I was in difficulty, I went to Gandhiji. He always gave the utmost co-operation to the Police. He sympathised with me, understood me and urged me never to shirk the performance of duty, even if that duty was difficult to perform.

The Ashram at Sewagram, which is now a place of homage for people from all over the world, in those days bustled with activity. A long unending stream of visitors came to see and consult Gandhiji. There was much political discussion, and newspaper correspondents from all over the world clustered round to catch every word that fell from the Mahatma's lips. So many of the men and women we saw there from day to day are now leaders

of the nation, and some have achieved international prominence, yet I do believe that to all, from the greatest to the humblest, being close to Gandhiji meant enlightenment, calmness of mind, and a unique mode of education.

Gandhiji believed in the severest form of self-discipline, particularly in matters of truth and non-violence. He constantly impressed upon the inmates of Sewagram the value of truth, in thought and action. On a placard in Gandhiji's room still hangs the following inscription: "THE ESSENCE OF LYING IS DECEPTION, NOT IN WORDS; A LIE MAY BE TOLD BY SILENCE, BY EQUIVOCATION, BY A GLANCE OF THE EYE ATTACHING A PECULIAR SIGNIFICANCE TO A SENTENCE. ALL THESE KINDS OF LIES ARE WORSE AND BASER BY MANY DEGREES THAN A LIE PLAINLY WORDED"—RUSKIN.

I remember one small incident when a young girl did not appear for dinner in the mess. Gandhiji in spite



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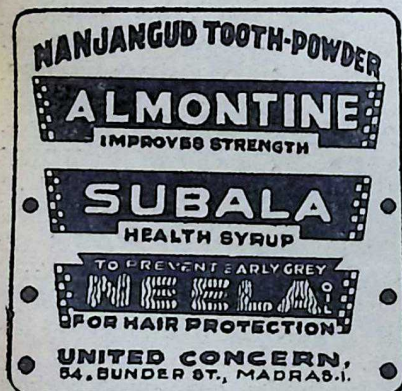
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of his preoccupations took keen interest in the welfare of every member of the Ashram, and he was quick to notice her absence. Later on he questioned her about it. She had gone to the house of another inmate for dinner, but told a lie to Gandhiji that she had dined earlier at the mess. It pained Gandhiji to know that even one of those who were so close to him failed to speak the truth as she was afraid of him. Instead of scolding the girl, or sermonising, he imposed a three-day fast upon himself for self-purification.

Seated at the low desk near the window in his mud hut, Gandhiji worked tirelessly night and day, his temper never disturbed of its tranquillity; his mind ever fresh. People from all parts of the country and some from distant lands surrounded him. His companions tried to save him as much as possible from being tired out by unnecessary visits, and I think it was Rajkumari Amrit Kaur who had put up a notice on the wall: "Be quick. Be brief. Be gone."

One day I received an express order to find out if a certain revolutionary who was suspected to be plotting a derailment of the Viceregal special train had come to the Ashram. I visited the Ashram and made thorough enquiries, but could find out nothing. The matter was important and could have resulted in a serious mishap. At least, after all my efforts had failed, I approached Gandhiji and told him the object of my visit, fearing that I might lower myself in his eyes by making such a strange request to him. I was surprised when he told me that the man had

seen him a few minutes before, and had left the Ashram with his wife and child to catch the Grand Trunk Express. He even permitted me to use the Ashram telephone to communicate this information to the railway staff.

When Gandhiji launched the individual satyagraha movement, the first person selected by him to offer satyagraha was Vinoba Bhave. The arrest was made by me under the Defence of India Rules, and I was the only prosecution witness in the case. Later, several other satyagrahis followed. One of them, the son of an eminent Congressman, asked me to arrest him at Sewagram in the presence of Gandhiji, and I acceded to his request. Early the next morning, I drove to the Ashram and told the satyagrahi that he was under arrest. Ashram girls garlanded him and applied 'kum kum' to his forehead, and he touched Gandhiji's feet. With his hand held over the head of the boy as a blessing, Gandhiji looked at me and asked humorously: "Why don't you arrest me, I am the greatest abettor." What reply could a petty Police Officer like me give to a question which was baffling even the Viceroy? What could I say when I strongly felt that the satyagrahi was doing right, and I was doing wrong?

The most regular and familiar feature of life at Sewagram was the evening prayer meeting, which I attended as often as I could. The Japanese monk, Noboru Tenzaki, inaugurated the prayer with a mantra "Om Namō Bhyam Ho Range Kyo," which means "O Lord, I offer my Namaskar to you." Gandhiji occupied

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a low wooden dais, and as soon as he sat down he usually called out in a loud voice, "Rampat", and Rampat would promptly get up and ring the bell to announce the beginning of the prayer.

Rampat was the most engaging character in the Ashram. He was a constable who had been posted on C.I.D. duty, but he was completely under the spell of Gandhiji. When news was received of a conspiracy against Gandhiji's life, Rampat was detailed to protect the Mahatma. Gandhiji protested that he did not need a security man, but at the same time added that he would not like to interfere with the execution of Government's orders. Rampat was soon absorbed in the life of the Ashram. He sat spinning for hours outside Gandhiji's hut, washed his clothes, and even milked the goat.

American visitors were so delighted

at the manner in which Gandhiji had dealt with the problem that they often photographed Rampat as "the spy who served Gandhiji".

People in the Ashram often complained to Gandhiji that it was not right for him to have a constable right in their midst, who would carry all their secrets to Government. Gandhiji's answer was that he had nothing to conceal, and the man himself was a very good man. In fact Gandhiji's only complaint was that at times he was so slow in understanding politics that it was difficult to explain matters to him. Rampat followed Gandhiji everywhere. On August 8, 1942, when Gandhiji was arrested, Rampat, furious with Government at the affront to the Mahatma, tendered his resignation from service. He was later arrested and was sentenced to nine months' rigorous imprisonment, but was reinstated in service after Independence.

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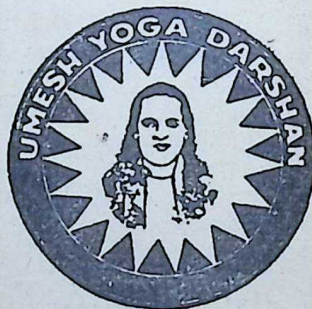
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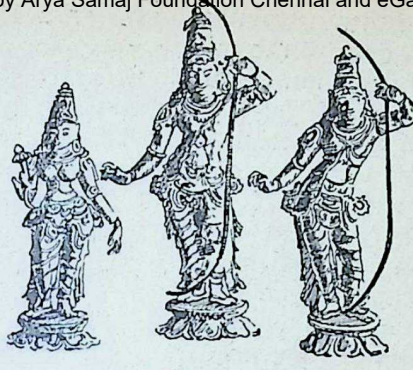
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ADHYATMA



RAMAYANA

Vali's End

इत्थं स्वात्मपरिष्वङ्गनिर्धूताशेषकल्मषम् ।

रामः सुग्रीवमालोक्य सस्मितं वाक्यम-
ब्रवीत् ॥

मायां मोहकरीं तस्मिन्वितन्वन् कार्यसिद्धये ।

सखे त्वदुक्तं यत्तन्मां सत्यमेव न संशयः ॥

किन्तु लोका वदिष्यन्ति मामेष रघुनन्दनः ।

कृतवान् किं कपीन्द्राय सख्यं कृत्वान्नि-
साक्षिकम् ॥

इति लोकापवादो मे भविष्यति न संशयः ।

तस्मादाह्वय भद्रं ते गत्वा युद्धाय वालिनम् ॥

Looking smilingly on Sugriva who, by reason of Rama's embrace, had become washed of all *ajnana*, Rama spreading his Maya once again on Sugriva in the interest of his mission, said: "Friend, what you said about me is no doubt true. But people will certainly arraign me saying, 'What has Rama done for the monkey-king after making (indissoluble) friendship before the fire with him?' Therefore, call your brother for a fight; may success bless your effort!"

[The two brothers fight at the end of which Vali leaves Sugriva in a battered state. Rama consoles Sugriva and gives a garland of flowers to wear for

identification and at the second fight shoots Vali on the chest at which the latter falls down in a swoon].

ततो वाली ददर्शग्रे रामं राजीवलोचनम् ।

धनुरालम्ब्य वामेन हस्तेनान्येन सायकम् ॥

ब्रिभाणं चौरवसनं जटामुकुटधारिणम् ।

विशालवक्षसं भ्राजद्वनमालाविभूषितम् ॥

पीनचार्यायतभुजं नवदूर्वादिलच्छविम् ।

सुग्रीवलक्ष्मणाभ्यां च पार्श्वयोः परिसेषितम् ॥

Then Vali saw before him lotus-eyed Rama holding the bow in the left hand and the arrow in the right, clad in bark robes and matted hair, with broad chest, wearing a garland of Vanmala, with long and well-shaped arms, green like the *durva* grass, flanked by Sugriva and Lakshmana on either side.

विलोक्य शनकैः प्राह वाली रामं विगर्हयन् ।

किं मयापकृतं राम तव येन हतोऽस्म्यहम् ॥

राजधर्ममविज्ञाय गर्हितं कर्म ते कृतम् ।

वृक्षखण्डे तिरो भूत्वा त्यजतां मयि

सायकम् ॥

यशः किं लप्स्यसे राम चोरवत्कृतसङ्गरः ।

यदि क्षत्रियदायादो मनोर्वशसमुदभवः ॥

युद्धं कृत्वा समक्षे मे प्राप्स्यसे तत्फलं तदा ।

Said Vali slowly rather petulantly: "What wrong have I done you to merit this killing at your hands. Your action betrays ignorance of *Raj-dharma*. Does it redound to your credit to shoot the arrow against me by hiding behind a tree like a thief? If you have royal blood in you and were you born in Manu's clan, you ought to have given me a straight fight. Then you would have reaped its benefit.

सुग्रीवेण कृतं किं ते मया वा न कृतं किम् ॥
रावणेन हता भार्या तत्र राम महापते ।
सुग्रीवं शरणं यातस्तदर्थमिति शुश्रुम ॥

"What is the obligation that Sugriva has done to you and I could not have done? I have heard that your wife was carried away by Ravana in the forest and that you have sought Sugriva's refuge in that connection.

बत राम न जानीषे मद्वलं लोकविश्रुतम् ।
रावणं सकलं वदध्वा ससीतं लङ्कया सह ॥
आनयामि मुहुर्ताद्वाद्यदि चेच्छामि राघव ।
"Tell me if you have not heard of

my prowess which is well-known throughout the world. Raghava! I can bring Ravana tied up with his whole family, Sita and even Lanka in a knot and bring them here in half a *muhurta* if I so desire.

धर्मिष्ठ इति लोकेऽस्मिन् कथ्यसे रघुनन्दन ॥
वानरं व्याधवद्वत्त्वा धर्मं कं लप्स्यसे वद ।
अभक्ष्यं वानरं मांसं हत्वा मां किं करिष्यसि ॥

"O, delighter of the Raghu race! People say you are righteous; but by killing me like a hunter kills an ordinary monkey, what *dharma* do you propose to achieve? The flesh of monkey is forbidden even for eating. What do you gain by killing me?"

इत्येवं बहु भाषन्तं वालिनं राघवोऽब्रवीत् ।
धर्मस्य गोप्ता लोकेऽस्मिन्श्चराभि स-
शरासनः ॥
अधर्मकारिणं हत्वा सद्धर्मं पालयाम्यहम् ।
दुहिता भगिनी भ्रातुर्भार्या चैव तथा
स्तुषा ॥



समा यो रमते तासामेकामपि विमूढधीः ।
पातकी स तु विज्ञेयः स वध्यो राजभिः
सदा ॥

त्वं तु भ्रातुः कनिष्ठस्य भार्यायां रमसे
बलात् ।

अतो मया धर्मविदा हतोऽसि वनगोचर ॥
त्वं कपित्वात्र जानीषे महान्तो विचरन्ति
यत् ।

लोकं पुनानाः सञ्चारैरस्ततन्नाति-
भाषयेत् ॥

Addressing Vali who was speaking in this tenor, Rama said: "I am walking on this earth with bow and arrows for the protection of *dharma*. I (consider it my duty to) protect *dharma*, by killing perpetrators of *adharma*. One's daughter, sister, sister-in-law and daughter-in-law, these four stand on an equal footing. One who misbehaves with any of them is a fool and stands condemned. He always deserves to be killed by kings. You live with your younger brother's wife wilfully. O dweller of the forest! You were therefore killed by me who knows *dharma* well. Being a monkey, you do not know that great souls move about sanctifying the world by their actions. You cannot therefore speak too much (on this subject)."

तच्छ्रुत्वा भयसन्त्रस्तो ज्ञात्वा रामं रमा-
पतिम् ।

बाली प्रणम्य रमसाद्रामं वचनमब्रवीत् ॥
राम राम महाभाग जाने त्वां परमेश्वरम् ।

अजानता मया किञ्चिदुक्तं तत्क्षन्तुमर्हसि ॥
साक्षात्त्वच्छरघातेन विशेषेण तवाग्रतः ।

त्यजाम्यसूनुहायो गिदुर्लभं तव दर्शनम् ॥
Hearing it, Vali became frightened.
He recognised Rama to be no other

than the Lord of Lakshmi. Instantly he prostrated before Rama and said: "O, Rama, Rama! I know that you are Lord Iswara. Pray forgive me for what I said out of ignorance. I have the rare privilege of dying, by the arrow sent by your own hands particularly in your immediate presence. Your *darshan* is difficult even for Yogins.

यन्नाम विचशो गृह्णन् म्रियमाणः परं
पदम् ।

याति साक्षात्स एवाद्य मुमूर्षोर्मे पुरः
स्थितः ॥

देव जानामि पुरुषं त्वां श्रियं जानकीं
शुभाम् ।

रावणस्य वधार्थाय जातं त्वां ब्रह्मणा-
थितम् ॥

अनुजानीहि मां राम यान्तं तत्पदमुत्तमम् ।

"By uttering whose name even unintentionally one gets liberation, him I have in person before me who aspires for liberation. Lord! I know you to be the Lord of Janaki who is Lakshmi and that you have, prayed for by Brahma, incarnated in this world for destroying Ravana. Be pleased to send me to the greatest abode.

मम तुल्यबले बाले अङ्गदे त्वं दयां कुरु ॥
विशल्यं कुरु मे राम हृदयं पाणिना स्पृशन् ।

"Please take kindly to my son Angada who is equal to me in valour. Please remove the arrow from my chest by touching me with your hand."

तथेति बाणमुद्धृत्य रामः पस्पर्श पाणिना ।
त्यक्त्वा तद्वानरं देहममरेन्द्रोऽभवत्क्षणात् ॥

Saying 'yes,' Rama removed the arrow by touching Vali with his hand. Instantaneously Vali left the monkey's form and became Indra.

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KRISHNAVATARA

K.M. MUNSHI

Characters in this Story:

SRI KRISHNA.
BALARAM—his elder brother.
VASUDEVA—his father, Chief of Shoora tribe of Yadavas.
DEVAKI—his mother.
KAMSA—his maternal uncle and Ugrasena's son, whom he had killed.
GARGACHARYA—his family preceptor and High Priest of the Yadavas.
GURU SANDIPANI—his teacher, with his ashram at Ujjain.
SHVETAKETU—his tutor, Sandipani's principal disciple.
TRIVAKRA—his devoted maid-servant.
UGRASENA—Head of the Andhak clan and King of the Yadavas.
DEVABHAG—Vasudeva's younger brother.
KAMSAA—his wife and the King's daughter.
CHITRAKETU—his eldest son.
BRIHADBALA—his second son.
UDDHAVA—his third son and Krishna's intimate friend.

AKRURA—the saintly chief of Vrishni clan of Yadavas.

SHANKU & GADA—old Andhak chiefs.

SATRAJIT—an elderly Yadava chief.

YUYUDHANA SATYAKI—a young Yadava chief.

JARASANDHA—Emperor of Magadha, father of Kamsa's widows.

HIS ALLIES: SHALVA, King of Saubha; VINDA & ANUVINDA, twin princes of Avanti.

DAMAGOSH—King of Chedi.

SHRUTASRAVA—his queen and sister of Vasudeva.

SHISHUPAL—their son.

KAISHIK—his father.

RUKMI—his son.

RUKMINI—his daughter.

BHISMAKA—Bhoja King of Vidarbha.

SHRIGALAVA VAASUDEVA—King of Karvirpur, who was killed by Sri Krishna in a fight.

PADMAVATI—his queen.

SHAKRADEVA—his minor son, and now king.

SHAIBYA—his niece.

31. The Triumphant March

BY slow stages and stopping on the way whenever rains impeded their progress, Krishna and King Damagosh ultimately arrived at Mathura.

Mathura, headed by King Ugrasena and Vasudeva, turned up to receive them. Even women and children,

whoever could come, were there. A hundred maidens, singing festive songs, carried on their heads the auspiciously painted pots full of water, their openings filled with leaves and coconuts. The Brahmins, with Gargacharya, the royal preceptor, and their wives and children, were there too,

chanting the *mantras* invoking the blessings of the gods on Krishna and the royal guest.

It was a triumph such as Mathura had never witnessed in living memory. Their redeemer had returned victorious, having vanquished no less a king than the Chakravarti.

As the caravan of chariots, riders, carts carrying gold, and men on foot leading the horses presented by queen Padmavati, came in sight, shouts of victory rent the air. Krishna, as was his wont, was dressed in *dhoti* and scarf of yellow silk. Wearing garlands and a peacock plume waving in his diadem, he stepped down from his chariot, from which fluttered the banner ornamented with a *garuda*.

With deep respect, he prostrated himself before King Ugrasena, his father Vasudeva, Gargacharya, Akura, and other elders. Then he fell at the feet of his mother and his step-mothers. And Trivakra, not to be left behind, fell at his feet, and so did the youngsters. Men and women showered flowers on him, for he had brought upon them the blessings of the gods.

With Krishna was Guru Sandipani, blessing all with outstretched hand. Damagosh, the King of Chedi, also received a royal welcome, Ugrasena and Vasudeva embracing him with warm cordiality.

Shaibya alighted from Damagosh's chariot. All wondered who this dark beauty was. Her sullen eyes and proud looks, her body unadorned except for *rudraksha* beads, her strangely-folded white dress, drew every eye. The mystery was solved

only when Damagosh told her story to Ugrasena and Vasudeva and left her in charge of Mother Devaki.

Krishna, when he greeted his mother, had already told her that he had brought her 'a daughter'. This had quieted Devaki's apprehensions.

Even in the moment of greeting Trivakra, he had not forgotten her. 'Trivakra, you look after Shaibya. She is a princess. But she is very very unhappy and as dangerous as a wild cat. I want you to treat her as if she were Mother Devaki's daughter.' And Trivakra, ever anxious to carry out his wishes, had taken Shaibya under her care.

Krishna moved among his people, smiling, folding his hands before the elders and patting the youngsters. For each, he had the appropriate response, words of respectful affection, affectionate enquiry about members of the family or well-meaning pleasantries according as the age, standing or relation of the person accosted required. When so accosted, each one felt happy that Krishna had him or her in mind all the time; that he was his or hers a little more than of others. However, when greeting Kamsaa and Brihadbala, he instinctively sensed their hostility, though he tried to overcome it by warm cordiality.

Then all went back to the city on foot, the Brahmans chanting *mantras*, the women bringing up the rear singing songs of joy, the horses neighing, the elephants swinging their trunks merrily. The streets were decorated with arches of leaves of auspicious trees. Feasting and dancing, bouts of wrestling and mock

combats of men in arms followed. The bards sang songs of victory or recited the heroic deeds of brave Yadava ancestors.

And when the festivities were over, Damagosh left for his kingdom.

● ● ●

Mathura, drifting aimlessly in quarrels and intrigues, found a soul. Everyone talked of Krishna; was impatient to meet him; was anxious to know what he had done or what he would do next. And everyone—even Kamsaa and Brihad and his friends—was at pains to find out how he could adjust himself to Krishna.

Brihad and his friends were very upset when Krishna began to play his part in the affairs of the city and the King issued orders to every youth to go in training. A school for the purpose had been improvised by Guru Sandipani in a vast mango grove on the banks of the Yamuna. Horse-breeding in the city, so far looked after by old Gada, was now placed under the direction of Shanku, the general, who now commanded the Yadava forces.

Orders had also been issued to breed and train horses, and to construct war chariots. Experts, supplied with the gold presented by queen Padmavati, had gone forth to other lands to buy good horses from wherever they could be bought.

People were awestruck when they heard the new ordinance. Everyone of the Yadava chieftains had to equip himself with a war chariot. It was also announced that when the full moon came in the month of Kartik, there would be a chariot race.

an institution which had been banned by Kamsa years ago when he began to destroy the power of the Yadava Chiefs.

The assembly of the Yadava Chiefs was now no longer the listless gathering of tired men, who thought only in terms of their past glory. A new impulse stirred it. The present was filled with pride of Krishna's and Balaram's actions. The future was filled with the thought of what the powerful Jarasandha would do next to destroy Mathura. But all felt a new mission opening before them, as their redeemer had now emerged as the triumphant symbol of *Dharma*.

Everyone talked of the great events—the achievements of Gomantak and Karvirpur; the adventure on which Balaram and Uddhava had embarked; the new plans to make Mathura invulnerable, so that the cruel hegemony of Jarasandha could be destroyed.

The Yadavas, by a common unspoken impulse, responded to Krishna's sentiments. They realised as never before that they could not abide in freedom and power so long as the menace of Magadha hung over their heads.

The elders nodded their heads in enthusiastic assent when Vasudeva announced that the walls of Mathura were to be strengthened and the moat around it had to be made broader and deeper. 'We don't want venerable Vikadru to tell us again that the Yadavas of Mathura cannot face an enemy,' Krishna was quoted as having said.

All this was gall to Brihad. By this sudden spurt of enthusiasm, he and his friends felt themselves pushed into insignificance. They had either to fall in with these plans or just wither away.

But what angered them most was the magnetism of Krishna. Whenever Krishna went to have his morning bath in the river, crowds collected there just to have his *darshan*. When he visited the temple of Shiva situated in the centre of the town every morning and evening, worshippers crowded there at the time and joined him in the *arti*. Women of the town came to meet Mother Devaki about the time he was in the habit of visiting her. Young men hastened to the gymnasium when he was wrestling or using arms; they joined him when he went to supervise the stud farm or the *goshala* and were awestruck when they saw the miracle of the restive horses, bulls and cows eating out of his hands and behaving like pet kittens. And the race course, now being laid out afresh, was never so crowded than when he took his turn at driving a war chariot.

Brihad had become silent as never before; Satyaki, the youthful Vrishni chief, his guide and friend, no longer talked with the old self-confidence. Their young companions had lost their zest for wild living. They instinctively felt what things Krishna might disapprove and an oppressive sense of having to behave as he wanted them to, weighed over them.

Brihad had expected to be appointed the heir apparent; now it was no longer possible. He had dreamt of being an ally of Jarasandha; now

Mathura, mad with Krishna's victory, laughed at the Emperor. A sudden fright also seized him: someone might discover the fact that it was he who had told Jarasandha of the whereabouts of Krishna!

Kamsaa, mother of Brihad, was blind with zealous rage. The talk of installing Brihad as the Yuvaraj had not only receded in the background, but appeared entirely irrelevant in the context of the sudden outburst of enthusiasm for making Mathura powerful. Then the dream of a dark deed, ostensibly done in accident, floated before her imagination.

Satyaki was the first to adjust himself to the new situation. He organised his friends into a group which, while taking part in the new activities, waited for an opportunity to gain lost ground. Following his advice, even Brihad himself submitted to an intensive training in wrestling, archery and chariot driving.

● ● ●

Shaibya found it difficult to adjust herself to the new environment. She continued to brood over her uncle's death and repelled all attempts of Devaki and Trivakra to bring her to a normal frame of mind. She became interested only in Devaki's daily worship of Bala-Krishna; it was reminiscent of the worship she had offered daily to her uncle in the great days to which she looked back with nostalgia.

Her tongue remained as sharp and her temper as uncontrollable as ever. It was difficult to quarrel with Devaki, but she sometimes pestered even her with impertinent questions, which,

however, Mother never failed to answer in her kindly, indulgent way.

Trivakra, however, was different. She was very friendly and considerate, but never failed to hit out vigorously when Shaibya became nasty. She let her cry to her heart's content whenever she wanted to do it. She refused to speak to her when she became sullen. But if Shaibya spoke ill of Krishna, she lashed out with vehemence; told her of his nobility; of the miracles he had worked; of the way that he had saved her from the miserable lot of a crooked woman; charged Shaibya with ingratitude. At the end of these exchanges, when both were tired of shouting at each other, Shaibya would burst into tears in her helplessness and Trivakra would sit by her side and comfort her by soothing words.

Every two or three days, Krishna would come to them—for Trivakra now lived with Devaki—and spend some time, talking of things which were happening in the world of men.

One day, when several ladies of rank, including Kamsaa, were present, Shaibya, in one of her bad moods, asked Mother Devaki: 'Mother, why do you spend your time in feeding and dressing this gold image every day?'

'It is my God, child,' replied Devaki with a patient smile. By now she was familiar with the unceremonious way in which Shaibya asked questions.

'Who is this god of yours?' Shaibya asked petulantly.

'He is my son, Krishna. You know it,' replied Mother.

'Your son! He is not like this—a tiny baby. He is now grown up', said Shaibya.

The other ladies, who held Mother Devaki's devotion to Bala-Krishna in the highest regard, were shocked.

'To me he will always be the Baby-Krishna,' said Devaki. 'Do you know that I did not see him for sixteen years after he was born? Then I would have died of grief had I not worshipped him in this way', continued Devaki frankly.

'But the image is not his as he is. Why does he allow you to do it?' asked Shaibya.

'He knows better', said Devaki indulgently.

'He does not. At Karvirpur, he said in my hearing that my uncle was not VAASUDEVA. He stopped people worshipping him. And here you worship your son as if he was a god,' said Shaibya with bitterness.

'There is something wrong the way you look at things, child,' replied Devaki. 'Perhaps you had better ask him when you met him next. Everyone can see his God the way he likes and in the thing which appears to him dear. I see nothing wrong in your worshipping your uncle as VAASUDEVA.'

'Oh, he killed my god, my VAASUDEVA,' Shaibya said and burst into tears.

Kamsaa came to Shaibya with a show of affection and pressed her to her bosom.

'Don't cry, my child. Don't cry. Nothing can alter what is written by the Creator on one's forehead. Come with me.' Saying so, Kamsaa took the sobbing Shaibya to the Palace

where she lived in order to look after her old father, King Ugrasena.

Next day, Krishna, accompanied by Trivakra, came to meet Shaibya as she stood on the terrace of Vasudeva's mansion, gazing steadfastly at the horizon, tracing pictures of the happy life which she once lived in Karvirpur.

'Shaibya, I have brought something for you', said Krishna pleasantly.

'What is it?' she turned fiercely on Krishna.

'Yesterday, you told Mother that you did not like her worshipping my little image. I don't like it either, but to look at me as I was when a child is the joy of her life. Now I have brought you a golden image of your uncle. Perhaps you would like to worship it too,' said Krishna.

Trivakra opened a silver box and there right enough Shaibya saw the tiny image of her uncle Shrigalava Vaasudeva made in gold. He took it out and offered it to her.

'You killed him in life and now want to give me a toy instead. What am I to do with this lifeless image?' she asked indignantly.

'Why? Worship it as you worshipped him in life. Bring him to life by your devotion,' Krishna said with affection. 'It will make you happy.'

'You are a fraud—a cheat!' Shaibya exclaimed.

Krishna's eyes became mischievous. 'When I was a little boy, they always called me a thief; I stole butter. Then they were right; perhaps now you are right too. That is true, isn't it? But I bring you your uncle's

image. Do not spurn it,' his voice became serious. 'We must respect the dead. Don't forget that he brought you up most affectionately.'

'And you are telling me that—you who killed him!' said Shaibya. Baffled by the imperturbable sweetness of Krishna, she could do nothing but cry.

'Now don't cry. Keep this image. I have told Mother to give you a nice corner to install him. If you like, I may even come when you offer him worship,' said Krishna.

'Fraud! Hypocrite! I know why you want to present me with this image. You want me to forgive you. But I won't forgive you, I won't, I won't,' said Shaibya.

'Don't forgive me. But this image has committed no crime.' Again he was smiling.

'Yes, I will keep it. I will worship it every day if only to remind myself that I am not going to forgive you for killing my uncle.' Shaibya took the image from Krishna and applied it to her eyes out of reverence.

'There is only one more thing that I want you to do,' said Krishna with a mischievous laugh.

'I knew that there was some trick in all this. What is it? Tell me straight,' Shaibya said angrily.

'Trivakra has brought you some nice clothes and ornaments,' said Krishna, taking them from Trivakra and offering them. 'You cannot worship your uncle without dressing yourself in proper clothes and jewellery. It would be disrespectful to your uncle.'

Shaibya snatched the ornaments from Krishna's hands and flung

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them at him. Krishna bent down, picked them up one by one and then laughed gleefully.

'What is the matter with you, Shaibya? Won't you wear these clothes and ornaments while offering worship to your uncle? You used to wear many such things when you worshipped him at Karvirpur,' he said.

Shaibya looked at Krishna fiercely, thinking he was mocking her. But only for a moment; she saw how earnest he was to please her and relented.

'You are a wicked man. All right! All right! I will wear these ornaments and clothes—but not for your sake, but for my Vaasudeva's sake,' she said.

'That is exactly what I said,' said Krishna smilingly.

'I know you don't mean it,' Shaibya said half-apologetically.

'If I were Vaasudeva, I would, as your elder, give you a slap. You are simply impossible,' said Trivakra, who always felt disgusted at the temperamental outbursts of Shaibya.

'Don't listen to her, Shaibya,' interrupted Krishna. 'If she were Krishna, there would be no Trivakra. And Shaibya is Shaibya. As you do not like me to stay any longer, I shall go,' said Krishna and left.

'Yes. Leave me to myself,' said Shaibya, lapsing into a sullen mood.

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Then another great news was received, Balaram had won a great victory. Kushasthali had been captured. The Punyajana Rakshasas had been destroyed. Girinagar had fallen

too, and old Kukudmin was re-installed in his old kingdom.

A few days went by, and Balaram and Uddhava themselves arrived in great state and were received with jubilation. Mathura again recaptured the festive mood.

The young giant, with his plough on his shoulder, was in his elements. He grew ever more expansive as he took liberal doses of 'nectar', fraternized with whomsoever he met in his uproarious way and talked about what he had done at Gomantak, Kushasthali and Girinagar. And while describing his achievements, whenever he referred to Revati, he slyly winked at Uddhava.

Krishna understood how the matter stood and was glad that his great-hearted brother had ultimately secured a satisfying mate.

In a few days, the three of them planned to send craftsmen from Mathura to rebuild Kushasthali, with a messenger who carried a heartening message from Balaram to Revati.

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Uddhava was now tanned and sinewy, but more silent than ever. Without a word he slipped into his role of being Krishna's intimate friend and no more. But he was puzzled at the change that had come over his mother, Kamsaa, and could not understand why she had warmed herself into the confidence of Shaibya and was feeding the latter's grievances as against Krishna.

On one of his visits to his mother, Uddhava warned her against pampering the ugly moods of Shaibya. She was a fine woman and was to marry his friend Shvetaketu, he said.

Immediately Kamsaa, who was awaiting the opportunity, dissolved into tears. Her lot was miserable. She was the only one to whom the gods were always unjust. Her father always treated her, of all his children, most unjustly. Brihad was a brave young man; he deserved a better lot; but the world was conspiring to keep him out of his just dues. Then she worked herself up in seeming hysterics watching Uddhava all the time.

'Uddhava, you are a slave of Krishna,' she said. 'You prefer Devaki's son to your own brother. You are an unnatural brother. You take no interest in Brihad's future. In fact, you, Uddhava, are bartering away your brother's heritage and your own for Krishna's glory. You were always a simpleton,' Kamsaa added. 'Krishna would never be your friend; he has always been for himself; if he could, he would sacrifice Mathura for his own glory.'

'Now, son, tell me frankly,' she continued. 'Will you let Krishna ruin your brother's future? Won't you help?' she asked in an appealing way.

'Mother, Krishna will never hurt a right-minded person,' said Uddhava.

'You mean to say that Brihad is not a right-minded person?' asked Kamsaa angrily.

'If he is the right-minded man, Krishna himself will see that he is not only installed as a Crown Prince, but becomes a great king. Why does he not place himself by Krishna's side?' asked Uddhava.

'Oh, you wicked boy!' Kamsaa burst into tears. 'Why did I give birth to you? You are a traitor to your own brother.'

'Mother, won't you understand? I want Brihad to be the king, but I want him also to be worthy of being a king,' said Uddhava.

Uddhava reported the conversation to Krishna and requested him to set things right.

'I have already sensed that Brihad and Aunt Kamsaa both have a grievance against me. They are right in a way. We have naturally thrown the poor man in a shade,' said Krishna and added, 'Possibly they are sorry that we came back alive.'

[To be continued]

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YAKSHA- PRASNA

15

K. BALASUBRAMANIA AIYAR

THE next questions of the Yaksha are as follows:

प्रियवचनवादी किं लभते? विमृशित-
कार्यकरः किं लभते? बहुमित्रकरः किं लभते?
धर्मरतः किं लभते? कथय ॥

Tell me what does one gain who speaks pleasant words?

What does he gain that acts after due deliberation?

What does he get that makes many friends and what does he attain who is devoted to Dharma?

Dharmaputra replies thus:

प्रियवचनवादी प्रियो भवति
विमृशितकार्यकरोऽधिकं जयति ।
बहुमित्रकरः सुखं वसते
यक्ष धर्मरतः सर्गतिं लभते ॥

He who uses pleasant words is liked by all.

He who acts with due deliberation succeeds very much.

He who has many friends lives happily.

He who is devoted to Dharma attains the liberation.

Yaksha then asked:

को मोदते किमाश्चर्यं कः पन्थाः का च
वातिका ।

वद मे चतुरः प्रश्नान् मृता जीवन्तु बान्धवाः ॥

Who is joyous?

What is the wonder?

What is the way and what is the news?

Answer these four questions. May your dead relatives come to life.

Dharmaputra replies:

पञ्चमेऽहनिषष्ठे वा शाकं पचति स्वे गृहे ।
अनृणी चाऽप्रवासी च स वारिचर मोदते ॥
अहन्यहनिभूतानि गच्छन्ति यमसादनम् ।
शेषाः स्थावरमिच्छन्ति किमाश्चर्यमतः
परम् ॥

तर्कोऽप्रतिष्ठः श्रुतयो विभिन्नाः

नैको ऋषिर्विष्य सत् प्रमाणम् ।

धर्मस्य तत्त्वं निहितं गुहायां

महाजनो येन गतः स पन्थाः ॥

अस्मिन्महामोहमये कटाहे

सूर्याग्निना रात्रिदिवेन्धनेन ।

मासर्तुद्वीपरिचट्टनेन

भूतानिकालः पचतीति वार्ता ॥

O! Spirit living in the water! The man who cooks vegetables in his own house on the fifth or sixth part of

the day, but who is not in need and who never goes out from his house is truly happy.

Day after day beings are entering the abode of Yama, yet those that remain believe that they will live for ever. What can be more wonderful than this?

Logic is uncertain. The Srutis are contradictory. There is not one Rishi whose opinion is authoritative. Truth about Dharma is hidden. That alone is the path which great men tread. In the frying pan of this illusory world time is cooking the beings in the fire of the Sun with fuel of days and nights and with the ladle constituted by months and seasons. This is news.

It is within our experience that a person who is courteous and speaks always pleasantly and moves with people as a true gentleman, is liked by all and becomes very popular. This popularity will be a source of strength to him. The great Tamil saint Tiruvalluvar who, in his immortal Kural, has devoted a separate chapter on 'Iniyavai kooral' or 'speaking sweet words', says, among other things, (Chapter 10, Verse 98) — "Sweet and inoffensive words yield happiness both here and hereafter, and also sweetly uttered words that do good to others will light up the path of virtue."

So much importance is attached to the pleasant speech that the great sage Manu, when laying down that a person should speak truth declares, "The truth should be spoken pleasantly and the unpleasant truth should not be uttered. सत्यं ब्रूयात् प्रियं ब्रूयात् न ब्रूयात् सत्यमप्रियम् ॥

It is also our experience in life that a person who does a work after thought and deliberation, achieves success. Planned work after mature consideration always yields sure results. Otherwise, it will be a mere drift.

A man's friends are his most valuable treasure in life. A man is happy in his friends. It is said to be "divinely bestowed on man." It is friendship that makes a man's path easy in life.

He who is ever intent on Dharma attains the goal of everlasting bliss. Nothing comes to his aid in his life after death as the Dharma he has pursued. Hence it is that Manu says

‘धर्मो रक्षति रक्षितः’

"He who protects Dharma is in turn protected by Dharma." When Rama was about to leave for the forest, his mother, Kousalya blesses him in these words:

यं पालयसि धर्मं त्वं धृत्या च नियमेन च ।
स वै राघवशार्दूल धर्मस्त्वां अभिरक्षतु ॥

"Let that Dharma which you carefully guard with courage and discipline protect you." The great Tamil saint Sivavakyar has sung beautifully in a stanza as follows—"It is charity that you have given voluntarily and the Dharma that you performed with delight that will protect you like a spirited and fast horse. But even a vast army of infantry, cavalry and elephants will not aid you in the least in the great battle between life and death."

In answer to the question, 'Who is happy?' Dharmaputra says that the person who is not involved in debt and who is not forced to travel ab-

road for the sake of his living will be a happy person. This is quite true and will be endorsed by every one's experience.

One other thing that Dharmaputra mentioned is about cooking vegetables and taking them with food. The words used are पञ्चमेऽहनिषष्ठेवा शकं

पचति यो गृहे

The literal translation is "he who cooks vegetables on the fifth or sixth part of the day." This is the English translation also given by Pratap Chander Ray in his translation of the Vana-Parva. But the better translation seems to be "He who cooks vegetables on the fifth or sixth day." The Sanskrit original is capable of that translation also. The books in Ayurveda have laid down that excessive consumption of vegetables produces diseases. A sloka in the *Ashtanga-hridaya* is as follows

भोजनं तृणकेशादि जुष्टमुष्णीकृतं पुनः ।
शाकावरास भयिष्ठमत्युष्णं लवणं त्यजेत् ॥

"One should not eat too much vegetables lest he should suffer from diseases." Probably having these rules of health in mind Dharmaputra says that a person who cooks vegetables only on fifth or sixth day, will avoid taking too much vegetables and therefore will be healthy and cheerful.

When the Yaksha asked 'what is the wonder?' Dharmaputra very appropriately and truly gives a wonderful reply. 'When man is witnessing the passing away of everyone around him, still he thinks and acts as if he will endure for ever.' The hard fact that life is only a phase, he forgets

easily. This is inexplicable except on the hypothesis of the working of Maya or Avidya. Romain Rolland in his book: 'Life and Gospel of Vivekananda' speaks of it as the Hindu Spirit. It is by the subjection to Maya that man identifies himself with the things of the world and attributes permanency to the unreal and everchanging. It is the mysterious working of Maya that is referred to as a wonder here. When the Yaksha asked 'What is the way?' Dharmaputra naturally referred to the difficulty of knowing the true path.

Scripture is not able to help us as it speaks in many voices. Seers also differ. Our own reasoning also is unable to help us to come to a conclusion. Under the circumstances, says Dharmaputra, the path actually trodden by great men is the surest guide to us for our life.

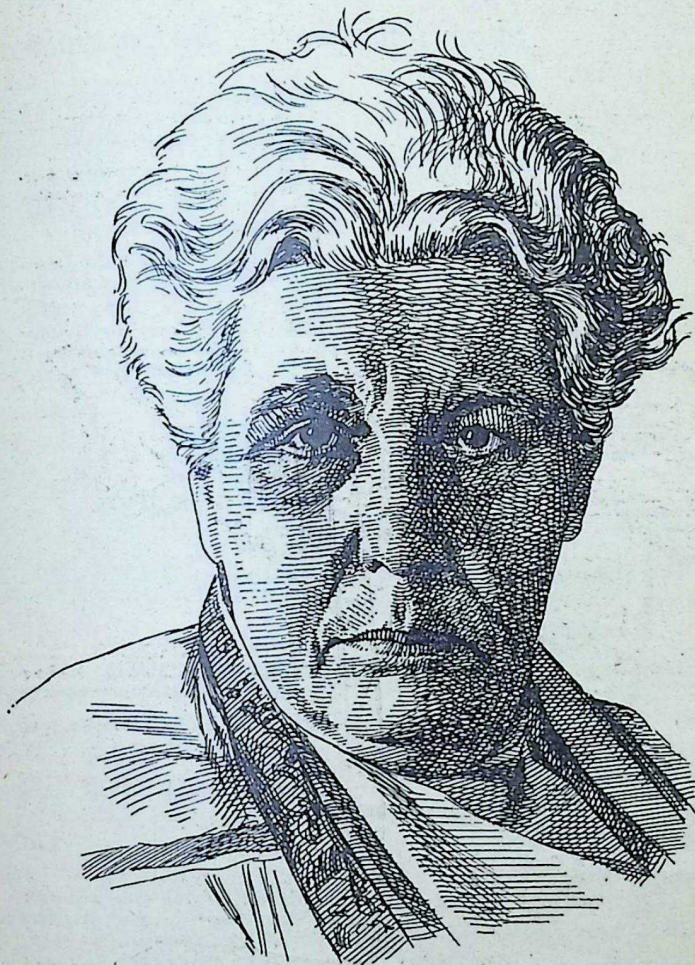
'Lives of great men, all remind us.

We can make our lives sublime.'

The great Sankarabhagavatpada in his *Vivekachoodamani* expresses the same idea when he says 'I shall show the path which the Yatis took for reaching the other side of *samsara*.' He does not want the reader to rely on his own words at all; but, he only wants to show the example of great men who attained the goal.

When the Yaksha asks the question 'What is the news?' it is difficult to guess what the answer may be. But, Dharmaputra very wisely refers to the most profound truth of nature namely that Time destroys everything and that all beings in the world are the victims of the ravages of Time.

[To be continued]



MRS. ANNIE BESANT

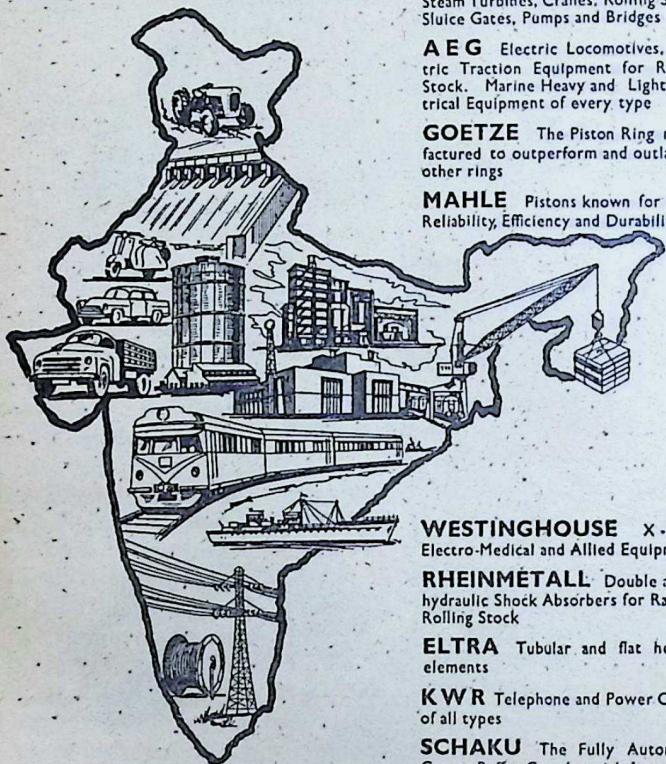
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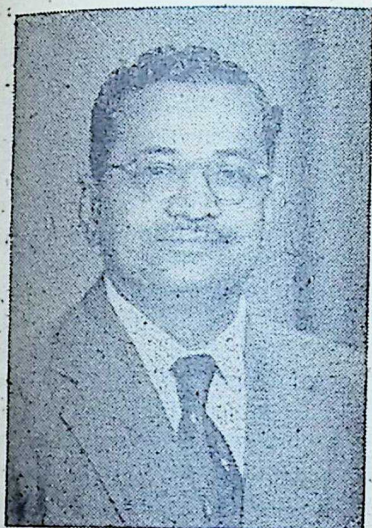
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.... One develops an attitude of ignoring the response of the parties concerned, whether good or bad, if one maintains the habit of pursuing the method of disinterested help to others....



What Life Has Taught Me

Prof. C. N. Vakil

It is difficult to grasp the significance of the teaching of the *Gita* in which we are asked to do our duty without expecting the fruits thereof. One may however observe the significance of the teaching in one's life and be able to practise it however imperfectly. I would like to give a few incidents which have helped me in realising the truth of the above teaching.

Being poor and unknown as a student, I had difficulties in pursuing higher education. At two important stages, the disinterested help that I received from others taught me the most valuable lessons of my life. I was admitted to the Gokuldas Tejpal Boarding School in Bombay, which made provision for the higher education of suitable students. I lived in that Institution for over four years during my under-graduate career. This institution provided all the costs of the students who lived there. Fortunately, most of the students selected were brilliant students in their own respective subjects, and it afforded an excellent opportunity of knowing the work and career of persons similarly situated. Among my contemporaries in that institution may be mentioned. (1) Sri C. M. Trivedi, who after a distinguished career in the Indian Civil Service was Governor of two States and is now a member of the Planning Commission; (2) Sri N. H. Bhagwati, who after a distinguished legal career was Judge of the Bombay High Court and later of the Supreme Court. He was for some time Vice-Chancellor of the University of Bombay, and is now Vice-Chancellor of the Benaras University; and (3) Sri Morarji

Desai, the Finance Minister, whose career is well-known.

As a student of Wilson College, Bombay, I came in contact with Dr. Mackichan and Dr. Scott both of whom were well-known in the cultural life of Bombay at that time. Later, I came in contact with Dr. McKenzie, with whom I was associated in several ways for a long period. It was the disinterested help that they extended to me at various stages that enabled me to build my future both for further education and subsequent career at the University of Bombay. In either case, the feeling arose that there were persons who were willing to help without any desire to get a return, and if this lesson could be put into operation, it was worthy of emulation in one's own career.

Side by side, I came in contact with Sri Chandrashanker Narottam Bhatt of Rander, near Surat. When I was about 15 years of age, my father settled in Rander and the family lived for some years in Rander thereafter. 'Chandubhai', as he was affectionately called, had attained the spiritual stage of what may be described 'self-realization.' One could see and hear and feel in his presence how the teaching of Vedanta could be put in practice. He could give the most simple explanation of otherwise difficult philosophy similar to the teachings of Swami Rama Tirtha and Swami Vivekananda. This contact had a lasting impression on my mind and helped me to put into operation the attitude of disinterestedness, which I learnt at earlier stages referred to above.

More recently, I have had the benefit of contacts with Shastriji Pandurang Athavle, who at an early age has established a unique position as an exponent of Vedanta in a simple form suited to modern conditions, and attracts an unusually large number of persons to his classes and discourses at Madhav Baug, and who is also devoting his untiring energies in training suitable persons of different age groups in the Vedantic way of life at the Tatvagnan Vidyapeeth, Thana. My contact with him enables me to keep fresh what I learnt at an earlier stage from 'Chandubhai'.

Looking back at my career in the University of Bombay from 1921 to 1957 and with the UNESCO Research Centre from 1957 to 1960, it appears that I developed an unconscious habit of going out of my way to help advanced students of the School of Economics and Sociology in the University of Bombay and the members of the staff of the School, and later of the UNESCO Research Centre at Calcutta by taking interest in their work and their career, including in some cases their personal problems. The way in which the careers of some persons, highly placed in life at the present moment, were moulded in this way would make an absorbing story of great interest.

Out of many, one instance may be referred to. I was in charge of the Bombay University Hostel, (79, Queen's Road), intended for the post-graduate students of the University School of Economics and Sociology and for some time of the University Department of Chemical Technology. As Warden from 1936 to 1957, I had

occasions to know the lives of a large number of young men, who lived in the Hostel. On one occasion, I was informed by a student of the theft of Rs. 200 from his trunk; the money belonged to the Students' Dining Club, of which the complainant was the Secretary. As I was leaving for the University at the time, I asked him to look out for some clues and let me know as soon as possible. It happened that some other student had lost some new books and there was a suspicion on one of the other students whom we may call X. X was the room-mate of the Club Secretary who had lost the money. I was informed a few hours later at the University that the lost book was in the suitcase of X. I arranged to get the room locked by a telephone message. Later in the evening I went into the matter. X could not give satisfactory replies to several questions put to him. He was given time to think over the matter and let me have his final reply the following day. He made a full confession and gave an apology in writing. He also undertook to return the money in instalments.

Then came the problem whether to report the matter to the University and dismiss X or give him a chance to improve. There was tension among the students; the servants who are naturally suspected in such cases were nervous. They were all anxious to see that X was removed from the Hostel; this would also have meant his dismissal from the School of Economics and the end of his academic career; it was the easiest thing to do with the evidence in my possession.

I took the decision to retain X. I

called a meeting of the students and spoke to them in gentle terms to give a chance to X. The appeal was to the effect that if in their own families, a brother had lapsed, would the father drive him out or try to reform him? Would not the other members of the family be expected to co-operate? There was no protest; there was silent consent; it was difficult for the rest of the house to live with X who they knew was proved a thief. After a few days, the other boys began to deal with him slowly; I had to watch the situation from day to day and do whatever I could to restore confidence. No report was made to the University.

X was the grandson of a well-known member of the Provincial Legislature. Both his father and grand-father were active members of the Congress Party. I requested the grand-father to see me. When he came I gently told him what had happened to his grandson. At first he did not believe it and became angry. When he was given the evidence his eyes were full of tears. He offered to pay the money and deal with the boy. He was however persuaded not to interfere, and leave matters to me. He agreed and I could inform him in due course that things had improved, and that the money was repaid out of the income of some part-time work that X was doing. There was a distinct change for the better in him; he went out as a better man with his degree. He is now well settled in life. The Secretary of the Club is now an officer in New Delhi and remembers the incident with satisfaction.

It may be noted that some of these parties have appreciated whatever

was done for them, and they were grateful. There were, however, others who, once their work was done, became rather indifferent in their attitude. At the same time there were others who adopted a definite attitude of ungratefulness and even hostility towards me. One develops an attitude of ignoring the response of the parties concerned, whether good or bad, if one maintains the habit of pursuing the method of disinterested help to others, though it must be admitted that situations do arise when the maintenance of the practice becomes rather difficult.

Whereas it is possible to take an objective view while dealing with others as above, the situation is somewhat more difficult when it refers to one's own self. It would not be untrue to say that looking back, I feel that I had perhaps more failures in my attempts to do things than successes, though the failures are all not known. Failures may make one desperate; they may on the other hand make one work with redoubled energy in the pursuit of success. It may be hard to face frustration and overcome difficulties. But when frustrations are due to the obstacles created by others, who out of jealousy or spite wish to stifle the work of others, the nature of the difficulty is greater and different. It is a delight to see in some countries how the sincere efforts of anyone to achieve a given desirable objective are appreciated and encouraged; it must be admitted to our shame, that it is easy for anyone in our country to find cases in which such sincere efforts are met with intrigues and obstacles designed to stifle success and progress.

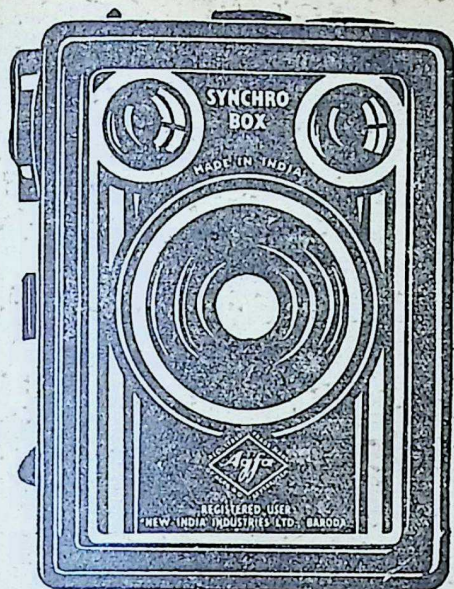
It is only the attitude of disinter-

estness and the Gita guidance provided in the teaching that you should do your duty without regard to its fruit; that enables one to stand firm against situations of the type mentioned above.

One may do without encouragement or appreciation; one should not, however, have to face unexpected obstacles deliberately created by jealous parties. It is to be hoped that the habit of stifling the work of others out of jealousy and spite, which is the bane of our society, is given up in the larger interests of the country.

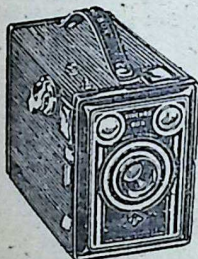
We may have plans for development; but their success depends on team work and mutual help. No statistical estimates are possible of the waste of national resources and human energy due to the prevailing tendency of trying to pull down others by coming in their way, instead of shining by one's own efforts in a spirit of healthy competition. It is a tragedy that this unfortunate trait has been encouraged by the linguistic jealousies and divisions which hamper the growth of national unity. The ray of hope is that thinking persons have begun to see the danger of disintegration and have begun disinterested efforts to find ways and means to prevent the rot. The hope for the future progress of the country lies in the disinterested efforts of an increasing number of disinterested persons to find ways and means to prevent the drift towards disintegration. The need of the hour is mobilisation of all energies as the first priority in developing and maintaining the national unity of the country. Will the teaching of the *Gita* referred to above inspire towards this task?

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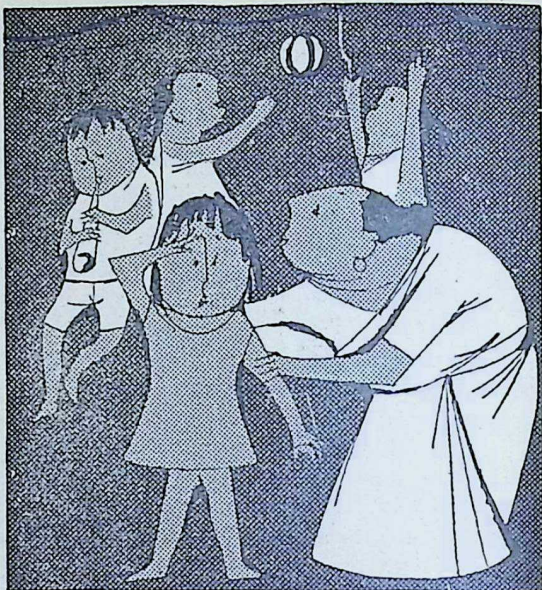
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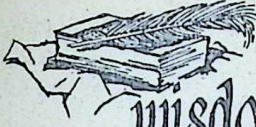
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wisdom from Sanskrit

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III

ब्रह्महापि नरः पूज्यः यस्यास्ति विपुलं
धनम् ।
शशिनानुल्यवंशोऽपि निर्धनः परिभूयते ॥

Strange indeed that the man who has plenty of money is worshipped even though he be the worst sinner and, one without money, even though born of a family comparable to the clan of the moon (*Chandra-vamsa*) is looked down upon.

इहलोके हि धनिनां परोऽपि स्वजनायते ।
स्वजनोऽपि दरिद्राणां तत्क्षणाद् दुर्जनायते ॥

In this world of ours, strangers who are rich attain kinship and relatives who become poor become strangers overnight.

पूज्यन्ते यदपूज्योऽपि यदगम्योऽपि गम्यते ।
वन्द्यन्ते यदवन्द्योऽपि स प्रभावो धनस्य च ॥

The might of money is great indeed. On account of it the despicable become worship-worthy; the unapproachable become greatly sought after; the unsalutable become oft-saluted!

वरं वनं व्याघ्रगजेन्द्रसेवितं द्रुमालयं पक्व-
फलाम्बुभोजनम् ।

तृणानि शय्या परिधानवलकलं न बन्धु-
मध्ये धमहीनजीवसम् ।

Preferable indeed is the forest infested by the tiger and the elephant; preferable too is the shelter of a tree; preferable too is a food of ripe fruits and the (sweet) water (of a running brook) and preferable is a bed of grass and dress of bark, to living among relatives without money.

सन्तोऽपि हि न राजन्ते दरिद्रस्येतरे गुणाः ।
आदित्य इव भूतानां श्रीगुणानां प्रकाशिनी ॥

In the absence of wealth, no other qualities shine, even in the case of the virtuous. Like the sun, wealth, it would appear, is necessary for investing one's good qualities with lustre.

दंष्ट्राविरहितः सर्पो मदहीनो यथा गजः ।
तथार्थेन विहीनोऽत्र पुरुषो नामधारकः ॥

Like the serpent sans its fanged teeth and the elephant without rut, one without money is a man merely by nomenclature.

सुखं हि दुःखान्यनुभूय शोभते घनान्धकारे-
ष्विव दीपदर्शनम् ।

सुखात्तु यो याति नरो दरिद्रतां धृतः शरीरेण
मृतः स जीवति ॥

The joy experienced by one at the end of difficulties is like the seeing of a lamp in pitch-darkness. On the

other hand, the lot of a man who has slid into poverty from prosperity is death in a living body.

उद्योगिनं पुरुषसिंहमुपेतिलक्ष्मीः देवं हि
देवमिति कापुरुषा वदन्ति ।
देवं निहत्य कुरु पौरुषमात्मशक्त्या यत्ने
कृते यदि न सिद्धयति कोऽत्र दोषः ॥

Goddess Lakshmi reaches out for that lion of a man who is industrious. It is only the lazy who harp upon fate. Away with fate! Put your shoulder to your self-power and achieve greatness. Well, what do you lose, if at all, when you make an effort?

उद्यमेन विना राजन्न सिध्यन्ति मनोरथाः ।
अनुद्योगेन तैलानि तिलेभ्यः नाप्तुमर्हति ॥

O, King! Desires are never fulfilled without effort. Oil cannot be obtained from sesamum without effort (crushing it).

रविनिशाकरयोर्ग्रहपीडनं
गजभुजङ्गाविहङ्गमबन्धनम् ॥
मतिमतां च निरीक्ष्य दरिद्रतां
विधिरहो बलवानिति मे मतिः ॥

Indeed, it appears to me, Fate is supreme in all things having regard to the fact that the mighty planets, Sun and Moon are subject to periodical eclipses; the elephants, the serpents and birds too are deprived of their freedom and, wise people are often subject to poverty.

न हि भवति यन्न भाव्यं भवति च भाव्यं विनापि
यत्नेन ।
करतलगतमपि नश्यति यस्य हि भवितव्यता
नास्ति ॥

What is not to happen will not happen and what is to happen will

happen—despite our efforts (to the contrary). Even when a thing is within our grasp, if it is so destined, it will elude us.

दातव्यं भोक्तव्यं धनविषये संचयो न कर्तव्यः ।
पश्येह मधुकराणां संचितमर्थं हरन्त्यन्ये ॥

Wealth should be given away (in charity), enjoyed and not amassed. Do we not see the honey collected by bees being appropriated by others?

प्राप्तव्यमर्थं लभते मनुष्यः देवोऽपि तं
लङ्घयितुं न शक्तः ।
तस्मान्न शोचामि न विस्मयो मे यदस्मदीयं
न हि तत्परेष्वाम् ॥

Man obtains only that much of wealth he is destined to. Even the angels cannot transgress this law. Therefore I neither worry nor wonder at my lot, realizing that what I am destined to receive can never be appropriated by others.

अरक्षितं तिष्ठति दैवरक्षितं सुरक्षितं दैवहंतं
विनश्यति ।
जीवत्यनाथोऽपि घने विसर्जितः कृतप्रयत्नोऽपि
गृहे न जीवति ॥

The helpless is protected by Providence and the well-protected perishes by the will of God. Even if left helpless in a forest, one survives and the best of efforts at home are unavailing in the case of another.

श्लाघ्यः स एको भुवि मानवानां स उत्तमः
सत्पुरुषः स धन्यः ।
यस्यायिनो वा शरणागता वा नाशा-
भिभङ्गाद् विमुखा प्रयान्ति ॥

Praiseworthy is he of all people in the world, the greatest best and blessed, from whom those who seek his

financial aid or protection, do not turn away disappointed.

कृष्णं वपुर्वहतु चुम्बतु सत्फलानि रम्येषु
सञ्चरतु चूतनवान्तरेषु ।
पुंस्कोकिलस्य चरितानि करोतु कामं काकः
कलध्वनिविधौ ननु काक एव ॥

Let it be black of hue ; let it kiss the best of fruits ; let it, again, live among the best flowers in lovely gardens ; indeed let it do all the acts of the male Cuckoo. Even then by virtue of its hoarse crowing, the crow is but a crow.

पूर्वजन्मकृतं कर्म दैवमित्यभिधीयते ।
तस्मात् पुरुषकारेण यत्नं कुर्यादतन्द्रितः ।

Our actions in a previous birth go by the name of Fate. Hence man should exert himself in this life valiantly and unweariedly.

कीटोऽपि सुमनसङ्गात् आरोहति सतां शिरः ।
अश्मपि याति दैवत्वं महत्भिः सुप्रतिष्ठितः ॥

Even a worm, by virtue of its association with a sweet-smelling flower, ascends to the head of great ones. Even a stone attains the status of Gods when duly consecrated by the holy (Such is the association with the great).

सुजनो न याति वैरं परहितनिरतो विनाश-
कालेऽपि ।
छेदेऽपि चन्दनतरुः सुरभयति मुखं कुठारस्य ॥

The sandal wood tree makes the sharp edge of the axe which cuts it, fragrant. Even so, the virtuous man who is intent on doing good to others hardly entertains hatred even at the time of his own destruction (at the hands of others).

गुणैः सर्वज्ञकल्पोपि सीदत्येव निराश्रयः ।
अनर्घमपि माणिक्यं हेमाश्रयमपेक्षते ॥

Even a priceless ruby requires the setting of gold (to shine in full splendour). Even so, one without proper support, languishes even if he be an embodiment of virtues and knowledge.

सर्वत्र संपदस्तस्य सन्तुष्टं यस्य मानसम् ।
उपानद्गूढपादस्य ननु चर्मावृतैव भूः । ।

One with a contented mind sees prosperity everywhere. Does not the earth appear to be covered with leather to one who walks with his shoes on?

महानुभावसंसारः कस्य नोन्नतिकारकः ।
रथ्याम्बु जाह्नवीसङ्गाद् त्रिदशैरपि वन्द्यते ॥

Who has not prospered by the association of the high-souled? Even the back-washes of the streets, by mixing with sacred Ganga, become worthy of the gods.

साधुरेवार्थिभिर्याच्यः क्षीणवित्तोऽपि सर्वदा ।
शुष्कोऽपि हि नदीमार्गः खन्यते सलिलार्थिभिः ॥

At all event the virtuous alone have to be approached for help, even if they be in straitened circumstances. Those in need of water dig for it in river-beds alone when the river is dry.

स एव धन्यो विपदि स्वरूपं यो न मुञ्चति ।
त्यजत्यर्ककरेस्तप्तं हिमं देहं न शीतताम् ॥

Praiseworthy indeed is he, who, in his adversity does not lose his character. At the impact of the sun's rays, the ice loses its form, but not its coolness.

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ANSWERS BY
K. M. MUNSHI

945

Sri M. S. Venkatachalapathy, Visweswarapuram.

Q: You say in your "Bhagawan Parasurama" that Krishna Dvaipayana was the founder of Hindu culture. Do you mean to say that Hindu culture was not present before his time?

A: Vyas was the product of the Aryan-Dravidian synthesis which led to the evolution of late Hindu Culture. Before Vyas, the Vedic culture was restricted to the Aryans by race, and though it was the source of the later culture, it was somewhat different in content and outlook.

946

Sri Sarat Kumar Das, Orissa.

Q: Is it possible to prohibit prostitution or drinking by legal means?

A: Legislators are trying to do so. Morality supports them. But it is not possible to prevent prostitution and drinking by law. Prohibition in Bombay has led to a huge traffic in illicit liquor.

947

Sri T. V. Venkata Subbaiah, Chinglepet.

Q: Since it is the ultimate wish of God to see man joined in Him, why should God make him be born again and again?

A: Because he is given freedom to choose the path of godliness or the path of sin.

948

Sri B. Hayavadana Rao, Gulbarga.

Q: Normally who is more treacherous in love, man or woman?

A: Both sex are equally liable to sexual lapses if they get equal opportunity and temptation and if they have not developed the right habit and aspiration towards sex loyalty.

949

Sri K. S. Boliya, Bhilwara.

Q: Is it a fact that the time and day of the death of every human being is already laid down in the constitution of our nature?

A: It would be so, if Astrology is correct.

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Z. 43 (C)

Tapasvini

K. M. MUNSHI

Translated from Gujarati by H. M. Patel, i.c.s. (Retd.)

57. THE BEWITCHED RICE

THE Maharani Saheb of Premkot was awaiting her guests in her suite of rooms at the Taj Mahal Hotel. She was in a highly irritated, impatient and angry mood. His Highness had made her come to Bombay against her wishes, and as if that was not enough, had invited Uday Solanki and his sister Rajba for tea.

Maharani Jayawant Kunverba was the daughter of the ruler of a big State in Rajputana. At one time her mother had been keen on her marrying a ruling Prince enjoying the privilege of a twenty-one gun salute.

But when Sir Samar Singh came to the gaddi of Premkot and the Political Department of the Viceroy suggested to Jayawant Kunverba's father that she should be given in marriage to him, he readily agreed, although Samar Singh was entitled only to an eleven-gun salute.

Jayawant Kunverba was brought up in the traditional manner of a ruling house of Rajputana. She was extremely proud of her lineage and her parents. She did not like the atmosphere of Kathiawar and disliked having to learn Gujarati. From the day she came to Premkot she deve-

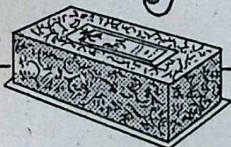
loped a special dislike for the Premkot administration.

Fortunately for her she liked His Highness who was good at games and was regarded as among the first rank players of hockey and polo. He was also a good conversationalist and was fond of inviting important guests and arranging expensive parties. His habit of going abroad every year too was welcome to Her Highness, for it gave her an opportunity to go to her parents. Despite her dislike of Premkot, therefore, she was on the whole satisfied with her marriage, her husband, and his way of living.

When after several years of married life she remained childless, to her dislike of Premkot was added the fear that His Highness might think of marrying again. She was determined, however, to do her best to prevent it. For some time, all went well as His Highness showed preference only for foreign women. The Maharani Saheb knew that during his annual visits to Europe he did not by any means remain faithful to her, but she made no fuss about it, taking consolation in the fact that it kept him out of



Priya



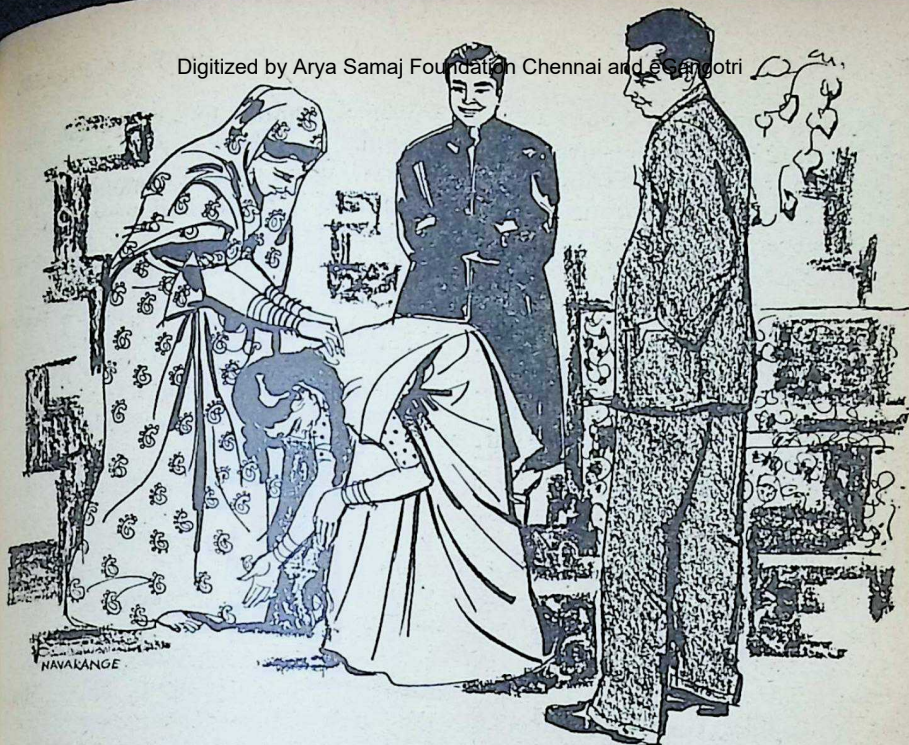
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mischievous in this country. In any case what he did was to be preferred to the practice of some other ruling Princes, of openly keeping mistresses in their own States.

When His Highness brought Hanskunverba to Premkot, the Maharani Saheb was deeply hurt. The whole of Premkot talked of nothing else but of the openly shameless behaviour of His Highness and Hanskunverba. It was then that Jayawant Kunverba's code of honour came to her rescue. Although she was mad with jealousy and anger, she did not allow one bitter word to come to her lips. She stuck loyally to the traditional code of a Rajput wife and maintained the dignity of her husband's house; this she felt to be the supreme duty which she owed to her husband.

Though she kept up appearances, she could not extinguish the raging volcano that her heart had become. She had recourse to a Sadhu believed to possess supernatural powers, and with his assistance tried to find ways of quietly disposing of Hanskunverba. Whether because of his magic or for any other reason His Highness and Hanskunverba soon parted company.

The departure of Hanskunverba from Premkot however brought no peace to Her Highness's mind for long. It was impossible to keep anything secret in that place. The princely family lived the whole day in the presence of their household servants who moved about everywhere and kept their eyes and ears open. It was always easy for anyone interested to find out from any of them at



a price what the ruling family did or was planning to do.

It is from one such source that Maharani Saheb came to know that His Highness had made up his mind to marry Capt. Pratap Singh's daughter, Rajba; that the two had met at Mathuran and spent some time in each other's company. She did not however know what had been the final outcome.

Her Highness was also worried at the radical change that appeared to have come over His Highness. He had given up wearing expensive clothes and had stopped drinking. He had stopped even giving parties and invited people only when he had some specific work with them. His Highness began to make changes in the State administration too. He reduced the number of durbars and

effected considerable economy in his expenditure. Her Highness did not like these developments.

Maharani Saheb was a shrewd woman and guessed correctly that behind this transformation there was the inspiring hand of Capt. Pratap Singh's daughter. She had assumed that whenever His Highness went to Bombay, he must have been meeting this lady of course. But she was shocked to learn that His Highness, ignoring what was due to his dignity as a ruler, visited Rajba at her house. There he would sit and discuss all manner of topics with her, her mother and her brother! Very undignified!

The Maharani Saheb could not make any sense out of such conduct, and engaged servants to keep a continuous watch over her husband. All

she learned from them however was that her husband did not spend any time alone with 'Rajdi', as she called Rajba to herself. True, on one or two occasions the two had gone to Worli, but the A.D.C. and Rowjibhai were with them. All this was completely baffling.

The Maharani Saheb felt that 'Rajdi' had in some way bewitched His Highness. How else, she asked herself, was it possible for him shamelessly to talk to her about this insignificant little girl?

His Highness used formerly to put on embroidered clothes and a necklace of diamond. When he began to dress only in a plain Indian style thin *angarkha* and discarded the necklace altogether, Her Highness asked him why he had taken to such plain clothes and whether it was a mark of mourning for someone.

His Highness attempted an explanation: "I have given up wearing my diamond necklace because of what Rajba said to me the other day. It seems the point she made was reasonable. She told me: 'Bapu, do you wish your people to recognise you for what you are or only by your diamond necklace? If you always carry a diamond necklace who is likely to recognise you for yourself?' I think there was force in this. I would like my people to know me for myself."

When the number of parties was reduced, Her Highness commented: "Why have you started economising? Do you wish to amass money? Have we not enough?"

"It is an act of wisdom to spend as little money on ourselves as possible. Then only can we understand the real

value of money to our people," he replied.

One day in a fit of intense irritation she asked her husband why he kept talking everyday and all day, in season and out of season, of this girl Rajba. "Tell me what she is really like; let me at least see her face."

"Certainly, when you come next to Bombay, I shall arrange for a meeting between you. She is always enquiring after you."

"Why should she enquire after me?" said Her Highness with a toss of her head. "I do not know what madness has taken possession of Your Highness that you are taken in by such an adventuress."

After this incident, His Highness stopped mentioning Rajba to her. But that did not prevent the Maharani from realising that Rajba's hold over His Highness was increasing. Naturally, therefore, she was greatly prejudiced against 'Rajdi'. She was convinced that the woman was very shrewd, scheming and a hypocritical one. Her unwillingness to marry His Highness as his second wife also struck her as nothing but a clever game on her part. Her Highness, therefore, made up her mind to find some way of getting rid of this rival for good.

Her Highness accordingly sought the assistance of astrologers and of some persons who claimed to possess supernatural powers. For her own protection she obtained an amulet and tied it above one of her elbows. And as soon as His Highness proposed a visit to Bombay, she procured from her wizard specially bewitched grains of rice deadly in their ef-

fect, which were believed to have been extracted from the mouth of a corpse.

● ● ●

Today Her Highness sat awaiting 'Rajdi' and her brother with this specially prepared rice in her pocket. When she saw how excited His Highness was just because 'Rajba Saheb' was coming to tea, she had found it difficult to control her anger. How utterly absurd was it that His Highness should himself go to fetch Rajba as if she were a Maharani in her own right! "No", she said to herself, "there is no alternative but to remove this Rajdi out of my way".

It was therefore with some difficulty that Her Highness was able to receive Rajba and Uday with composure when they entered her room in the company of His Highness. At first she was taken aback to see a statue dressed in white, coming to meet her, which turned out to be a tall, finely-built, attractive young woman with a rather pale face and ever curious eyes. Her smile revealed the beauty of her magnificent teeth. If His Highness were to succeed in getting such a woman to be his wife, he would, without a doubt, have nothing to do with herself, thought the Maharani. With some difficulty however she suppressed her rising fury.

This 'Rajdi' proved a very clever woman. She approached her and touched her feet, and then only looked at her. "Really", muttered Her Highness to herself, "there is a limit even to hypocritical conduct."

"Ba Saheb, I have been anxious for quite some time to have the pleasure of meeting you. Today the wish

has been fulfilled", said Rajba frankly but simply.

"I am glad that we have been able to meet", replied Her Highness with a smiling face. Then turning to Uday, she added: "Maharaja Saheb is always talking about you and your sister."

"Indeed I am very happy to have this opportunity of meeting Your Highness", replied Uday with a low *namaskar*.

The Maharani Saheb was displeased; His Highness was treating Rajba with great respect. She could not help seeing that this young witch had acquired great hold over His Highness. How else could so highly placed a person as His Highness behave with such chit of a girl in this demeaning manner?

"Uday, I have troubled you today in order to talk to you about a very important matter. Since when have you got infected by this Bardoli virus?" asked His Highness when they were all seated.

"How did you come to hear of it?" asked Uday with a smile.

"I have heard this from a powerful source. You are after all a leading lawyer. In about a year's time you will be a Judge of the High Court. Why should you dabble in such matters?"

"What do you think will I do after being a Judge of the High Court? I earn much more today than I can ever do as a judge."

"It is not a question of income. It is a matter of some importance that one of us from the ruling families becomes a Judge of the High Court.

The Government is quite firm in its attitude in regard to Bardoli. It will never give in to Civil Disobedience Movement. Indeed if it were to do so even once, it would be quite impossible for it to stay on thereafter in this country."

"My dear brother, it is clear that His Highness has been got at by someone," interjected Raj smilingly.

"What His Highness says is for your good" put in the Maharani Saheb.

"Maharani Saheb, you have not been to Bardoli. If you were to see 80,000 people, farmers, merchants and *dublas*, resist the entire might of the British empire with determination and firmness, your heart will be filled with immense joy and pride," replied Uday. "For thousands of years we, as a people, were cowardly, meek, and selfish, and fawned upon those who kicked us. For the first time, there has come into our eyes the light of an independent and powerful people. How can we do anything to destroy that light?"

"Uday, I cannot speak as eloquently as you do, but as a friend let me tell you one thing. If you do not get out of this movement, the Government will ruin you. Already schemes are afoot to that end. If you are wise, you will sever your connection with the movement. You have done a lot of work in the last four months. Let that be enough."

"The brave men and women of Bardoli are ready to lose all that they possess," replied Uday. "They are prepared even to face bullets. In comparison with what they are prepared to face and suffer, of what little account is anything that may happen to

me? No one can take away from me my practice in the Courts. I have broken no law; they cannot arrest and imprison me."

"It is believed that you are the biggest obstacle in their way. They saw that you had succeeded in obtaining the support of many organisations for the Bardoli movement. Now you have started inciting the members of the Legislature and it is said that you are coming in the way of their desire to effect a settlement."

"It is evident that you have been well briefed," commented Uday laughingly.

"Well, so what?" retorted His Highness.

"I ought not perhaps to have plunged into this movement. I am still not clear if this Civil Disobedience Movement will succeed. But how can I justify to myself my failure to do what is clearly my duty at this critical juncture? That would be a betrayal of the country," said Uday shaking his head gently.

The waiter brought the tea trolley and placed it in front of her Highness. After the servants had left Her Highness began to pour out tea into the cups which she drew closer to herself.

"Why do you say that that would amount to betrayal of your country?" asked His Highness. But he stopped abruptly as his eyes fell upon Rajba. Uday also was looking at her.

Rajba's face which was normally peaceful and smiling was completely transformed. She appeared to be gazing in space as if she saw something not visible to others. Uday was

familiar with this rather unearthly expression of hers. His Highness too had had some experience of it. Both were terrified. "Rajba!" exclaimed Uday.

"Someone amongst us is about to commit a grave sin!" remarked Rajba in a voice of unearthly solemnity.

Her Highness who had just pulled out from her pocket the grains of rice and kept them between her finers visibly started, and attempted to laugh though rather unsuccessfully.

"What if each one of us poured tea for oneself?" asked Rajba. The question was put in a very grave tone. Uday trembled as he heard these pregnant words fall in an oracular fashion.

The rice grains fell off from Her Highness's fingers. His Highness who saw them guessed the situation at once and very skilfully placed his elbow on the grains.

"Rajba, Rajba!" called out His Highness.

Raj's face once again resumed its normal, quiet and pleasant expression.

"Rajba Saheb, since that is your wish how can anyone say 'no'," His Highness said with deep concern. "Maharani Saheb, please help yourself to tea and then we shall, each one of us, help ourselves."

"Well, what else can we do since that is Rajba Saheb's command," remarked the Maharani Saheb bitterly.

"Mine is only a request," replied Raj in a very tired voice.

"Uday, in any case, you and I must do as Rajba Saheb desires. But what about my request?" replied His Highness in an attempt to divert the con-

versation to another topic.

"Your Highness, I am afraid I shall not be able to do what you desire. Now that I have joined this movement I can only give it up when it is over." Uday resumed the conversation which had been interrupted.

"Your Highness," said Raj, "let Uday do what he considers to be his duty. Since so many are going to suffer in Bardoli, there is no harm if one more is sacrificed. Let God's will be done. It would not be proper for him to break faith now."

"Rajba Saheb, since you also are of that opinion there is nothing more to say. I had hoped that you would support me."

"Well, it is time for us to go. Jai Mahadev", said Raj as she stood up.

Her Highness also got up from her chair, baffled, frustrated, and angry. Not only had her plan failed but she had been caught red-handed.

"Ba Saheb, may we take leave of you?" asked Rajba.

"Yes, certainly. Jai Mahadev. I wonder when we shall meet again," said the Maharani.

"I only wish that when we meet again I shall see you with a young prince playing in your lap," replied Rajba in a slow but confident voice.

"Rajba Saheb, that is the only blessing we want from you," said His Highness as he folded his hands together in greeting.

"Blessings? You should seek them from God. For my part I shall pray every day that you may be blessed with a son who will be a pride of your family.

After Uday and Rajba had left, His Highness turned towards the Maharani Saheb like an angry tiger. "You actually brought these bewitched grains of rice! I suppose you obtained them from that wizard. Whom did you wish to kill? Me or Rajba?" shouted His Highness angrily.

For a while the Maharani Saheb did not know what she should do or say. But then anger took possession of her also, and she replied equally angrily: "Your 'Rajdi.' You are 'possessed' by her."

"Do you know that I pressed her to marry me?"

"I know everything."

"Then do you know that I told her that I would be prepared to turn you

out and see that her son would be my heir to the *gaddi*?"

"Are you not ashamed to tell me all this?"

"But do you know what Rajba's reply was? Listen, you wicked woman. She said 'Your Highness, if you build your happiness on the misery of Ba Saheb, that happiness will not last a day.' And what happened next? Did you hear what she said a little while ago? Did she not while leaving give you a blessing that you might have a son? Behave like a decent person. If you had killed her, I would have banished you for ever."

The Maharani Saheb collapsed on the sofa and burst into tears.

[To be continued.]

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WEDDING BELLS

 N the morning of the thirteenth day when Chaturya went down for his morning routine, the Princesses served him with breakfast and asked him later: "Lord! You have all these nights been putting us off by telling us stories. While they were entertaining, your action has been exasperating us. Again, at the time of marrying us, you made the *man-gal-sutras* to be tied by a *sumangali* and not by you. Putting these two together, we are led to suspect your intentions in regard to us. Please explain, we beg of you!"

Chaturya who had been waiting for this day replied: "My dears! I have been telling you these stories only to impress upon you the fact which you have discovered today. Listen to me carefully. I am the son of the Minister of Mahendrapuri. The Prince of the Kingdom is my bosom friend." And he related how his friend the Prince was maligned by his *guru's* daughter, how the Prince was ordered to be beheaded, how together they escaped, how in a neighbouring country while looking at the paintings on the walls of a temple the Prince became infatuated with them and how he set about discover-

ing them for the purpose of marrying them to his friend.

He concluded: "You see now my real intention. You may therefore ask your father's permission to follow me to where my friend languishes. I shall take both of you before him. Whomsoever he touches first will become his bride and the other..."

"Becomes your bride!" completed the Princesses and all three laughed in exultation.

The King sent his two matchless daughters along with Chaturya, adding at the same time proper retinue and gifts.

For days together the party travelled. On the way Chaturya met the painter who did the tell-tale portraits and gave him the clue to the girls. At last he reached the city where his friend, the Prince still awaited him. Chaturya took the girls to the old woman's boarding house where he learned all about the well-being of his friend. Next he saw the King of the place and after briefing him properly took the two Princesses to the temple where the Prince lay in wait before the portrait.

Escorting the two girls Chaturya stood before his friend and said: "My

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D.C.G. 31

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friend, I have brought here before you the two girls who appear in the portrait."

The Prince stood up in surprise and saw the very two girls standing before him in person. In his eagerness, the Prince held the hands of the elder Princess while the younger Princess automatically slid behind Chaturya and held his hand.

The party then drove to the old woman's house where they celebrated the occasion by holding a miniature feast. Meal over, Chaturya related in *extenso* the trials and tribulations he had to undergo and how at last success crowned his efforts.

On hearing them all the Prince replied: "Chaturya! You saved my life first from the gallows. Now by saving my life for the second time from the fire of love which would certainly have consumed it, you have put me under a great debt. By your acts, you are fit to be worshipped by me as my own father!"

Chaturya replied: "Prince and master! I have heard it said that that minister alone who saves his king from difficulties becomes a Bhatti. I am only trying to walk in the footsteps of the illustrious fore-runner!"

After bidding good-bye to the city, the party proceeded in the direction of Mahendrapuri. On the way they camped in a grove. At night, Chaturya got an uneasy feeling and so sat up. To his surprise he heard the ominous chirp of a pair of owls which conversed to this effect: "The Prince who sleeps under this tree will lose his life from the falling of this bough. If he survives it, he will be washed away in the floods further along. If

he survives that too, he is sure to lose his life at the hands of his former wife! If anyone publicises this talk of ours, his head will break into smithereens!"

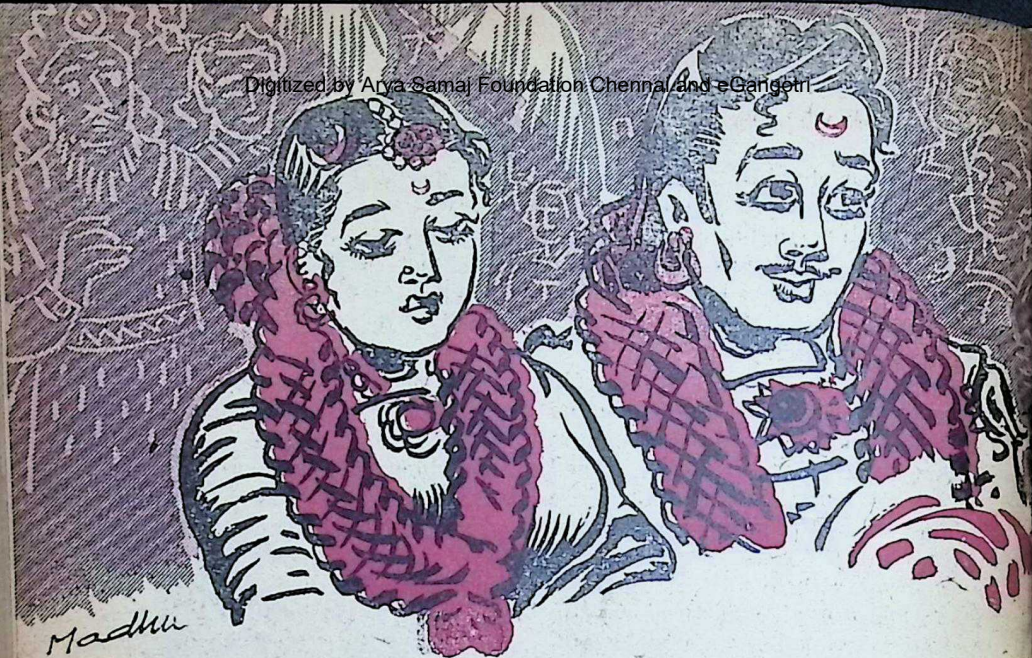
Chaturya was not too late to remove the cot of the sleeping Prince instantly, for it fell the next moment. At the next stage, while the party was asleep, the river by the side rose in spate but Chaturya was alert and succeeded in removing the sleeping Prince to safety.

Reaching Mahendrapuri he left the party outside at a distance. The Prince, followed by Chaturya entered the palace and prostrated before the King and Queen. Although the latter were happy to receive them, they had yet not got over their revulsion over their son in connection with his alleged misbehaviour towards his *guru's* daughter.

On reaching his apartment, the Prince said: "Chaturya! You have been guarding me like an angel all these days. Now that we have reached home, won't you take rest?"

Looking sad, Chaturya replied: "Prince! Do not ask me any questions. Permit me to hide beneath your cot tonight in your bedroom even when your (first) wife is in." The Prince unquestioningly permitted him to do so.

When night set in, the Prince moved into his bedroom and checked up that Chaturya was there in the assigned place. As time wore the Prince, being exhausted, fell fast asleep. When the Prince's wife came in, she found her husband soundly asleep. She made a noise which failed to arouse him. Turning disdainfully from him



she went out of the room and veiling herself heavily, walked in the direction of a dilapidated *mutt* along a secret route. Chaturya came out of his hiding and shadowed her in the dark.

The Prince's wife on reaching the ruined place called on a lame beggar before whom she placed the sweet things she had brought. The cripple took her to task for being late that night. She explained that her husband had returned. The cripple feigned surprise and asked: "You never told me you were married. I detest women who betray their husbands!"

The Princess cried and agreed finally to become his own by killing her husband. Taking the rapier supplied by him she returned to the bedroom and before Chaturya could overtake her, she had slain her husband. She took advantage of the compro-

missing situation and raised a hue and cry that Chaturya had murdered the Prince. The King, Queen and other officials rushed to the scene. Questioned by the King, Chaturya replied: "Did I not have enough of opportunities to do this when I was alone with the Prince all these months?"

The King took the hint and stopping further proceedings arranged for the proper disposal of his son's body. Chaturya, however, had the presence of mind to forestall it by receiving the body and by embalming it and keeping it in safe custody.

In the meantime Chaturya's wife (first) had vowed to offer her right hand as *bali* to Kalimata if her husband returned safely. Having seen her husband return, she went at night to Kalimata's temple and after bathing, worshipped the deity in the prescribed manner at the close of which



she raised the sword to cut her hand when Kalimata appeared before her and said: "My daughter, stop! I am satisfied with your devotion. Ask me of any boon you require."

Chaturya's wife bowed before the Mother Goddess and asked: "Mother! This right hand of mine, I decided to give you. May the dying creeper, touched by it, grow, prosper, flower and bear fruits in abundance!"

"So be it" said Kalimata and disappeared.

On her way, she touched a dead tree which immediately sprouted to life with blossoms and fruits. She felt happy.

Chaturya who had been witness to this miracle was touched by the devotion of his wife and on return home slept like a top, happy that he got the formula to raise his dead friend.

Early in the morning Chaturya's wife having duly bathed, worshipped Mother Kali and entered her husband's chamber with breakfast. After he

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had partaken of it, she asked her husband: "Lord! You had been away for such a long time. May I know what my Lord has brought for me?"

"O Yes, my dear, look! Open that box and take out what is there," replied he.

Chaturya's wife accordingly opened the huge box and put her hand inside, but immediately took it out in fright and cried: "Lord! What is inside? I thought it was the hand of some man!"

While Chaturya laughed, the box opened and the live form of the Prince emerged out of the box as though disturbed in a sleep. Readers may be aware that in virtue of Kalimata's boon, Chaturya's wife had an arm which could revive dead things by its touch. So, when it touched the dead Prince, he became alive. Chaturya jumped in sheer joy and embraced his friend.

After explaining to him all that had happened to him since he returned, Chaturya took his friend to the King and Queen who on seeing their dead son before them could not believe their own eyes. Chaturya soon related to them the circumstances of his coming back to life and incidentally revealed the perfidy of his daughter-

in-law. At this revelation, his head broke into smithereens as foretold by the owls. But as briefed earlier Chaturya's wife put the pieces together whereon, he regained life. The cripple was caught and on his evidence, the King's daughter-in-law was executed.

Chaturya also explained how the guru's daughter had maliciously implicated his son and related their exploits thereafter till they returned home. Commending the cripple for leniency, Chaturya asked his wife to touch him, whereupon he became perfect and Chaturya employed him in his service.

The King on the advice of Chaturya went and received the two Princesses whom Chaturya had won from the other country and brought them to the palace. On an auspicious day, the elder Princess was married to the Prince and the younger to Chaturya.

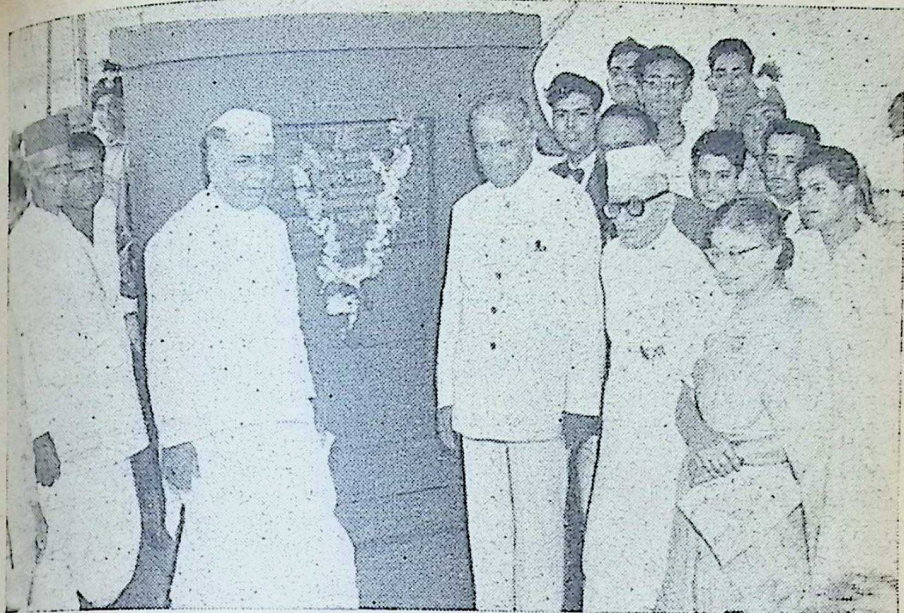
In course of time, the old King handed over his kingdom to his son and retired to the forest along with his queen. He also made Chaturya the new Prime Minister of his country. With the help of Chaturya, the new King ruled over the country for long.

[THE END]

FROM THE DIWALI ISSUE STARTS

VYAKARANI VETAL

—a new mythological serial



The Foundation-stone is laid. Sri Y. B. Chavan, Sri S. K. Patil, Kulapati Munshiji and Smt. Lilavati Munshi are seen in the picture.

NOTES & NEWS

BHAVAN'S SARDAR PATEL COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING

THE Bhavan added one more milestone to its record of progress on Sunday the 17th September 1961, when Sri Y. B. Chavan, Chief Minister of Maharashtra laid the Foundation Stone of the 70-lakh project of Sardar Patel College of Engineering, sponsored by the Bhavan in the Bhavan's College Campus at Andheri.

It was a glittering occasion when captains of industry and trade mingled with the elite of the social and civic world of Bombay in a tastefully decorated shamiana, which was full to capacity with distinguished guests. On

the dais were seated, besides Sri Y. B. Chavan, Union Food Minister Sri S. K. Patil, President of the Finance Committee of the College and President of the function; Kulapati Munshiji, Founder-President of the Bhavan; Sri Shantilal Shah, Maharashtra's Law and Labour Minister and Chairman of the Finance Committee, Sri Wankhede, Maharashtra's Finance Minister, the U.S. Consul-General Mr. Robert Carr and Mrs. Carr, Sri M. C. Chagla and others.

After prayer, and Vedic invocation by Acharya T. A. Venkateshwara

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honour in the country for the past 150 years. Sri Munshi complimented Sri Chavan on his bold lead in this matter in upholding the retention of English.

Munshiji took the occasion to present a *Tamrapatra* to Sri S. K. Patil, making him an Hon. Member of the Bhavan, in recognition of his great services to the Bhavan.

Sri S. K. Patil, Union Minister for Food & Agriculture, and President of the Finance Committee of the Sardar Patel College of Engineering, who presided over the function, said, it was both a joyous and sublime occasion, joyous because the City was able to add one more outstanding Institution to the many it already possessed, and sublime because, we revered a man who was a symbol of Indian unity. 'If India is one today,' he said, 'and enjoys a nationhood, which it never enjoyed in the history, with much power and freedom, having brought it into a single compass that stretches from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin and from Arabian Sea to the Bay of Bengal, if all this had been brought under one and undisputed flag, most of the credit must go to Sardar.'

Sri Patil also complimented Sri Chavan on his support for the retention of English in his recent speech. He recalled that a few years ago when the Bombay Government adopted a new policy towards English, he had

Sri S. K. Patil receiving from Kulapati Munshiji the Tamara-patra making him an Honorary Member of Bhavan.



Sri Chavan performing Puja before laying the Foundation-stone.

Dikshitar, Kulapati Munshiji welcomed the guests in a voice surcharged with emotion. In doing so, he recalled the vicissitudes which the Project, conceived in 1956-57, had to pass through till its fruition. The story of the College, he said, had almost been like a romance.

Paying a tribute to Sri Chavan under whose youthful guidance, the State of Maharashtra was emerging youthful in every respect, Munshiji said he was grateful for all the help and encouragement received from the Government of Maharashtra.

Few people realised, he said, how great were the services of Sardar Patel to the country, which, particularly from 1946 until his death, he dominated as the architect of an integrated India which it never was. But for him India might well have shared the fate of many other countries which, in the first flush of independence, had taken the wrong direction and become enmeshed in serious difficulties. Sardar carried in tact British India of the past into India of to-day.

Sri Munshiji said that giving up English would be a psychological and intellectual disaster for India. All that was achieved in this country by way of unity and scholarship was due to English. If India was able to maintain its prestige abroad, it was because its statesmen were able to express themselves freely and fluently in English. The future of India depended not only on the development of the regional languages, but also in giving English its due place as a language which had



On the dais. L-R. Sri Shantilal Shah, Maharashtra's Minister for Labour and Law and Chairman of the Sardar Patel Engineering College Finance Committee; Sri S. K. Wankhede, Maharashtra Minister of Finance, Smt. Lilavati Munshi, Sri Y. B. Chavan, Maharashtra's Chief Minister and Kulapati Munshi.

opposed it. He was firm in his view that in India three languages should be learned—the Regional, the National and the International.

After laying the Foundation Stone at the selected spot in the Shastrik form, Sri Y. B. Chavan, Chief Minister of Maharashtra, rose amidst cheers and said that thanks to the progress made by science and technology, human life had become more comfortable and meaningful. It was paradoxical, he said, that science and technology should also make human life meaningless by their destructive potential. He, however, felt happy that the destructive potentiality was by itself a sure guarantee against the breaking out of a nuclear war. In course of time, advance of science and technology, Sri Chavan felt, would bring about a conscience for greater respect for human life. Complimenting the Bhartiya Vidya Bhavan on its new venture, Sri Chavan said that the College was

a fitting memorial to Sardar Patel, and it was appropriate that the Bhavan should have taken the lead in this matter. He felt gratified that whatever the Bhavan started never failed.

Prof. S. B. Junnarkar, the Principal-Designate, read the messages received for the occasion from Their Holinesses the Sankaracharyas of Kanchi, Dwaraka and Sringeri, H. E. Cardinal Gracias, the Archbishop of Bombay, Rashttrapati Rajendra Prasad, Dr. S. Radhakrishnan, Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru and others.

An impressive Souvenir of nearly 350 pages commemorating the event was released on the occasion. Printed on superior Italian art paper, it has four sections. (A) Engineering College (B) Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel (C) Bhavan (D) Advertisements. It carries nearly 300 pictures, of which a hundred and fifty are from the life of Sardar—some of them published for the first time. It contains besides a

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survey of Technical Education in Independent India by Prof. Humayun Kabir, Union Minister for Scientific Research and Cultural Affairs, articles on Sardar by Kulapati Munshiji, Sri S. K. Patil, Union Food Minister; Sri Shantilal H. Shah, Minister for Law and Labour of Maharashtra Government; Sri V. P. Menon; Sri V. Shankar I.C.S. and Sri K. L. Punjabi I.C.S. (Rtd.) In it is also reproduced an article by the Sardar himself entitled "A Peep into My Childhood" written on the occasion of his 70th birthday in 1949.

At the close of the function with the singing of the National Anthem, sweets were distributed among the guests.

An Outline of the Project

The starting of this College is in fulfilment of an idea conceived by the Bhavan in 1957, as its contribution to National effort by stepping up technical manpower.

The College will be known as the **SARDAR PATEL COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING**, enshrining the memory of one of the greatest architects of our nation. Along with Mahatma Gandhi and other great leaders, Sardar Patel formed the core of the national leadership which won Independence, achieved solidarity and laid the foundation for unity, strength and prosperity in our freedom.

The Sardar was closely associated with the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan from its very inception. In June 1946, he inaugurated the Bhavan's M. M. College of Arts and N. M. Institute of Science. For the great interest which he evinced in the activities of the Bhavan, he was elected its Honorary Member in the year 1946.

The Engineering College will be administered by the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan through a 16-Member Governing Body consisting of ten representatives of the Bhavan and one each of the Central and State Governments, the University of Bombay, the Institution of Engineers and the All-India Council of Technical Education, with the Principal as ex-officio Member.

The new College will have as its Principal, Sri S. B. Junnarkar who has had experience in the planning and setting of Engineering Colleges, like the N. E. D. Engineering College, Karachi, Birla Vishvakarma Mahavidyalaya, Vallabh Vidyanagar; the Engineering College under the Faculty of Technology, Maharaja Sayajirao, University of Baroda and Shri Govindram Seksaria Technological Institute, Indore.

The total outlay on the project is expected to be about Rs. 70 lakhs. Towards this, the Bhavan has contributed Rs. 28 lakhs, the Government of India Rs. 20 lakhs as grant, the Government of Maharashtra Rs. 10 lakhs. Towards the balance of Rs. 12 lakhs, the Sardar Patel Memorial Hall Committee and the Nizam's Charitable Trust have each donated one lakh. The remaining amount of Rs. 10 lakhs has been practically filled by grants, donations and advertisements received from various State Governments, Trusts, Business Houses and individuals, drawn from all walks of life and from different parts of the country.

The College will be located in the Bhavan's Campus at Andheri, a suburb of Bombay. Built amidst healthy surroundings and on spacious ground near Versova Beach, it is within easy and economical reach by rail and road transport.

When completed, it will consist of modern buildings, up-to-date and modern equipment, furniture, and a well-equipped library. In the library will be made available books on various engineering and technological subjects, besides compilation of back numbers of journals of leading engineering and technological associations.

Besides the basic laboratories for students to do the prescribed laboratory work in various engineering subjects, the College will be provided with other special laboratories such as, Road Material Laboratory, Structures Laboratory, Sanitary Engineering Laboratory, Dynamic Laboratory, etc., which will enable the teachers not only to demonstrate to the students



The artistes with Kulapati Munshiji, Smt. Lilavati Munshi, Sri Khandwalla and the trophies.

the various aspects of engineering topics, but to initiate original work both by teachers and postgraduate students.

The College will be affiliated to the University of Bombay for the conduct of its degree courses. Each year in the initial years, admission will be given to 60 students in Civil, and 30 each in Mechanical and Electrical Engineering. Admissions will be made purely on merit.

The first admission of students will commence from the academic year in 1962.

The Bhavan hopes to make this Engineering College one of the best of its kind in India. It also hopes to play a really useful part in filling a vital need in the country—the need for trained technical personnel—by turning out each year men of competence, quality and character to man India's numerous and growing industrial enterprises, large and small, in both the public and private sectors.

DRAMA FESTIVAL

THE Inter-Collegiate Drama Competition which started on the 14th August 1961 came to a close on 16th of September. There were in all 76 entries in 8 languages from 26 colleges. After elimination rounds lasting nearly a

month, the finals took place on two days, on 15th and 16th of September. Governor Sri Sri Prakasa Chief Guest on the first day, the 15th September, gave away the Trophies and Prizes in Gujarati, English, Kannada and Sindhi dramas. In his speech Sri Sri Prakasa praised the work of the Kala Kendra in organising so successfully all these 11 years the Inter-Collegiate Drama Competition. He paid a tribute to Kulapati Munshiji and Smt. Lilavati Munshi for their many-sided contribution to the field of Education, Art and Culture.

Sri Munshiji who gave away the prizes and Trophies on the second day congratulated the teams who participated and said that in some cases the stage-craft and acting rose to a very high level, equalling professional standards.

Smt. Lilavati Munshi, Chairman of the Kala Kendra in her speech said that next year entries in Bengali and Punjabi also would be forthcoming taking the total from 8 to 10 languages.

Thanking the Governor and Sri Munshiji, Sri Khandwalla, Hon. General Secretary of the Kala Kendra said that the Governor's presence was a source of great inspiration to all. He thanked Kulapati Munshiji who presided on that occasion. Sri Khandwalla took the occasion to thank the Princi-

pals of all the colleges which participated in the festival, the adjudicators and friends like Sri Prabodh Joshi who helped them in preparation of the souvenir, and at the back-stage; Sarvasri Anand Pai, Nandkumar Roate, Damoo Kenkere, Daru Brothers and their band of workers, besides members of the Bhavan's staff who helped them. He thanked the press for its consistent support and finally Smt. Lilavati Munshi for her vigilant watch and constant guidance.

The Kala Kendra has received a trophy from Sri Khataria for Sindhi Language. Sri Navin T. Khandwalla has offered special prizes to the best lady artistes in Gujarati, Hindi, Marathi and English dramas in memory of the late Smt. Sarayubala Khandwalla.

Kulapati Munshiji and Smt. Lilavati Munshi were at home to the adjudicators and the artistes who participated in this festival on the 18th and 19th of September respectively.

The results of the competition are given below:

English Language

Trophy: Sir J. J. Institute of Applied Art (Play: "Sammikins").

Individual Prizes: Miss S. K. Irani (Academy of Architecture); Sri Salim Patel (Sir J. J. Institute of Applied Art); Sri R. M. Rais (Academy of Architecture); Miss Baxter M. D. (Sir J. J. College of Architecture). Smt. Sarayubala Khandwalla Prize: Miss S. K. Irani.

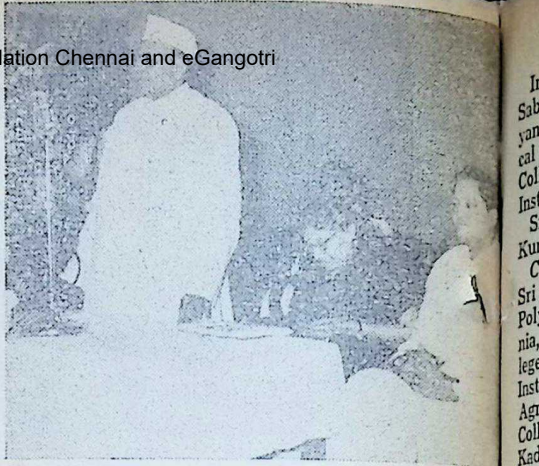
Certificates of Merit: Kumari Hutoxy Mulla (Siddharth College of Com. & Econ.); Mr. Honerd Baxamusa (Seth G. S. Medical College); Kum. P. Fernandez (Bhavan's College); Kum. Kamala Iyer (College of Journalism).

Kannada Language

Trophy: Seth Gordhandas Sunderdas Medical College (Play: "Postmaster") and Khalsa College (Play: "Karmarthi").

Individual Prizes: Sri N. Nagesh (Khalsa College); Kumari S. S. Shashital (Seth G. S. Medical College); Sri Ishwar Bhatt (Siddharth Law College).

Certificates of Merit: Sri S. N. Dixit



Governor Sri Prakasa speaking at the time of distributing prizes.

(Seth G. S. Medical College); Sri P. S. Hegde (Bhavan's College).

Gujarati Language

Trophy: Sir J. J. School of Art (Play: "Chanda Poli").

Individual Prizes: Sri Arvind Trivedi (Bhavan's College); Sri Ajay Kothari (Topiwala National Medical College); Sri Amrit Patel (Sir J. J. School of Art).

Smt. Sarayubala Khandwalla Prize: Kum. Malti Doshi (Jai Hind College).

Best Director: Topiwala National Medical College.

Certificates of Merit: Sri Mukund Mody, Kum. Devyani Shah (Seth G. S. Medical College); Kum. Ushakant Rindani, Kum. Anju Shah (Sir J. J. School of Art); Kum. Roshan Mogralia, Kum. Roshan Shroff (Siddharth College of Com. & Econ.); Kum. Maya Thakore (Topiwala National Medical College); Sri Girish Desai (Khalsa College); Smt. Megha Patil, Sri Sharad Smart (Sir J. J. College of Architecture); Sri Amarkumar Kaku (Elphinstone College); Kum. Hansa Rawal Siddharth Law College; Kum. Sona Shah (Sir J. J. Institute of Applied Art); Sri Devendra Doshi (Kishinchand Chellaram College).

Hindi Language

Trophy: Victoria Jubilee Technical Institute (Play: "Chale Chalo").

Individual Prizes: Sri A. Qadir (M.H. Saboo Siddik Polytechnic); Sri Dushyant Mohla (Topiwala National Medical College); Sri V. K. Sharma (Khalsa College); Sri Shrikant Moghe (Sir J. J. Institute of Applied Art).

Smt. Sarayubala Khandwalla Prize: Kumari Shameem (Khalsa College).

Certificates of Merit: Sri M. Alum, Sri A. S. Khatib (M. H. Saboo Siddik Polytechnic); Sri Ramcharan Dhama-nia, Sri Mahesh Sharma (Khalsa Col-lege); Kum. Rashida Kajiji (Sir J. J. Institute of Applied Art); Kum. Asha Agrawal (Topiwala National Medical College); Sri Amrit Patel, Sri H. S. Kadri, Sri A. M. Khandwani (Sir J. J. School of Art); Sri Mohan Joshi (Kishinchand Chellaram College); Sri Suresh L. Kenkre (Academy of Archi-tecture); Sri Ranvir Singh (Jai Hind College); Sri Imtiaz Khan (D & H National College); Kum. Veena Bhalla (University Departments); Sri Acharia (Sir J. J. College of Architecture).

Tamil Language

Trophy: Khalsa College (Play: "Mannippu").

Individual Prizes: Sri R. Thiagara-jan (Kishinchand Chellaram College); Sri Balasubramaniam (Khalsa College); Sri K. R. Sampath (Kishinchand Chel-laram College).

A special prize was given to Sri P. Nandkumar of Khalsa College.

Certificates of Merit: Sri K. V. S. Mani (K. C. College); Sri Rangan (Khalsa College); Sri Nandkumar (Khalsa College).

Sinhali Language

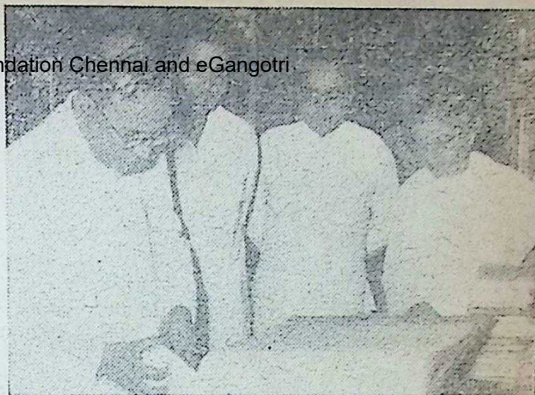
Trophy: Jai Hind College (Play: "Maiti").

Individual Prizes: Sri B. M. Malkani (Jai Hind College); Kum. Lata Mun-wani, Kum. Roopa Punwani (Kishin-chand Chellaram College).

Certificates of Merit: Sri Purushot-tam Hirani (Kishinchand Chellaram College); Sri Nari Kirpalani (D & H National College).

Marathi Language

Trophy: Seth Gordhandas Sunderdas Medical College (Play: "Tusar Bhoji")



Dr. Kothari in the Bhavan's Library

DR. KOTHARI

DR. D. S. KOTHARI, the Chairman, University Grants Commission ac-companied by Prof. G. D. Pariekh, Rector, Bombay University, paid a visit to the Bhavan on 9th September 1961. He was received by Smt. Lilavati Munshi, Vice-President and the Mem-bers of the committee of the Bhavan and was shown round the various Departments of the Bhavan. Sri Kothari also visited an exhibition of the Bhavan's Books.

Individual Prizes: Sri Suresh Kenkre (Academy of Architecture); Sri Shri-kant Moghe (Sir J. J. Institute of Ap-pplied Art); Kum. Shailaja Shashital (Seth G. S. Medical College). Smt. Sarayubala Khandwalla Prize: Kumari Pushpa Nargolkar (Siddharth Law College).

Certificates of Merit: Kum. Sudha Barve (Wilson College); Sri Mohan Sukhthankar (Siddharth Law College); Sri Vasant Agaskar (Sir J. J. Institute of Applied Art); Kumari Rajni Mehta, Sri Mukund Naik (Academy of Archi-tecture); Sri Kamlakar Nadkarni (Seth G. S. Medical College).

Sanskrit Trophy was not awarded this year as the play was not up to the mark. Hence, the trophy was handed over to Seth G. S. Medical Col-lege who won the Trophy in 1960.

Sanskrit Trophy was awarded to Seth G. S. Medical College.

Our Bookshelf

THE ART OF LIVING by M. K. Gandhi. Edited & Published by Anand T. Hingorani—published by the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Chowpatty, Bombay-7. pp. 232. Price: Rs. 4.

THE twenty-five chapters of the book are like twenty-five gems of the purest ray serene, strung together to make a precious garland. 'Of all the arts that man tries to learn and cultivate, perhaps the most difficult of accomplishment is the art of living' says the Editor. No truer statement has ever been made.

The purpose of life, according to Gandhiji, is to know oneself. Says he, "It is not enough that we acquire the art of reading, writing, etc., but it is necessary that we should learn the art of living on friendly terms with neighbours."

A few golden words which should become watchwords of every one are here extracted:

'Self-purification is penance.' 'Only love quenches anger.' 'We should do our duty and leave the results in the hands of God and not in the hands of man.' 'Rights accrue automatically to him who duly performs his duties.'

Special mention must be made of Chapter XVIII: 'On Returning Good for Evil.' The wonderful lines which have been quoted from a Gujarati dictated stanza and which became Gandhiji's guiding principle in life are fit to be indelibly inscribed in the minds of every one, young or old.

—Sri V. Krishnaswami Sarma
THE ECONOMIC ASPECTS OF THE FILM INDUSTRY IN INDIA. By Rikhab Dass Jain. Published by Atma Ram & Sons, Kashmere Gate, Delhi-6. pp. 328. Price: Rs. 35.

THIS volume is the result of a comprehensive survey of the growth and development of motion picture industry in India and is taken by the author

for research. India occupies the third place among the film-producing countries of the world and among Indian industries cinema ranks eighth. The research covers almost all the important aspects of the industry such as the impact of the motion picture on the public, the organisational structure of the industry, problems concerning the artistes and other personnel, financial position and sources, the question of costs and profits, wage structure and welfare of the employees, problem of distribution and exhibition, the relationship between the government and industry and many others. While deprecating the low standard of the pictures produced and the inadequacy of technical knowledge in India, the author at every stage suggests ways and means of improvement, contrasting the Indian film industry with that of the foreign countries. The data provided are interesting and informative and have a wide range from the literacy level of those who are engaged in the industry to the serious questions of cost, finance, tax etc. The book is also embellished with a number of pictures pertaining to the cinema. It carries an appreciative foreword from Dr. Radhakrishnan, the Vice-President of India and ends with a series of appendices which includes a glossary of motion picture terms, the Cinematograph Act, Censorship Rules and Principles, a list of International Cinema Awards, the questionnaires issued by the author for collecting relevant information and a selected Bibliography.

—P. V.

BENGALI

SRI AUROBINDER SANGE KATHA-VARTA (Talks with Sri Aurobindo). Published by Sri Aurobindo Ashram, Pondicherry-2. pp. 344. Price: Rs. 3.

NIRODBARAN is a poet writing both in English and Bengali. His "Sun-Blossoms", a book of English poems, captivated me when I read it some ten years ago. Sri Aurobindo used to praise his poetry, both English and Bengali, for their mystical

vein and exquisite blend of sweetness and grace. His English book, "Correspondence with Sri Aurobindo", in two parts, has been well received by the Press and the public. He used to write to Sri Aurobindo almost daily, asking him questions on literature, arts, ancient and modern literary geniuses, various phases and experiences of his personal and general sadhana etc., with a freedom and frankness which may appear startling to those who do not know the nature of the relation he had with Sri Aurobindo. And his questions have been an occasion for bringing out one of the most delightful aspects of Sri Aurobindo's manifold personality—his sparkling wit and humour.

The book under review is a Bengali translation of Nirodbaran's notes of the talks he and a few others (their names are given in the Introduction) used to have with Sri Aurobindo. From 1938 to 1950, the year of Sri Aurobindo's passing, Nirodbaran was one of the Master's closest attendants. These talks not only reproduce something of the atmosphere of Sri Aurobindo's room, in which they were held, but are an authentic record of Sri Aurobindo's views on diverse subjects, some of them being of vital importance to the modern world. They range from Indian and European politics, different phases and events of the last World War, Hitler, Stalin, Communism, Socialism, the French Revolution and Napoleon, Science, Japan and the Japanese, Shakespeare, Spengler, Socrates and Plato, Russell, Ravindranath, Gandhi and Charkha, Poetry, Ayurveda, Medical Science, Occultism, Automatic Writing, Nivedita, and Pissano, to Spirituality, Yoga, Yogic Power, Yoga and Health, Sri Ramakrishna, Rammohan Roy, Ramana Maharshi, etc.

The language is so simple, fluent, and lucid that the book reads like a work of fiction, and grips the reader's mind by the luminous solutions it offers to many a baffling problem of human life and society.

BOOKS RECEIVED

SRI BHASHYA. By Prof. M. Rangacharya and M. B. Varadaraja Iyengar. Published by the Educational Publishing Co. Nungambakam, Madras-6. pp. 420. Rs. 15.

THE FLUTE OF NEW LIFE. Author and Publisher, C. Hanumantha Rao, Veerabhadrapuram, Rajahmundry (A. P.). pp. 118. Rs. 2.

PREMOPAHAR (Hindi). By Sahityaratna Kanakamedal Venkateswara Rao. Published by the Little Flower Company, Tyagarayanagar, Madras-17. pp. 100. Rs. 2.50.

RAMAYANAGANAM (Sanskrit with Tamil Explanation). By Sri M. V. Harihara Aiyer, B.A., B.L., Sub-Judge, Tiruchirapalli. pp. 66.

KERALA AND HER PEOPLE. By L. A. Krishna Iyer. Published by the Educational Supplies Depot, Palghat. pp. 177. Rs. 5.

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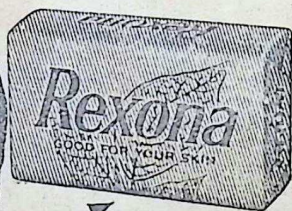
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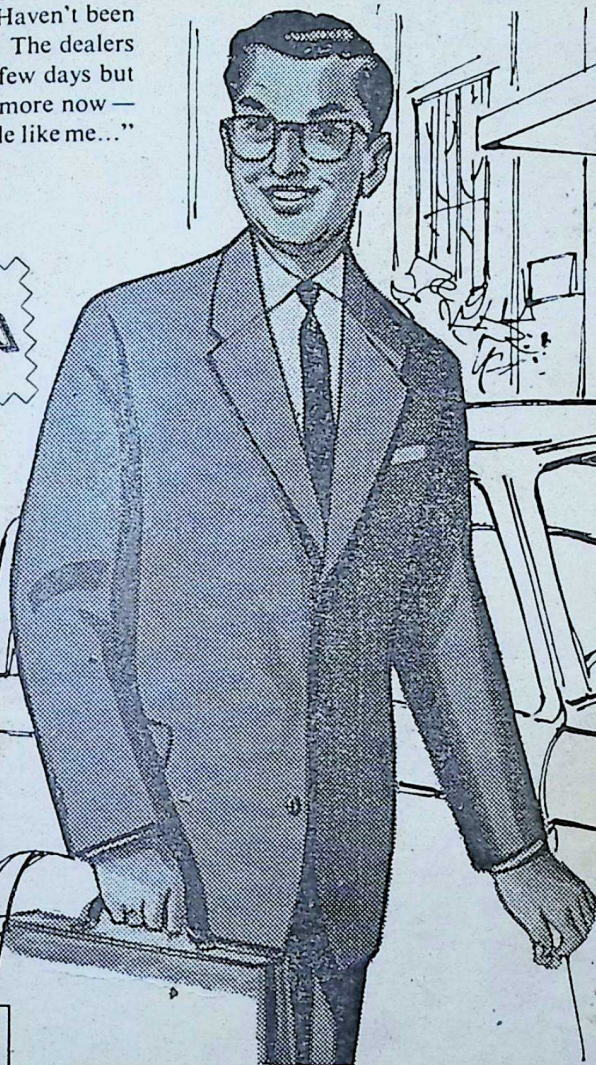
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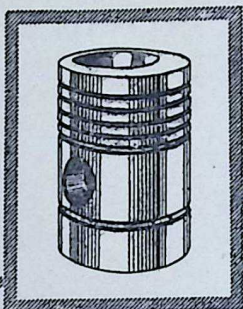
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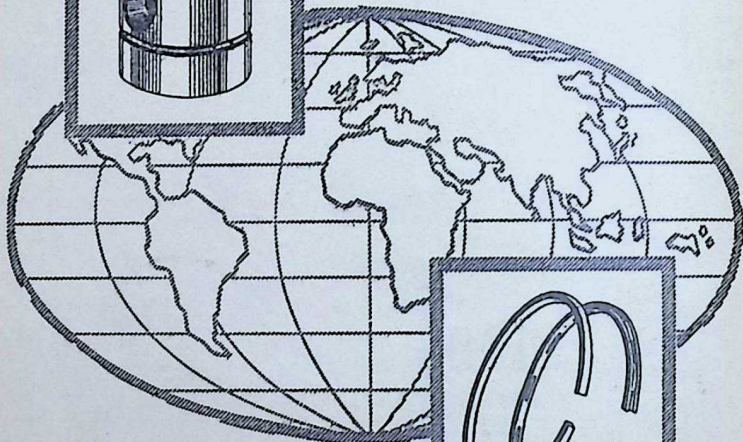


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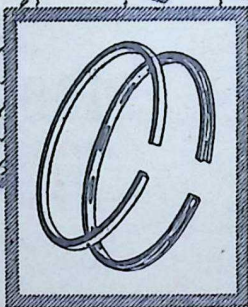
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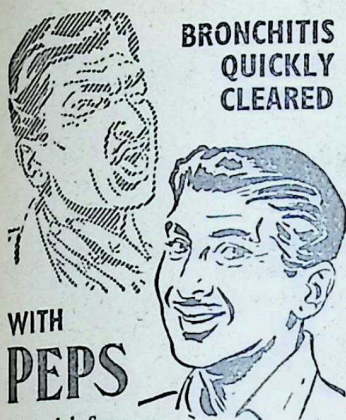
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Vol. VIII, No. 6 OCTOBER 15, 1961

BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

*Fortnightly, Devoted To Life,
Literature and Culture*

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FRONT COVER

**GANDHIJI AND SARDAR GOING
TO A PRAYER MEETING:**

Bombay, Sept. 16, 1940.

Artist: Sri V. N. O'key

**REPRINTED BY BHAVAN
Chowatty Road, Bombay-7.**

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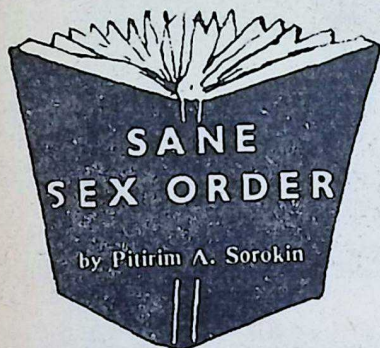
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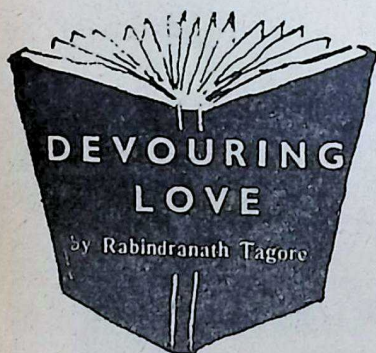


A social thinker and writer of world-renown, Sorokin probes here into another of man's basic problems—the problem of sex.

The sense of order and decorum, sanity and sobriety, so valued hitherto, appears to be giving place to base, unwholesome impulses and actions which threaten to corrupt the entire code of sexual behaviour of the present generation.

Dr. Sorokin has endeavoured to diagnose the root causes of this malady and to analyse how it could be arrested, if not eradicated altogether. He indicates the lines on which a salutary, rational sex order, informed by moderation and due respect for values, could be fashioned out of the prevailing atmosphere of laxity and chaos.

Price: Rs. 2.00



The quaint, charming plot of this play is set against the colourful background of mediaeval India prior to the Muslim invasion. The many and varied characters in this powerful drama—whether kings or courtiers, priests or peasants—afford vivid glimpses into the life, customs and manners of the people of those distant times.

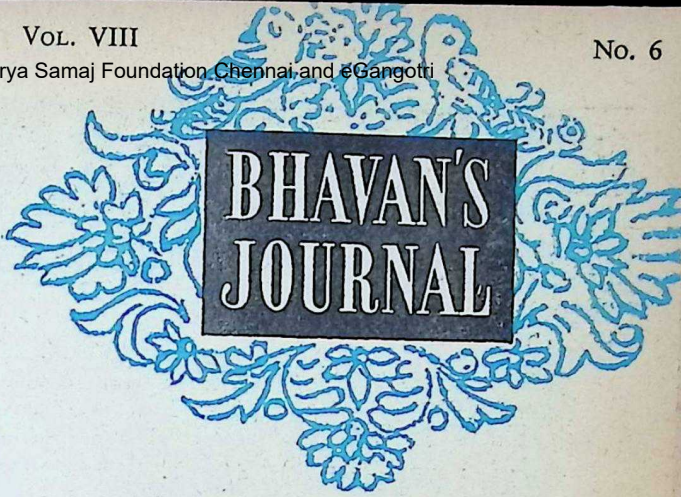
As Rev. Walter Donald Kring has said in his Preface: "...As a play this work has a far deeper meaning than portraying the events in the lives of the characters or its plot..."

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BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विद्मतः।

Let noble thoughts come to us from every side

—Rigveda, I-89-i

PRAYER TO DURGA

तामग्निवर्णां तपसा ज्वलन्तीं वैरोचनीं कर्मफलेषु जुष्टाम् ।
दुर्गां देवीं शरणमहं प्रपद्ये सुतरसि तरसे नमः ॥

O ! Durga Devi of fiery complexion, that wert beheld by Brahma himself of transcendent splendour, that burnest out our enemies by the fire of thy valour and who art worshipped by those who desire the fruits of their deeds, I take refuge in thee. I bow to thee who art the means to cross the sea of Samsara.

—Mahanarayana Upanishad



Kulapati's Letter

ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE



No. 242

★ YEAR OF THANKFULNESS ★ OUR NEW ENGINEERING
COLLEGE ★ SARDAR PATEL'S PLACE IN HISTORY

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN,
BOMBAY,

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

OCTOBER 15, 1961.

 IN the morning of September 17, 1961, before a brilliant gathering, presided over by Sri S. K. Patil, Union Food Minister, the foundation-stone was laid of the Rs. 70-lakh Engineering College at the Bhavan's campus at Andheri, by Chief Minister Sri Y. B. Chavan.

I would like to reproduce to you from memory what I said on the occasion when I welcomed the guests.

'My heart is full. This year has been for the Bhavan a year of thankfulness, for it has grown from strength to strength.

'During the year of grace, the Bhavan's Press, now one of the best in Bombay, celebrated its Silver Jubilee. As you know, it was founded years ago by Sri S. K. Patil and he presided over the celebrations.

'On July 15, 1961, the College of Journalism, Advertising and Printing was inaugurated by Sri Morarji Desai. It is the only institution of its kind in India and

started under good auspices. It attracted in the first year 240 students of high qualifications hailing from different parts of India.

'On July 22, 1961, the Gujarat Branch was added to the institutional family of the Bhavan. It was inaugurated by Nawab Mehdi Nawaz Jung, Governor of Gujarat. On the same day I performed the *khat-muhurt* of the Bhavan's Arts & Science College at Dakor—sacred for its association with the great Vaishnava shrine of Ranchhod Raiji.

'Recently the Municipality of Baroda has agreed to grant to the Bhavan, at a nominal price, 43 acres of land for an Arts & Science College and a residential school at Baroda.

'This year, we can look back to the annual budget of the Bhavan with satisfaction. Its first budget in 1938-39 was for Rs. 13,000/-. This year its budget has reached the figure of Rs. 77,87,000/-.

'On this day, when Sri Chavan will lay the foundation-stone of the Rs. 70-lakh Engineering College, my mind naturally goes back to the end of the year 1938. Then, in search of some land where a public school and a modest building for the Bhavan could be located, I chanced to visit this spot. Most part of it was under sea water; some parts were cut up by gullies; a part of it was under a marshy tank. There was not even a single tree standing on the spot.

'The Bhavan and the Kabibai Trust acquired this land from the Government. Then it was given to me to see this low-level land filled up shovel by shovel; to see these buildings, which we see around, rising brick by brick; to see the trees, which make it such a lovely campus, being planted and growing one by one.

'On this campus now stands the Hansraj Morarji Public School, with 600 students, conducted by the Kabibai Trust, of which I happen to be the Chairman. It is reputed to be one of the best in India and has been attracting students from several parts of the country.

'Then there is the College of Catering, said to be the only one in South-East Asia, run by the All-India Women's Central Food Council. My wife happens to be its President.

'Then there is the Narrondas Manordass Institute of Science of the Bhavan.

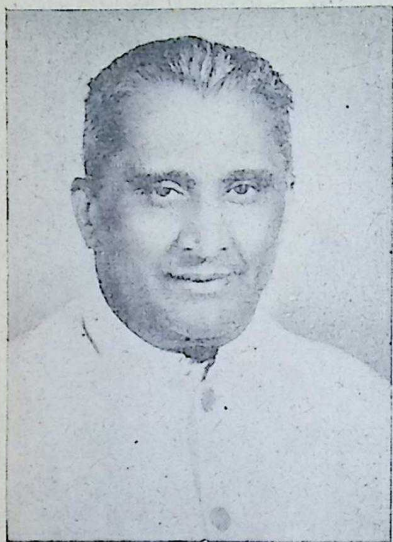
'Between members of the staff and students, the campus has a population of about 1000 persons. The three institutions cater to 1500



Sardar Patel

students. Now has come this Engineering College.

'I have always said that the Bhavan is the work of God. This Engineering College tested all our faith. The project was conceived in 1956. In 1957, the Government of India agreed to give the Bhavan



Sri S. K. Patil

the scheduled help which they give to Engineering Colleges run by private agencies.

Then the days of trial came. I tried to shake two or three pagoda trees, but they would only yield the fruit on onerous conditions which in the interests of the Bhavan could not be accepted. At one time I felt that God did not want the Bhavan to undertake this heavy responsibility of an Engineering College. I resigned myself to abandoning the project.

Then came my friend, Sri Shantilal H. Shah, our Minister for Law and Labour. He retrieved me from my resigned mood. He pressed upon me to take it up again and promised to pull his full weight for it.

The Bombay Government that was, and the Government of Maharashtra that is, promised to give

substantial help. Sri Yashwantrao Chavan, our guest of the day, cleared several difficulties which faced us. Sri Morarji Desai also came to our help at a critical moment.

I am very glad indeed that Sri Chavan, our youthful Chief Minister of youthful Maharashtra, has found time to lay the foundation-stone of this Engineering College. I have always admired the skill with which he pilots the affairs of our State. But more; I am deeply beholden to him for the great support that I received in his recently expressed views about English.

Ten years ago, when I had just finished collaborating with the late Sri N. Gopalaswami Ayyangar in giving shape to the constitutional formula of having Hindi as our official language in the country, I had expressed my view with regard to English in no uncertain terms.

What I then said was this:

"The introduction of English in India was no ordinary event. When English came to us, the world entered a new stage. India joined the brotherhood of the English-speaking world. It led, as I have said, to a cultural upheaval in India, to a wide vision. The barriers of latitude, colour and race were broken down; the East mingled with the West in the sphere of the mind; a great step was taken towards establishing direct human intercourse, and sweeping away national frontiers. Now English is no longer the language of England but the instrument of the One World which the sages envisaged long ago: 'the world a family', the world which is being realised today through bloody battlefields and noble aspirations...



Sri Y. B. Chavan

To my countrymen I would say just this that history has placed in the hands of India a powerful instrument for spreading her message throughout the world. We should betray our ancient heritage and our future destiny if we were to allow this weapon to rust. We sent out our *Panchatantra*, our numerals, our philosophical systems, our literary and spiritual heritage to the world through the lengthy age. But today English is ours and with its aid we can make ourselves felt more than through any other agency. It would, therefore, be criminal to ignore or neglect English in this country."

"I was then criticised as being unpatriotic, but I had never altered my point of view. English is the basis of the psychological and intellectual unity of the country. We could only give it up at our peril.

"The unity and scholarship which we possess and the leadership which

the last hundred years have thrown up in the country are to a very large extent the result of education through and in English. For 150 years English has been our language by usage. I do not understand why a language which I began to study in my childhood, which I used throughout life, in which even I made love, is not mine any longer. And so it is of hundreds of thousands of Indians.

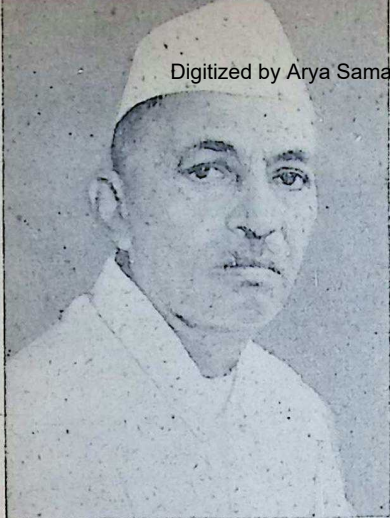
"I was, therefore, very much heartened when I received the emphatic support of Sri Chavan to the view I hold. For, I may be the past, but he is the future.

"The success of the project of this Engineering College is owing not to one individual, but to many: to my co-trustees; to the members of the Council; to my co-workers who have never stinted time or energy to achieve the progress of the Bhavan; and to a large number of its friends throughout the whole country.

"But a few names I must mention. Among my co-trustees, Sri Dharamsey Khatau has been a tower of strength. There is not a single occasion when he has not stood by the Bhavan with advice and assistance.

"Among the members of the Council, Sri Shantilal Shah has been untiring in his efforts to see this project fulfilled.

"We all owe to Sri S. K. Patil, our president of the day, a deep debt of gratitude. But for him, the project would never have come into existence.



Sri Shantilal H. Shah

His co-operation was nothing surprising. Since 1930, when we were in the Arthur Road jail as salt *satyagrahis*, we have been bound in mutual esteem and personal affection — a bond which has survived political differences and different ways of life. Though not a member of the Bhavan, he has been of the Bhavan's family. He is more like the *Purusha* described in the Vedas: 'Pervading the Universe, He stands ten fingers high'—*atya tishthat dashangulam*.

'Cheerfully he came to the rescue of this project and accepted the chairmanship of its Finance Committee, as he did when the Bhavan celebrated its twentieth year celebrations. For the valuable services that he has thus rendered, the Bhavan has formalised its association with him by unanimously electing him as an Honorary Member, thus adding to the list of its distinguished friends, among whom are the President, the Vice-President and

the Attorney-General. In token of his being so formally associated, I have been directed by the Council to present him with a plaque, which bears the following inscription:

महत्या सेवया प्रीतिं विद्याभवनमादरात् ।
समर्पयति सान्धेभ्यो भवद्भ्यः स्वसदस्यताम् ॥

'The appeal that the Bhavan has made for funds had a wonderful response. In a few months' time, we have been able to raise Rs. 10,01,600/-. It has thus accomplished more than half its journey towards fulfilling the target. All this spontaneous response has been the result of the project being associated with the name of Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel.

'Sardar was closely associated with the Bhavan from its very inception. Twenty years ago he performed the opening ceremony of the Hansraj Morarji Public School in this very campus, and in 1947 he



Sri Dharamsey M. Khatau

performed the opening ceremony of the Bhavan's M.M. College of Arts and N.M. Institute of Science here. The Bhavan, therefore, naturally feels proud in setting up to his memory the first memorial in the City of Bombay which he loved so much.

'Sardar has a unique place in our annals. He was the first to give an edge to Gandhiji's *satyagraha* at Bardoli, achieving resounding success. He organized and controlled the various institutions which formed the irresistible power fabric over which Gandhiji presided. From 1946 to 1951 his wonderful power of organization played a dominant role in the making of India of today. It was his genius of evoking loyalty which enabled him to carry the country from colonial dependence into freedom. Whatever the passing mists which cloud his memory today, history will accord him a premier place among those who created the free and integrated India of today.

'I have, therefore, called this year a year of thankfulness. It shows what I always said, that the Bhavan is the work of God. On this occasion, therefore, I take this public opportunity of humbly offering Him our thanks.'

● ● ●

The Engineering College of the Bhavan raises quite a few problems. Einstein has said:

'Science without religion is lame;
Religion without science is blind.'

But the scientists of today have not yet realised the truth or the wisdom of Einstein's words.

It has, therefore, become necessary all the more for the Bhavan to see that the object for which it stands is not subordinated to the worship of technology. It stands for the re-integration of Indian Culture, for formative education more than an informative one. Its ultimate aim is to teach the younger generation to appreciate and live up to the permanent values which flow from the supreme art of creative life-energy of the Masters who have built up the spiritual heritage of India.

The Bhavan has no illusions about what are called the dynamic changes which are uprooting our culture from this soil. We have, therefore, to stand fast to the principle which has been thus expressed in the objectives of the Bhavan:

"Bharatiya Shiksha, while equipping the student with every kind of scientific and technical training, must teach the student, not to sacrifice an ancient form or attitude to an unreasoning passion for change; not to retain a form or attitude which in the light of modern times can be replaced by another form or attitude which is a truer and more effective expression of the spirit of Bharatiya Vidya; and to capture the spirit afresh for each generation to present it to the world."

How far we succeed in the object depends not upon men, but upon God.

Yours sincerely,

K. M. M. M.

Where Vedanta

&

Science Meet

Swami Vivekananda

"A GOOD world," "a happy world," and "social progress," are all terms equally intelligible with "hot ice" or "dark light."

If it were good, it would not be the world.

The soul foolishly thinks of manifesting the Infinite in finite matter, Intelligence through gross particles; but at last it finds out its error and tries to escape.

This going-back is the beginning of religion, and its method, destruction of self, that is, love. Not love for wife or child or anybody else, but love

for everything else except this little self.

Never be deluded by the tall talk, of which you hear so much about "human progress" and such stuff. There is *no progress* without corresponding regression.

In one society there is one set of evils; in another, another. So with periods of history.

In the Middle Ages, there were more robbers, now more cheats. At one period there is less idea of married life; at another, more prostitution. In one, more physical agony; in another, a thousand-



OCTOBER 15, 1961

13

fold more mental.

So with knowledge.

Did not gravitation already exist in Nature before it was observed and named? Then what difference does it make to know that it exists?

The only knowledge that is of any value is to know that all this is humbug.

But few, very few, will ever know this.

"Know the Atman alone, and give up all other vain words." This is the only knowledge we gain from all this knocking about the universe.

This is the only work, to call upon mankind to "Awake, arise, and stop not till the goal is reached."

It is renunciation, Tyaga, that is meant by religion, and nothing else.

Ishwara is the sum total of individuals; yet He Himself also is an individual in the same way as the human body is a unit, of which each cell is an individual.

Samashti, or the Collective, is God. Vyashti, or the component, is the soul or Jiva. The existence of Ishwara, therefore, depends on that of Jiva, as the body on the cell, and *vice versa*.

Jiva and Ishwara are co-existent beings. As long as the one exists, the other must also.

Again, since in all the higher spheres, except on our earth, the amount of good is vastly in excess of

the amount of bad, the sum total, or Ishwara, may be said to be All-good, Almighty and Omniscient.

These are obvious qualities, and need no argument to prove, from the very fact of totality.

Brahman is beyond both of these, and is not a state. It is the only unit not composed of many units.

It is the principle which runs through all, from a cell of God, and without which nothing can exist. Whatever is real is that principle or Brahman.

When I think "I am Brahman," then I alone exist. It is so also when you so think, and so on.

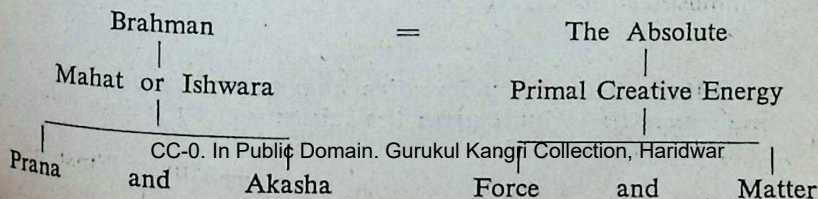
Each one is the whole of that principle.

Now a little upon the cosmology and eschatology of the Vedanta.

I clearly see their perfect unison with modern science, and the elucidation of the one will be followed by that of the other.

The eschatology will be explained from the Advaitic standpoint only. That is to say, the dualist claims that the soul after death passes on to the Solar sphere, thence to the Lunar sphere, thence to the Electric sphere. Thence he is accompanied by a Purusha to Brahmaloka. Thence, says the Advaitist, he goes to Nirvana.

Now on the Advaitic side, it is held that the soul neither comes nor goes, and that all these spheres or layers of the universe are only so many vary-



ing products of Akasha and Prana. That is to say, the lowest or most condensed is the Solar sphere, consisting of the visible universe, in which Prana appears as physical force, and Akasha as sensible matter.

The next is called the Lunar sphere, which surrounds the Solar sphere. This is not the moon at all, but the habitation of the gods, that is to say, Prana appears in it as psychic forces, and Akasha as Tanmatras, or fine particles.

Beyond this is the Electric sphere, that is to say, a condition in which the Prana is almost inseparable from Akasha, and you can hardly tell whether Electricity is force or matter.

Next is the Brahmaloaka, where there is neither Prana nor Akasha, but both are merged in the *mind-stuff*, the primal energy. And here—there being neither Prana nor Akasha—the Jiva contemplates the whole universe as Samashti, or the sum total of Mahat or mind. This appears as a Purusha, an abstract universal *soul*, yet not the Absolute, for still there is multiplicity. From this the Jiva finds at last the Unity which is the end.

Advaitism says that these are the visions which rise in succession before the Jiva, who himself neither goes nor comes, and that in the same way this present vision has been projected. The projection (Srishti) and dissolution must take place in the same

order, only one means going backward, and the other coming out.

Now as each individual can only see *his own* universe, that universe is created with his bondage and goes away with his liberation although it remains for others who are in bondage.

Now name and form constitute the universe. A wave in the ocean is a wave, only in so far as it is bound by name and form. If the wave subsides, it is the ocean, but that name and form have immediately vanished for ever.

So though the name and form of wave could never be without the water that was fashioned into the wave by them, yet the name and form themselves were not the wave. They die as soon as ever it returns to water. But other names and forms live in relation to other waves. This name-and-form is called Maya, and the water is Brahman. The wave was nothing but water all the time, yet as a wave it had the name and form.

Again this name and form cannot remain for one moment separated from the wave, although the wave as water can remain eternally separate from name and form. But because the name and form can never be separated, they can never be said to exist. Yet they are not zero. This is called Maya.

[Courtesy: Advaita Ashram]

Many times a day I realize how much my own outer and inner life is built upon the labour of my fellow men, both living and dead.

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—Albert Einstein.



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Blow the Conch-shell of Abhaya

Swami Ananda Acharya

THE inviolability of human and animal life should be impressed upon every man who desires emancipation.

It is not true that the lower forms of life by continuous struggle have developed into higher and more complex and efficient organisms. On the contrary the higher forms of life have become lower through fear.

Conquered races become savage tribes and savage tribes become wild men and these again become human tree-dwellers. Here ends the human cycle and the sub-human simian cycle begins, brought about by the same agency, namely, fear, and the tree-dweller becomes the orang-outang and the chimpanzee.

Then begins the third cycle, the cycle of the quadruped and this leads

to the fourth, which has three main branches: reptiles, birds and fishes—and so ever downwards through cycles of insects, worms, microbes, *ad infinitum*.

In the dissolvent of fear Life, the almost infinitely great, becomes the almost infinitely small. Remember, at this moment all over our earth every man, whether walking or sleeping, is throwing the liquid fire of fear over the living flesh of his brother-man or animal or tree—and conversely. All this is happening without profit to anyone, without serving the purpose of any individual or collection of individuals.

And what I have said of life is equally true of art, industry, commerce.

It is the perfection of philosophic idiocy to see Purpose or the index-finger of the Divine in this vast cataclysm of fear and revenge.

Let us return by the path of kindness, good-will and mercy to our original *deva*-hood of glory.

Let us give the alms of *abhaya* to every human being, animal and tree.

Only by Man's free, charitable gift of non-fear to all forms of organic life can this evolution of degeneration and diminishing be checked.

Let man no more crush his fellows under the Thor's hammer of cruelty and he himself will be spared the myriad hammer-strokes of their revenge.

Sound the auspicious conch-shell of Fearlessness and let the winds bear its message to the four corners of the earth.

Unfearing child that thou art, shower thou non-fear upon all.

*The 70th Birthday
of Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel
falls on Oct. 31.*

A Peep Into My Childhood

VALLABHBHAI PATEL



SITTING in this City of weird mixture of the old and the new, it is difficult to switch one's mind back more than three scores of years and recall one's life when one was a child. As a child it always pays to be either the eldest or the youngest. As the eldest, a child is the centre of paternal hopes; as the youngest, he is the object of paternal affection. It is the privilege of the eldest to order about all his younger brothers and sisters. As the youngest, one has to bear the brunt of accumulated orders, but at the same time, unless one is particularly unfortunate, one gets accumulated blessings as well as showers

of affection. Having been born between these two extremes. I naturally had the usual independence, initiative and resources of a middling. When the time came, I could exercise a will of my own. It was seldom that I had to take into account the responsibilities which devolve upon the eldest child or the debt of affection which bends the back of the youngest.

My own view is that town life gives little scope for the display of all that is best in a child. It places restrictions and limitations which retard his free growth, cramp his style and make his mind revolve in a narrow groove; on the other hand, in the open space

of a village, one can see infinity. The growth of a child is on terms of complete equality with his fellow-children. He has his share of the 'black eye' like any others. He rolls on dusty streets after a gentle severe push as well or as badly as any of his equals or seniors or juniors in age. He is pushed in the village pond with the same vigorous and unexpected wrap on the knuckles as any other child. It was in this atmosphere of equal 'give-and-take' that I grew up with all that sturdiness and determination which grow out of a healthy atmosphere of dare-devilry and juvenile buoyancy and of impish pranks, mirth and laughter.

As far as I can remember, I yielded to none in the captaincy of mischief or of sly attempts to hoodwink one's elders. I can recall, however, it was almost always in a good cause, — of course, a good cause from my own point of view. I took to studies as seriously as I took to play cheerfully. I had no patience with an indifferent teacher and never spared a lazy one. As children, we had our own methods of correcting our teachers and we fully exploited all the subtleties of manoeuvres which only children can. I can vividly recall one particular incident. My teacher at school got annoyed because I persuaded the class to make fun of him for being late. He prescribed a task for me as punishment. I came to school the next day without my task being done, and the punishment increased doublefold for each day that went by until it was my task to write out the sums two hundred times. I wrote on the slate just the figure 200 and took

it to my teacher with an innocent air. The teacher asked me where the *padas* (in Gujarati that means both sums and buffaloes) were. I told him I could write only 200 when the *padas* (buffaloes) ran away. The teacher was all sound and fury. I was presented before the Headmaster, who, instead of punishing me, took the teacher to task for not knowing the correct method of prescribing tasks.

They say, "Child is the Father of Man". I do not know how much of what I am I owe to those blissful days. I know this much, however, my constitution today is what I built up as a child; and the many qualities or defects of character which I might exhibit today can probably be traced to the characteristics which I displayed when I was a child. This does not, however, mean that I kept my development in a straight line. This can hardly be the case in a life full of varieties and of different experiences. Many are life's incidents which act as a corrective and a lesson which once learnt mould a person's future in a way quite different from the past. I had my share of these incidents and experiences, but, in the main, I am what I was or tried to be seventy years ago.

Even today, in the midst of my onerous responsibilities and heavy preoccupations, I delight in the company of children. That brings sometimes a ray of hope in the midst of surrounding gloom, a heavy laughter after the perusal of a saddening report, and a relaxation during anxious hours.

Work is undoubtedly worship but laughter is life. Anyone who takes life

too seriously must prepare himself for a miserable existence. Anyone who greets joys and sorrows with equal felicity can really get the best of life.

It has been my good fortune to have borne a temperament which adapts itself equally well to the most taxing and the light moments. It was only some years ago that I used to wrestle and sport with my grandson. Very often, I indulge in less vigorous pranks with children who can afford to give me the benefit of their company. It is only so long as a man can retain the child in him that life can be free from those dark shadows which leave inevitable furrows on a man's forehead. There is nothing more disgusting than perpetual pensive brows or the wry face of a curmudgeon.

They say, "Old age is second childhood." I wish it were. The poet has said:

Grow old along with me,

The best is yet to be

The last of life for which the first was made.

So far as my own life is concerned, it is an open book. There are few, however, who have known me as a child, now living. The words of those few are concealed in the wraps of distance and isolation from the gaze of publicity; but, in so far as I am competent to speak of myself, I would much rather be a child of 70 years ago than myself in the year of grace 1949.

[From the Bhavan's Sardar Patel College of Engineering Souvenir]

BHAVAN'S JOURNAL



DIWALI NUMBER

Issue dated October 29, 1961

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*Without the awareness
of God, we travel in darkness.*

*If there is no
God, we travel in vain.*

Is GOD necessary?

Lord Altrincham



ANY of us are familiar with the fate of a small boy newly arrived at some dreary boarding school. He is standing in a corner, unobserved (he hopes), sobbing his heart out, home-sick and lonely.

A well-meaning master notices him and puts a hand on his shoulder. The man is genuinely anxious to help. Sucking an old pipe, he takes the boy on a conducted tour. He talks of the school's traditions and of its hopes for the future. He introduces the boy to several surly and thuggish types with whom he ought to establish friendly relations; with whom he ought, indeed, to feel united in the mystical brotherhood of the school. Finally, he exhorts him to stand on his own feet and be a man.

Similar to what I have described was the experience of reading Sir Julian Huxley in a Sunday newspaper on the need for a new "belief-system." Sir Julian has given God the

brush-off. "Evolutionary man can no longer take refuge from his loneliness by creeping for shelter into the arms of a divinised father-figure whom he has himself created...." His destiny is to be "the sole agent for the future of this planet." (Who was the "sole agent" for the earlier stages of its development is not explained.)

But he need not feel lonely as he takes over the agency. His false sense of kinship with God has cut him off from any number of good companions. "...thanks to Darwin, he now knows that he is not an isolated phenomenon... he is linked by genetic continuity with all the other living inhabitants of his planet. Animals, plants, and micro-organisms, they are all his cousins or remoter kin, all parts of one single branching and evolving flow of metabolising protoplasm."

As if that were not comfort enough, Sir Julian offers us a brilliant future if we use all our resources of "know-

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ledge and reason, imagination, and sensitivity, capacities for wonder and love" etc., and say goodbye to the man-made God whose illusory presence inhibits us. "Evolutionary truth" will free us from "subservient fear of the unknown," will support us "by revealing the incredible possibilities that have already been realised," and will give us "a potent incentive for fulfilling our evolutionary role in the long future of our planet." It is a case, as Mr. Ramsay MacDonald once said, of "on and on and on, and up, and up and up."

Organised religion is, of course,

largely to blame for the fact that a man as intelligent and altogether admirable as Sir Julian Huxley should be capable of writing such nonsense. The God he is dismissing is the parsonical God—a metaphysical amalgam of Pope John, Dr. Ramsey, Mr. Ben-Gurion, and President Makarios. It is not the Lord Omnipotent, unimaginable yet indispensable, remote yet immediate, whose creatures we are, whose inscrutable purposes we serve.

Adventures must have an end. As the pilgrims gird themselves for the next day's trudge they must have some idea where they are going, and why. They must have a sense of destination, and the hope of homecoming. The Churches present a picture of Deity, and of the meaning of Life, which is so trivial and banal that the mystical conscience, if combined with any critical faculty, is bound to reject it. The same combination, however, is equally bound to reject Sir Julian Huxley's attempt to turn human evolution itself into a religion. Without the awareness of God we travel in darkness. If there is no God, we travel in vain.

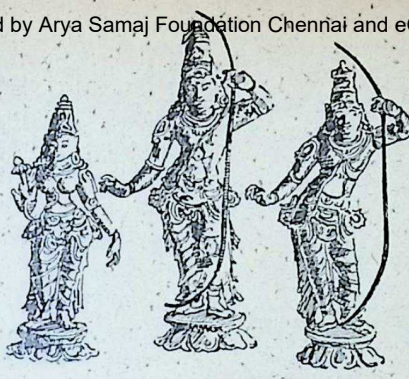
On the whole, therefore, I would expect God to survive both the anthropomorphism of the Churches and the doctrines of the evolutionary humanists. God is here, and everywhere, to stay.

[Courtesy: Guardian]

If one is knowingly filled with the presence of God within, one is that moment free from all ailment—physical, mental or moral.

—Mahatma Gandhi.

ADHYATMA



RAMAYANA

Tara is liberated

Tara is grief-stricken at the death of Vali and entreats Rama to kill her too with the same bow. She hits out at Sugriva. Then Rama consoles her and teaches her true wisdom.

किं भीरु ! शोचसि व्यर्थं ? शोकस्यात्रिष्यं
पतिम् ! ।

पतिस्तथायं देहो वा जीवो वा वद तत्त्वतः ॥
पञ्चात्मको जडो देहस्त्वजःमांसरुधिरास्थिमान् ।
कालकर्मणोत्पन्नः सोऽप्यास्तेऽद्यापि ते पुरः ॥

"O timid woman! Why do you grieve needlessly over your husband who is not grief-worthy? Tell me, verily, if your husband is the body or the individual soul. The non-sentient body, composed of the five elements and constituted by skin, flesh, blood and bones and which owes its origin to time, actions and qualities is right before you.

मन्यसे जीवमात्मानं जीवस्तर्हि निरामयः ।
न जायते न म्रियते न तिष्ठति न गच्छति ॥
न त्वो पुमान्वा षण्डो वा जीवः सर्वगतोऽव्ययः ।
एक एवाद्वितीयोऽयमाकाशवदलेपकः ॥

नित्यो ज्ञानमयः शुद्धः स कथं शोकमर्हति ।

"Should however you think he is Atman, then he is indestructible. He has neither birth nor death; doesn't stand; doesn't move. Atman is neither masculine nor feminine nor neuter. He is omnipresent, indestructible. Being one without a second, he is stainless, even like the elder, he is eternal; wisdom incarnate; pure. How does he become grief-worthy?"

तारोवाच-

देहोऽचित्कालवद्राम ! जीवो नित्यश्चिदात्मकः ।
सुखदुःखादिसम्बन्धः कस्य स्याद्राम । मे वद ॥

Tara asked: "O Rama! The body is non-sentient like a log of wood; the individual soul, whose form is pure knowledge, is eternal. Then, tell me, to whom is the association of pain and pleasure apply?"

श्रीराम उवाच-

अहङ्कारादिसम्बन्धो यावद्देहान्द्रियैः सह ।



संसारस्तापदेव स्यादात्मनस्त्वधिवेकिनः ॥
मिथ्यारोपितसंसारो न स्वयं विनिवर्तते ।
विषयान्ध्यायमानस्य स्वप्ने मिथ्यागमो यथा ॥

Rama replied: "As long as the ego exists for an ignorant man, so long the *samsara* will exist for the soul. This *samsara* which is falsely superimposed does not vanish of its own accord in the case of one who is after the objects of the world even like the false contacts in dreamland.

अनाद्यविद्यासम्बन्धात्कार्याहङ्कृतेस्तथा ।
संसारोऽपार्थकोऽपि स्याद्रागद्वेषादिसङ्कुलः ॥
मन एव हि संसारो बन्धश्चैव मनः शुभे !
आत्मा मनः समानत्वमेत्य तद्गतबन्धभाक् ॥
यथा विशुद्धः स्फटिकोऽलत्ककादिसमीपतः ।
तत्तद्वर्णयुताभान्ति वस्तुतो नास्ति रञ्जनम् ।

"Due to association with *avidya* which is beginningless and by attributing this sense of

ness to activities, this *samsara*, although unreal, develops real likes and dislikes. O blessed woman! Mind alone constitutes *samsara*; mind alone is the bondage. By its proximity with mind, Atman becomes the possessor of its bondage. It is like the *sphatika* which, by its proximity to red lac, gives out red colour, although by nature it is transparent.

बुद्धीन्द्रियादिसामीप्यादात्मनः संसृतिर्बलात् ।
आत्मा स्वीलङ्गं तु मनः परिगृह्य तदुद्भवान् ॥
कामान् जुषन् गुणैर्बद्धः संसारे वर्ततेऽवशः ।

"By reason of the proximity of *Buddhi* to the senses, Atma is forced to take part in *samsara*; this Atman, having associated itself with the mind which is his inferential agent, and enjoying the desires etc, born of the mind and bound by the qualities,

आदौ मनोगुणान् सृष्ट्वा ततः कर्माण्यनेकधा ॥
शुक्ललोहितकृष्णानि गतयस्तत्समानतः ।
एवं कर्मवशाज्जीवो भ्रमत्याभूतसम्प्लवम् ॥

"In the beginning the mind gives birth to attributes; then it creates manifold activities—white, red and black—and their respective paths (*Japa, dhyana* for white, *yagna, yoga* for the red, and sinful acts for the black, each leading to *Brahmaloka, Swargaloka*, and *Narakaloka* respectively). By virtue of actions *Jiva* whirls about till the great apocalypse.

सर्वोपसंहृतौ जीवो वासनाभिः स्वकर्मभिः ।
अनाद्यविद्यावशगस्तिष्ठत्यभिनिवेशतः ॥
सृष्टिकाले पुनः पूर्ववासनामानसैः सह ।
जायते पुनरप्येवं घटीयन्त्रमिवावशाः ॥
यदा पुण्यविशेषेण लभते सङ्गतिं सताम् ।
मद्भक्तानां सुशान्तानां तदा मद्विषया मतिः ॥
मत्कथाश्रवणे श्रद्धा दुर्लभा जायते ततः ।
ततः स्वरूपविज्ञानमनायासेन जायते ॥

"At the time of *Pralaya*, the *Jiva*, being dependent on the beginningless nescience, stands by *vasanas* and his actions through his desires. Again, at the time of creation, he is born with the previous *vasanas*, mechanically. He is like the windmill, incapable of doing anything independently. When by some good fortune he gets the association of Saints, my devotees or the gentle ones, then the mind turns with difficulty towards me, (that is, realises that God is great). Then is born with some difficulty eagerness to listen to my stories. Later on will come knowledge of self with ease.

तदाचार्यप्रसादेन वाक्यार्थज्ञानतः क्षणात् ।
देहेन्द्रियमनःप्राणाहङ्कृतिभ्यः पृथक्स्थितम् ॥
स्वात्मानुभावतः सत्यमानन्दात्मानमद्वयम् ।
ज्ञात्वा सद्यो भवेन्मुक्तः सत्यमेव मयोदितम् ॥

"At that time dawns by the grace of one's preceptor, by the understanding of Vedantic texts (*like Tattwamasi*) true knowledge of Self by experience—as standing apart from the body, senses and I-ness and My-ness—as the embodiment of Existence, Bliss and One without a second. Realizing this, the *Jiva* becomes immediately released, I say on oath.

पूर्वजन्मनि ते सुभ्रु ! कृता मद्भक्तिरुत्तमा ।
अतस्तव विमोक्षाय रूपं मे दर्शितं शुभे ॥
ध्यात्वा मद्रूपमनिशमालोचय मयोदितम् ।
प्रवाहपतितं कार्यं कुर्वन्त्यपि न लिप्यसे ॥

"O beautiful woman! In your last birth you were a great devotee of mine. For your liberation, I have appeared before you today. Contemplate incessantly on my form and ponder over what I said today. Although performing acts falling to your lot by reason of your past Karma, you wouldn't be touched by any of them."

श्रीरामेणोदितं सर्वं श्रुत्वा तारातिविस्मिता ।
देहाभिमानजं शोकं त्यक्त्वा नत्वा रघूत्तमम् ॥
आत्मानुभवसन्तुष्टा जीवन्मुक्ता बभूव ह ।

Listening to what all Rama said, Tara was overwhelmed. Giving up the sorrow born of the false identification with the body, she bowed before the best of Raghus. Feeling happy with her self-realization, she became a living-liberated soul.

YAKSHA- PRASNA

16

K. BALASUBRAMANIA AIYAR

THE last question of the Yaksha is as follows:

व्याख्याता मे त्वया प्रश्नाः यथातथ्यं परंतप ।
पुरुषं त्विदानीं व्याख्याहि यश्च सर्वधनी नरः ॥
"You have truly commented on all the questions. Please answer now—Who is the person that is possessed of all wealth?"

Dharmaputra answered thus—

दिवं स्पृशति भूमिं च शब्दः पुण्येन कर्मणा ।
यावत्सशब्दो भवति तावत्पुरुष उच्यते ।
तुल्यप्रियाप्रिये यस्य सुखदुःखे तथैव च ।
अतीतानागसे चोभे सर्वे सर्वधनी नरः ॥
'As long as one's fame touches heaven and earth by his good deed one will be called a man. He to whom the things likable and not likable, or sorrow and happiness, or the past and the future are the same, he is possessed of all wealth.'

By सर्वधनी is meant the person who is so absolutely rich that he has no wants. Richness consists according to Dharmaputra in the contented mind devoid of attachment or desire. A person who cultivates tran-

quillity of mind and poise is neither afflicted by sorrow nor elated by joy. He never shrinks from anything disagreeable to him, nor does he go after things which he likes. He is never worried about what has happened in the past nor does he pine for what he may not get.

Sita, undergoing suffering and sorrow at Lanka in her separation from Rama, utters the following pregnant words:

धन्याः खलु महात्मानः मनयः सत्यसंमताः ।
जितात्मनो महाभागाः येषां नस्तः प्रियाप्रिये ॥
'Those sages are fortunate to whom priya and apriya are the same.' She gives a true reason for this.

प्रियास्तु संभवेद्दुःखमप्रियान्नाधिकं भयम्
'Attachment gives rise to sorrow and dislike gives rise to fear.' Lord Krishna in the Bhagavad Gita emphasises the same truth in the following words:

समदुःखसुखः स्वस्थः समलोष्टाश्मकाञ्चनः ।
तुल्यप्रियाप्रियोद्वेगः तुल्यनिन्दात्मसंस्तुतिः ॥
He to whom, likes and dislikes are the same, to whom sorrow and hap-

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piness are alike, who treats clods of earth, stone and gold alike and who is unaffected by either censure or fulsome praise and who is ever in possession of tranquillity,' that person of wisdom is called गुणातीत . It is the three *gunas*, namely, *Satva*, *Rajas* and *Tamas* in man's nature that make him like and dislike, affected by censure or praise or afflicted by sorrows or attracted by joys.

When one gets above the operation of the *gunas*, then he is described as *gunateeta* and it is this *gunateeta* referred to by *Dharmaputra* that makes a *Sarvadhanee*.

With this last question about the *Sarvadhanee Nara*, the series of questions put by the *Yaksha* comes to an end. As already mentioned in the beginning, the *Yaksha* was pleased and revealed himself to *Dharmaputra* as his father *Dharma*. Though the *Yaksha Prasna* consists of a series of separate questions and answers given to each of them by *Dharmaputra*, there is a continuity in the central teaching which *Vyasa* had in view when he wrote this part of the *Mahabharata* containing the *Yaksha Prasna*. It is that the *Veda* is the fundamental *pramana* or authority for our *Dharma*. Hence to the first question, namely, 'what is it that makes the Sun rise,' *Dharmaputra* readily answered: "Brahma it is that makes the Sun rise." The word *Brahma* mans the *Veda*. *Neelakanta*, the commentator, is of opinion that this series of questions and answers which he calls *Prasnotharamalika* or garland of questions and answers explains the true nature of the *Atman*. It says that by *Aditya*

mentioned in the first question is meant the *Jiva*. The true nature of the *Jiva* as distinct from the body which encases it is clearly revealed to us by the *Veda*. To attain this knowledge of the *Atman*, the various *Dharmas* which form the disciplines necessary to be observed are clearly taught in the *Yaksha Prasna*. It is by the observance of these *Dharmas* that are enjoined by the *Veda*, in a spirit of detachment, selflessness and of *ahimsa*, that the *Jiva* will attain the state of *Jivanmukti*, by which is meant the liberation of the soul even during the life in this world, by the realisation of its true nature, namely, its identity with the *Paramatman*. The person who leads his life with detachment unaffected by sorrow or joy, by likes and dislikes is described in the last answer by *Dharmaputra*, as the *Sarvadhanee Nara* or the person who is possessed of all wealth. It is this same person who is described in the *Bhagavad Gita* as a *Sthitaprajna* and again later as the *Bhakta* and finally as the *Trigunateeta* by the Lord.

The goal of man's life, according to the *Yaksha Prasna* is the attainment of the state of a *Sarvadhanee* or *Jivanmukta*. Such a *Jivanmukta* will be the most efficacious instrument for the good of mankind. He is not a person who is concerned only about his own salvation. But he is deeply interested in the spiritual welfare and the happiness of mankind. That is why the *Gita* says that even a realised soul should act for the purpose of

But the difference between his ac-

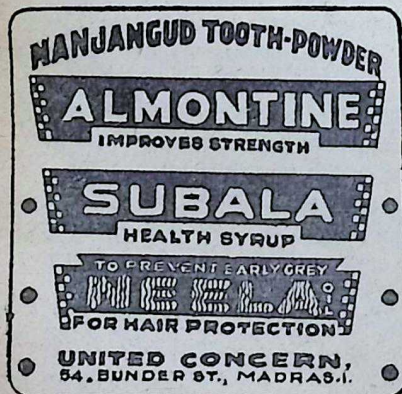
tions and those of others is that his action is inspired by the renunciation of all motives and desires and by self-abnegation. This is beautifully emphasised in the account given of the conversation between Sri Sankaracharya of Kamakoti Peetam and Vinoba Bhave reproduced in the *Bhavan's Journal* dated Sept. 17, 1961 under the caption 'The Meaning of Service'. The Acharya said that every man should engage himself in rendering service to others. But the effect of that service is not to be thought of as the welfare of others, but it must lead to the purification of oneself.

A careful and intelligent reading of the *Yaksha-Prasna* will be of immense benefit to every *asthika* who earnestly longs for knowledge and spirituality.

[Concluded]

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KRISHNAVATARA

K.M. MUNSHI

Characters in this Story:

SRI KRISHNA.
BALARAM—his elder brother.
VASUDEVA—his father, Chief of Shoora tribe of Yadavas.
DEVAKI—his mother.
KAMSA—his maternal uncle and Ugrasena's son, whom he had killed.
GARGACHARYA—his family preceptor and High Priest of the Yadavas.
GURU SANDIPANI—his teacher, with his ashram at Ujjain.
SHVETAKETU—his tutor, Sandipani's principal disciple.
TRIVAKRA—his devoted maid-servant.
UGRASENA—Head of the Andhak clan and King of the Yadavas.
DEVABHAG—Vasudeva's younger brother.
KAMSAA—his wife and the King's daughter.
CHITRAKETU—his eldest son.
BRIHADBALA—his second son.
UDDHAVA—his third son and Krishna's intimate friend.

AKRURA—the saintly chief of Vrishni clan of Yadavas.
SHANKU & GADA—old Andhak chiefs.
SATRAJIT—an elderly Yadava chief.
YUYUDHANA SATYAKI—a young Yadava chief.

JARASANDHA—Emperor of Magadha, father of Kamsa's widows.

HIS ALLIES: SHALVA, King of Saubha; VINDA & ANUVINDA, twin princes of Avanti.

DAMAGOSH—King of Chedi.

SHRUTASRAYA—his queen and sister of Vasudeva.

SHISHUPAL—their son.

BHISMAKA—Bhoja King of Vidarbha.

KAISHIK—his father.

RUKMI—his son.

RUKMINI—his daughter.

SHRIGALAVA VAASUDEVA—King of Karvirpur, who was killed by Sri Krishna in a fight.

PADMAVATI—his queen.

SHAKRADEVA—his minor son, and now king.

SHAIBYA—his niece.

32. The Honour of the Yadavas

MEEN brought a message from Vrindavan that Nanda and Yashoda would like Krishna and Balaram to come to Vrindavan to meet them. The river Yamuna had been angry with them and gone away from the village and people and cattle were in distress. Something had to be done to placate the angry goddess and

bring her back and that, Krishna and Balaram only could do.

'Come along, Krishna, we will go to our village and revive the memory of the old days and make the people sit up with our pranks,' said Balaram.

'You should go, Brother. My hands are full with the preparations for the chariot-race,' said Krishna.

'I won't go, unless you come,' said Balaram.

'Nothing of the kind, Big Brother. You should go, for you alone can compel the river goddess to behave. You have such ways of winning women,' said Krishna with a sly smile.

'Don't talk to me in that way. Women fall for you without your trying to win them,' said Balaram.

'That is not being fair to yourself. There is a young woman waiting for you on the shores of the Saurashtra sea,' said Krishna with a mischievous smile.

'And you have a woman breaking her heart for you in every home,' said Balaram laughing uproariously at his own joke. 'In Vrindavan, Radha must be dying to meet you, you wicked man,' said Balaram.

'That is why I don't go there,' said Krishna solemnly.

'You are cruel, very cruel,' said Balaram.

'No. I am not. If I go there, they will be happy for the time being. But when I come away again, their hearts will break a second time,' said Krishna.

'You are heartless, Krishna. Don't you ever feel unhappy at having left them, whom you loved so much?' asked Balaram.

'I love them still. That is why I think of them, not of myself,' replied Krishna.

'Fine way of thinking of them—not even to go and see them once again after years', interrupted Balaram.

'Today their unhappiness has become a part of joyous memory. They think of me as their darling Govind,' said Krishna. 'But when they see their lovable Govind again they will only

find Krishna Vaasudeva, the vanquisher of Jarasandha and the destroyer of Shrigalava Vaasudeva. They would be robbed of the Govind they love, the utmost precious possession of their life, and songs they sing of Govind will be hushed. Let me live for them as the winsome little Govind, Big Brother, and as no one else', said Krishna.

'What about me then?' asked Balaram.

'You have always been their Big Brother, strong, helpful, genial', replied Krishna. 'And if you can bring the Yamuna back to Vrindavan, you will remain for ever as their Big Brother,' said Krishna.

'Krishna, I know I cannot get you to do anything sensible,' said Balaram in disgust.

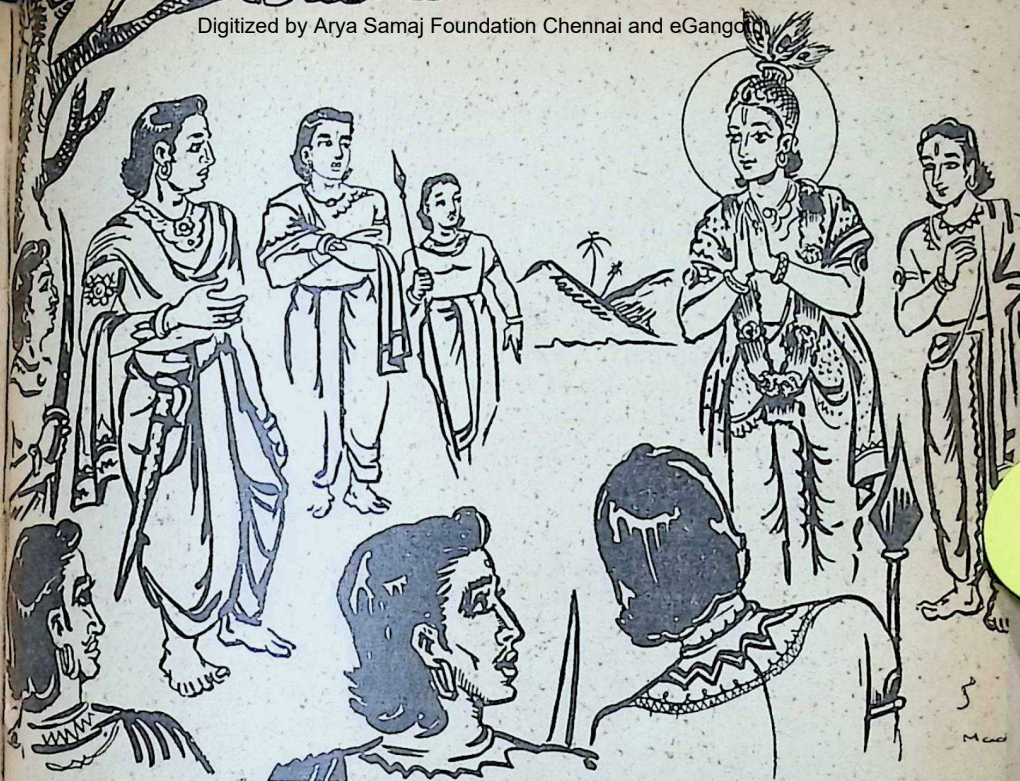
'You are the only person that can do a sensible thing for our people in Vrindavan. Take your plough with you; punish the rebellious river-goddess; bring her back to Vrindavan. They will worship you as their god', said Krishna.

'Have you not even one kind word to send them?' asked Balaram in distress.

'Yes, I have', said Krishna reminiscently. 'Tell them: I live in them; I think of them always; I am ever theirs. Tell them: Wherever I may be, Vrindavan is my home where I will always abide,' said Krishna.

Balaram left, determined to punish the river-goddess for behaving erratically to her people.

After Balaram left, Shvetaketu arrived in Mathura and told Krishna of what had happened in Kundinpur.



Jarasandha and his allies had made a new plan, he reported. There was to be a closer alliance between Chedi and Vidarbha, by Princess Rukmini being given to Shishupal in marriage. This was planned to prevent King Damagosh from slipping away from the alliance headed by Jarasandha.

After Rukmini was married to Shishupal, Rukmi, the Crown Prince of Vidarbha, was to wed Apnavi, the grand-daughter of the Emperor. He was then to take the place of Kamsa, as the principal lieutenant of the Chakravarti. To knit this new imperial fabric closer, following the custom of the royal house of Vidarbha, (reported Shvetaketu) it had been decided to hold a *swayamvara*, an assembly of kings and crown-princes

from whom Rukmini was to choose her bridegroom.

When such *swayamvaras* were held, sometimes the bride was expected to choose the prince who best performed the prescribed feat of arms. Sometimes she was allowed to choose a bridegroom herself. But this had remained a mere form; more often the choice was settled by the parents long before the ceremony, the invitees only forming the prearranged show to consolidate a political alliance.

In this case, continued Shvetaketu, as Rukmini was determined not to choose Shishupal, the choice was to be made by the winning suitor performing a rare feat of arms, which was to be no more than a show. It was already settled that the kings and

princes selected by Jarasandha were only to be invited to the *swayamvara*, and the emperor would see to it that no one seriously competed with Shishupal, who could then win the bride as a matter of course.

The plan was now mature. Messengers had already gone for inviting the selected princes to come to the *swayamvara*, which was fixed for the fifth day of the bright half of the month of Magha, when the Festival of Spring was usually held.

'No invitation is sent to any prince of Mathura', said Shvetaketu. 'They were afraid that you might attend if invited and carry away the bride'.

'But I don't want to wed a princess that way. Anyway in a *swayamvara* the bride should be free to choose whomsoever she likes,' said Krishna.

'Vaasudeva, she wants to marry you', said Shvetaketu, lowering his voice.

'I could see that she was inclined that way when, on our way to Gomantak, we stayed with the venerable Kaishik for a few days', interrupted Uddhava.

'I have no time to think of marriage just now when our very existence is in danger. Jarasandha would never forgive us for the humiliation we inflicted upon him at Gomantak. and we have to prepare ourselves for meeting him whenever he decides to attack us', said Krishna.

'But Princess Rukmini will not accept anyone else as a husband. She is a very strong-minded woman', said Shvetaketu.

'We cannot allow strong-minded women to marry disasters', said Krishna with a laugh.

'But the Yadavas will find it difficult to stand the affront. None of the Yadava chiefs of Mathura has been invited,' said Uddhava. 'Our honour is at stake'.

'Whatever we do about our honour, we cannot ignore the means by which to preserve it. Let us suggest to Father that the lord be requested to call an assembly of chiefs immediately', said Krishna.

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Brihad's friends met soon after to decide upon a course of action. The king's order imposing on the chiefs and their sons compulsory training for the chariot-race touched off their resentment against Krishna, for they knew that he was responsible for this new move. They hated to give up the easy life to which they had been accustomed. Some of them suspected that this was Krishna's device to become the ruler of Mathura. Some others were in panic; such preparations would surely enrage Jarasandha and drive him to invade Mathura. All of them, however, were agreed in disliking Krishna. They disapproved of all he did; they envied the popularity he enjoyed; they sensed that the hope of seeing Brihad rule Mathura, on which they had banked their future prospects, had receded to the background.

Brihad's friends tried to spread discontent against Krishna, but met with little success. People heard them, sometimes out of politeness, admitted that they were right and ended by saying how wonderful Krishna was. Some elderly people advised them to talk the matter over with him; that

made them furious. Surely one can dislike Krishna without having to explain to him why they did so!

Some of the young Yadav cadets, particularly those who had returned to Mathura after the death of Kamsa, were even desperadoes and were prepared to stop at nothing.

'We don't want a tyrant again', said Satrajit, who carried a long copper sword. Though older than all others of the group, he was as rabid as the wildest of them.

'He will redeem you', said another chief with a sneer handling the javelin he had with murderous impatience.

'Well, anyway, he got rid of Kamsa', said a third chief.

'He got rid of Kamsa because otherwise Kamsa would have got rid of him', said Satrajit of the copper sword.

'But what do you want him to do', asked the third speaker, a tall, thin young man, named Virat, who also carried a short copper sword. 'You have called him here, but what would you wish him to do?'

'He is a god. Let him find it out for himself', said a wag with a cherubic face.

'We would ask him to stop meddling in our affairs', said Satrajit lifting his sword with a firm suggestive grasp.

'What are our affairs and what are his?' said Virat. 'How are we going to stop him from doing what he wants? Most of the elders are with him'.

'You are a timid fellow, Virat', said Bhadrak, a tall and fierce-looking man, who placed his sword in

front of him. 'He has to leave us alone'.

Brihad held up his hand. The others became quiet to hear what their leader had to say. 'Virat is right. Unless we decide upon what we want him to do, we will never be able to pin him down to our cause. What is it we want?'

'We want him not to behave as if he were our lord and master', said Satrajit.

'How would you have him to behave?' sneered Virat, who hated some of these wild fellows.

'Ask him to go back to Goman-tak. He can take back that dark, sullen-faced beauty with him, if he likes', said Bhadrak. Some of his friends joined him in loud laughter.

'Mathura is as much his home as yours, Bhadrak', said Virat.

'Let him stop the chariot race', said Satrajit, "I hate the smell of horses".

'The people will be angry. They want the fun', replied Virat. 'The only thing that you can ask him to do is not to come in the way of Brihad-bala being installed as Yuvaraj. I am sure you, Brihadbala, would like that to be done'.

Brihadbala smiled. 'Yes, we must go step by step'.

'I would like to punish him at the first step', said Bhadrak, lifting his sword in a suggestive way.

● ● ●

Krishna came accompanied by Satyaki, who had been sent to invite him. He would not allow Uddhava to accompany him. He was just as usual—unruffled, smiling, cheerful. The golden chariot in his diadem, the garland swung on his chest. He was

completely unarmed and some who had come armed with weapons felt small. He saluted all present by folding his hands, walked up to Brihadbala, his elder cousin, smiling all the time and touched his feet.

'You have conferred a favour on me, Brother Brihadbala, by calling me to meet your friends', said Krishna.

'Yes, no sooner had I told him that we all wanted to meet him, than Vaasudeva readily came,' said Satyaki. He had expected resistance, at least unwillingness, on Krishna's part, but he had felt almost ashamed with himself for carrying a long sword when Krishna leaving his arms aside cheerfully accompanied him.

'Vaasudeva, please sit down', said Satyaki, who, in spite of his impetuous temper, was a finely brought up Vrishni Chief and never lacked manners.

'Now, how can I serve you?' asked Krishna, after he had taken his seat.

For a moment everyone was quiet. No one was ready with a definite reply.

'Stop the chariot-race', said Satrajit.

'How can I?' asked Krishna. 'The noble lord of Mathura has ordered the chiefs to get ready with five hundred chariots for the race. Those who don't want to join it, certainly will not', he added with a smile.

'Are you making preparations for a war, Krishna? Tell me frankly', asked Brihadbala.

'It is for the elders to decide upon war. But if there is a war for *Dharma*, I am all over ready. If it is against *Dharma*, I can never be

ready', said Krishna.

'What is a war for *Dharma* and what is a war against it?', asked the wag.

'War is war. Is not it?' said Satyaki.

'We all live in *Dharma* which upholds the three worlds. Don't we all know it?', asked Krishna.

'Why do you get the King to do what you want?' asked Satrajit offensively. Some of the turbulent spirits did not know how to express what they felt, when Krishna talked in such a frank and friendly manner.

'Do I? You are wrong, Satrajit. I speak only when I am asked. And when I speak, I only speak the truth as I see it. It is for the King and the elders to accept what I say or not', said Krishna.

'But you are preparing for war; we can see it', interrupted Satyaki.

'Yes, why do you keep your purpose a secret?' asked Bhadrak. 'You think we are little children'.

'I have made no secret of my purpose', said Krishna pleasantly, ignoring the offensive tone of Bhadrak. 'Jarasandha is *adharma*; he has all his life imposed his will on Aryavarta; he has vowed to destroy Mathura. We must, therefore, be ready to meet him, whenever he decides to attack us.'

'Then why did you let him go, when, as the story goes, Balaram was on the point of killing him?', asked Udyota.

'There was one reason, out of many, which prompted me to advise Big Brother to let Jarasandha go', Krishna said. 'If he had been killed at Gomantak, his allies would have in-

vaded Mathura before we could make it ready to repel the invaders.

'But you are a god. Why don't you get Indra's thunderbolt and finish him?' asked the wag with a laugh, in which several others joined.

'Stop this nonsense', ordered Satyaki, who disliked the turn the conversation was taking. A new understanding of Krishna's motive was dawning on him. 'Vaasudeva, do you seriously want us to be ready for a war?' he asked.

'Yes, a war, if it is forced on us, Satyaki', replied Krishna.

'Do you think it would be necessary?', asked Satyaki.

'Knowing him as I do, it is inevitable. Unless we are going to give up our freedom and be his slaves', said Krishna.

'We will be with you if Jarasandha wants a war. But you must be frank with us', said Satyaki, who loved a straightforward talk.

'Have I been anything but frank with you, noble son of Satyak?', asked Krishna.

'Then why do you prevent the lord of Mathura from installing Brihadbala as Yuvaraj?', asked Satyaki.

'I have never spoken to the noble lord about it, one way or the other. Take my word for it, Satyaki,' said Krishna with disarming frankness. 'It is for the lord himself to do what he thinks best. I would be glad to see Brother Brihadbala installed as a Crown Prince—if....'

'If?' Brihadbala could not help interrupting with a frown.

'...if—', continued Krishna turning to him—'if, Brother, you can discharge the *Dharma* which it involves'.

'You think that he won't be willing to undertake the responsibility?' sneered Virat.

'No. I don't. Whenever Brother Brihadbala chooses to undertake it, we shall all be ready to lay down our lives at his command', said Krishna in a ringing tone.

'Will you stand by him if he is installed as a Crown Prince? That is the point', asked Satyaki imperiously.

Krishna for a moment stood quiet, smiling indulgently at Satyaki. Every one, forgetting their original intention of baiting Krishna, waited breathlessly to hear his next words.

'Brother, I pledge my word to you' said Krishna to Brihadbala. 'I will always stand by you, if you stand by *Dharma*. And I want you, brothers, to stand by him too', said Krishna facing his friends. 'Sharpen your weapons; we shall face Jarasandha as one', he smilingly said, looking at the weapons which some of them held. 'And we shall win', he said in a voice of authority.

The young chiefs, carried away by the call, shouted in exultation 'We shall'.

Satyaki in an outburst of enthusiasm flung himself on the neck of Krishna.

'*Sadhu*, Krishna *Sadhu* (Well done)', he shouted. '*Sadhu, sadhu*', the others shouted.

Brihadbala, who distrusted Krishna, was taken aback by this excitement, but before he could recover from the surprise, Krishna had bowed low before him, touched his feet, folded his hands to the rest. Then, flashing a friendly smile at the company, he quietly walked away.

[To be continued]

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to liberalise our intellect.... Science, as Huxley said, requires the virtue of self-surrender. You must patiently observe and interpret the phenomena and events. There is no room for a priori reasoning in the realm of science.

—Prafulla Chandra Ray

Acharya

Prafulla Chandra

Ray

KALI BISWAS

THE above is what Acharya Prafulla Chandra Ray said in his presidential address to the Indian Science Congress in 1920.

He urged the youth of the country to cultivate a spirit of investigation, seek the truth and work diligently. And he set before them the example of his own eventful life and achievements.

"I was a voracious devourer of books," he says in his autobiography, "and when I was barely 12 years old I sometimes used to get up at three or four o'clock in the morning to pore over the pages of a favourite author without disturbance." From his childhood he was interested in literature and biography and, as he observes, "even in my advanced age, after a day's hard toil at the laboratory I recomposed my nerves by

stealing to my study so as to indulge in an hour's recreation of reading a few pages of a biography or history, preliminary to my evening perambulations on the Maidan."

Through his devotion to study and search after truth he inspired a large band of scholars to take up science as their career.

Prafulla Chandra was born on August 2, 1861, at Raruli Katipara, a village in the Khulna district of undivided Bengal. The year is a landmark in that only two months earlier were born two other persons who were destined to be great—Pandit Motilal Nehru and Rabindranath Tagore. Prafulla Chandra's father, Harish Chandra Ray, was a man of liberal outlook and known for his scholarship. Prafulla Chandra ac-

quired some of the outstanding traits of his character from his father. After being educated at his father's village school he moved with his family to Calcutta and was admitted to Hare School. Later he joined the Albert Institution and passed the entrance examination. He gained admission to the Metropolitan Institution and also attended lectures on science given by two eminent English professors, Sir Alexander Pedlar and Sir John Elliot, in the Presidency College.

Science fascinated him. He knew that if he had to take up science as a career he had to go abroad for higher studies. He competed in an all-India test and won the Gilchrist scholarship. He sailed for London in 1882 and joined Edinburgh University, where he was the student of Guthrie Tait and Alexander Brown. After six years, he earned the University's highest degree—a Doctorate in Science, in 1887. His subject was Inorganic Chemistry. He won distinction and held the coveted Hope Prize for about a year.

In 1889 Prafulla Chandra came back to India and joined the Presidency College as an assistant professor. Six years later he won fame by showing the laboratory method of preparing the compound mercurous nitrite. Since the fifteenth century the scientists had been working hard to combine mercury and nitric acid. This remarkable discovery is now almost a matter of ancient history but how it was welcomed and received at the time will be evident from an extract from the *Chemist and Druggist* of London, dated 13th July 1896. It wrote:

"It has been left to a Bengali chemist, Dr. P. C. Ray, to demonstrate that this not unfamiliar crystalline deposit that is obtained by contact of dilute nitric acid with mercury in the cold is mercury nitrite. The substance is not so much as mentioned in Roscoe and Schorlemmer nor is there any reference to it in Watt's Dictionary of Chemistry. Dr. Ray's discovery has been well received in chemical circles."

Dr. Ray's work was not confined to the walls of the laboratory only. In 1902 he published a monumental work *A History of Hindu Chemistry*. It took fifteen years to complete. The celebrated French chemist, M. Berthelot commented, "A new and interesting chapter has been added to the history of science and human thought," while Hermann Schelenz, an authority on pharmaceutical chemistry, observed that based on the Hindu work *Rasaratna Samuchchaya* Dr. Ray's book "shows that the Hindu chemists were far ahead of their European contemporaries of the thirteenth and fourteenth century A.D."

P. C. Ray was also an industrial pioneer. Realising that a nation can prosper only if it builds up its own industry, he started "in the dark and dingy rooms of a house in Upper Circular Road", Calcutta, a factory which has now come to be known as the Bengal Chemical and Pharmaceutical Works, Ltd. The capital he could then find was only Rs. 800.

If Dr. Ray was a great scientist, he was a great industrialist. He saw a rare combination of outstand-

ing qualities. He was an educationist, social reformer, and prolific writer and staunch nationalist. Recognition and honours came to him in succession. Several universities, both Indian and foreign, conferred honorary degrees on him. He was made a C.I.E. and knighted after the First World War and also made an Honorary Fellow of the Chemical Society of London and the Deutsche Akademi, Munich. Clad in a Khadi shirt and dhoti Dr. Ray carried all these honours with grace and dignity on his frail frame. "A few racks of books, an antiquated bedstead, an eighteenth-century table with a few old-fashioned chairs formed all his earthly belongings." He was vehemently opposed to the then system of education. In his Convocation address to Mysore University in 1926, he said, "If we begin by critically examining our methods in India the first outrage that we find committed was in making a foreign language our vehicle of instruction." In another article in *The Indian Review* he observed: "The educated man cannot strike a path of his own. He must move in the fixed groove, though his head is crammed full of Shakespeare and Milton, Spencer and Mill, and this in the land which once produced a Sankara or a Ramanuja." He was a patriot and staunch nationalist.

He had a firm faith in Charkha and was an advocate of the Hindu-Muslim unity. And the services he personally rendered during the North Bengal floods are now a legend.

"If one were to ask me," he once

said, "which period of my life has been most active, I would certainly say that from sixty onwards." And it was in 1932, his seventy-first year, that he published the first volume of his famous work *Life and Experiences of a Bengali Chemist*. The second volume came out three years later. A carping commentary on the contemporary social and political life of India and particularly of Bengal, the work will serve as an inspiration to our youth for generations to come.

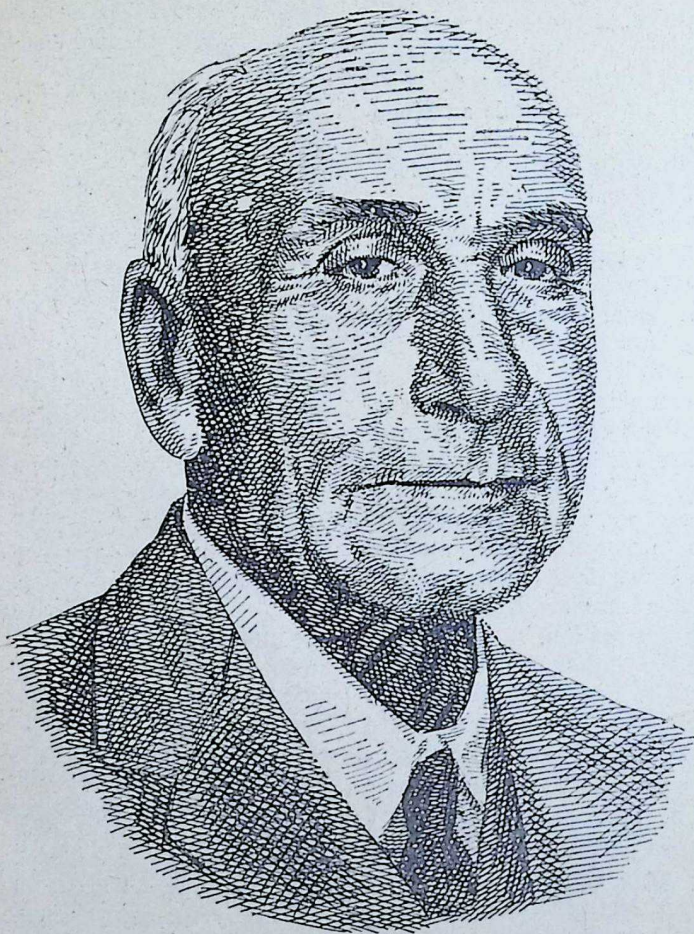
An account of his life will be incomplete without a reference to his charities. A true friend of students, he always helped them in their hour of need. He left the Presidency College in 1916 and took charge, as the Palit Professor, of the Chemistry Department of the newly-started University College of Science, Calcutta. Though he retired in 1936, he continued to remain there as Emeritus Professor, utilising his leisure in research. And almost all he earned during his lifetime he spent on poor boys, relief work and deserving institutions. He occupied a room in the Science College and lived a single life of an ascetic. He used to take simple Indian food and offered *Chirā* (parched rice) and *gur* to the students who came to meet him.

One of the early builders of new India, Prafulla Chandra wanted his country to occupy a prominent place among the advanced countries of the world.

His eventful life came to a close on June 16, 1944.

[Courtesy: Yojana]

Homage



LORD PETHICK-LAWRENCE

[b. December 18, 1871; d. September 10, 1961]

"He suffered for causes which he believed, but the suffering left him with no bitterness. He was a fine character."

—Lord Morrison



DAG HAMMARSKJOELD

[b. July 29, 1905; d. September 18, 1961]

"His life is a tribute to the ability of civilised man to live by the principles of public domain justice."

—President Kennedy



wisdom from Sanskrit

Compiled by V. M. GIRI

IV

पूर्वजन्मजनितं पुराविदः कर्म देवमिति
संप्रचक्षते ।
उद्यमेन तदुपार्जितं चिरादैवमुद्यमवशं न
तत्कथम् ।

The ancients declare that Fate is but our past Karma. Inasmuch as Karma is the result of one's long efforts, doesn't it follow that Fate is determined by our efforts?

निन्दन्तु नीतिनिपुणा यदि वा स्तुवन्तु
लक्ष्मीः समाविशन्तु गच्छन्तु वा यथेच्छम् ।
अद्यैव वा मरणमस्तु युगान्तरे वा
न्याय्यात्पथः प्रविचलन्ति पदं न धीराः ॥

Let the learned censure or praise ; let huge quantities of wealth come or go (be at stake) ; let death overtake to-day or after eons, men of brave character do not swerve from the path of justice.

नरपतिहितकर्ता द्वेष्यतां याति लोके
जनपदहितकर्ता त्यज्यते पार्थिवेन ।
इति महति विरोधे विद्यमाने समाने
नृपतिजनपदानां दुर्लभः कार्यकर्ता ॥

He who wants to do good by the king, is hated by the people, and he who does good by the people, becomes the King's *persona non grata*. As long as this irreconcilable conflict continues, it is impossible to find one who can do good by both.

दुर्जनो परिहर्तव्यो विद्ययाऽलङ्कृतोऽपि सन् ।
मणिना भूषितः सर्पः किमसौ न भयङ्करः ॥

A wicked person, although highly learned, deserves to be shunned. Doesn't a serpent become fearful albeit possessing (the splendrous) *nagaratna*?

दानं भोगो नाशस्तिस्त्रो गतयो भवन्ति वित्तस्य ।
यो न ददाति न भुङ्गते तस्य तृतीया गतिर्भवति ॥

Wealth has three modes of outlet—charity, enjoyment and loss. In the case of a person who chooses neither charity nor enjoyment, his wealth moves automatically along the third outlet.

अहो बत ! महत्कष्टं ! विपरीतमिदं जगत् ।
येनापत्रपते साधुरसाधुस्तेन तुष्यति ॥

O, fie upon this perverted world! That same thing from which a righteous man turns away in shame delights the unrighteous!

वनानि दहतो वह्नेः सखा भवति मारुतः ।
स एव दीपनाशाय कुशे कस्यास्ति सौहृदम् ॥

In the forest, the wind by burning the forest trees becomes the friend of fire. That same wind puts out the flame of a lamp. Indeed who will be friend one with small means?

He is a bad counsellor who doesn't advise his master properly and he is a bad master who fails to listen to well-meant advice so tendered. Prosperities of all kinds flow only where kings and ministers delight in acting in concert at all times.

न कश्चिदिह जानाति किं कस्य श्वो भविष्यति ।
अतः श्वः करणीयानि कुर्यादद्यैव बुद्धिमान् ॥

Who knows what happens to whom tomorrow? Hence a wise man should do today itself what has to be done tomorrow.

विद्वानेव विजानाति विद्वज्जनपरिश्रमम् ।
नहि वन्ध्या विजानाति गुर्वी प्रसववेदनाम् ॥

A sterile woman does not know how great is labour pain. Even so a learned man alone can appreciate the difficulties of learned men.

संसारविषवृक्षस्य द्वे फले ह्यमृतोयमे ।
काव्यामृतरसास्वाद आलापः सज्जनैः सह ॥

Family life is a poison tree. But it has two juicy fruits. They are: the pleasure derived from reading *kavyas* and the company of the saintly.

मृगमीनसज्जनानां तृणजलसंतोषविहित-
वृत्तीनाम् ।
लुब्धकधीवरपिशुना निष्कारणवैरिणो जगति ॥

In this world the deer lives on grass ; the fish in water and the *sadhus* on contentment. And yet for no ostensible reason the hunter, the fisherman and the tale-bearer become respectively their natural enemies!

वरं दरिद्रः श्रुतिशास्त्रपारगो न चापि मूर्खो
बहुरत्नसंयुतः ।
मुलोचना जीर्णपटापि शोभते न नेत्रहीना
कनकैरलंकृता ॥

Preferable indeed is a poor man who is learned and well-behaved to one who is wealthy but devoid of learning and of good character. A woman with wholesome eyes although clad in tattered clothes shines whereas a blind one even though bejewelled, does not.

पद्माकरं दिनकरो विकचं करोति
चन्द्रो विकासयति कैरवचक्रवालम् ।
नाभ्यर्थितो जलधरोऽपि जलं ददाति
सन्तः स्वयं परहितेषु कृताभियोगः ॥

The sun causes the lotus to bloom : the moon does so the cluster of lilies. The cloud too rains water unasked. So do the good people exert themselves in helping others of their own accord.

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महिषासुरभयकातरविबुधानिपुणे ।

वरुणालयतनयासखमुखदैवतविनुते

करुणां कुरु परमां मयि कृपणे हरदयिते ॥

....There is nothing that
cannot be accomplished
by this vrata....

NAVARATRI

Nishkinchan



O consort of Hara! Bestow great mercy on me, the pitiable. You have the feet that remove all sins of all people who take shelter under you. You are capable of protecting Devas who were afraid of Mahishasura, and were prayed by Gods such as Lord of Lakshmi, the Daughter of the Sea.

IN the Kosala country of old there lived a merchant by name Susheel. He was in extremely poor circumstances, but as his name indicated, he was of sterling character. As God had blessed him with a large number of children, he found it extremely difficult to make both ends meet. Added to it was his *dharmic* sense. Even in the worst of difficulties he would not turn out a hungry soul from his door.

One day a *sadhu* came to his house. After enjoying the unstinted hospitality of the poor merchant, the *sadhu* was moved to advise him thus: "My friend, I can think of an infallible remedy for your poverty and that is the observance of Navaratri. I may tell you that Sri Rama was advised by Sage Narada to observe this *vrata*. And Sri Rama did so at Kishkindha. On the eighth night Devi appeared before him and said: 'You shall vanquish Ravana and get back Sita.' Indeed there is nothing that cannot be accomplished by this *vrata*."

Merchant Susheel observed this *vrata* and became very rich. This is only one of the many stories that illustrate the value of observing the Navaratri-puja.

The anecdote of Sri Rama propitiating Durga is not mentioned in the *Valmiki Ramayana* but is mentioned in *Devi Bhagavata*. Here are some more instances.

According to the *Brahmavaivarta*, Lord Krishna worshipped Durga in Goloka. Siva did so at the time of his fight with the demon Tripura. Brahma too worshipped her in his fright on seeing Madhu and Kaitabha. Indra sought her refuge when cursed by Sage Durvasa. According to *Tulsi Ramayana*, Sita worshipped Durga desiring to have Sri Rama as her husband. *Bhagavata* says that Rukmini worshipped Durga in order to get Sri Krishna as her husband. In the *Mahabharata* Sri Krishna urges Arjuna to sing the praise of Durga before the commencement of the Kurukshetra War.

Worship of Devi or Mother Goddess is coeval with the Vedas.

ताम्रिणवर्णा तपसा ज्वलन्ती वैरोचनीं कर्म-
फलेषु जुष्टाम् ।

दुर्गा देवीं शरणमहं प्रपद्ये सुतरसि तरसे नमः ॥

The above is a Vedic prayer. This worship has had many changes in its evolution. Today it is observed elaborately during Navaratri in some parts of India, called Dussera in other parts, or as Kali Puja in still others.

In regard to the time of its observance in the year, we are given the following explanation: Vasanta and *Sharad-ritus* are like the two incisor teeth of Yama, meaning, that during these months incidence of ill-health in the world is highest. Consequently Devi is worshipped to save mankind from pestilence.

Another account makes it that at this period Devi killed the Asura Mahisha or the Buffalo Demon. The story goes that this *asura* by virtue of his *tapas* proved more than a match for the individual might of Brahma, Vishnu, Siva, Indra etc. Consequently the Devas collectively contributed their strength or *tejas* which took the shape of Durga or Mother Goddess who killed the mighty *asura*. It is not difficult to understand that the buffalo stands for forces of evil and that it requires the combined might of all men's intelligence to overcome them.

Incidentally the gallery of dolls sported in some parts of the country during this festival signifies the combined prayer of all the gods to Devi in their crusade against the *asura*.

Navaratri worship as it obtains today consists in the worship of Devi in her triple manifestation of Durga-Lakshmi-Saraswati or *Ichha-Shakti*, *Kriya-Shakti* and *Jnana-Shakti* or the Supreme Non-dual Power, for nine days. The artistic decoration of the *mandap* will remind one of the fact that Devi is the embodiment of all the 64 arts. Besides fasts and austerity, the ritual part of the worship includes the worship of girl-children ranging from the age of 2 to 10 on the nine days at the rate of one each day. This among others will help visualise the Devi in a charming way. While the women of the home take a leading part in honouring their kind, men have their functions too. It is their duty to recite the Vedas, the *Devi Bhagavata*, the *Sapta-Shati*, the *Ramayana*, etc. Advanced students of Devi worship will offer elaborate *pujas* to *Sri Chakra*, perform *homas* etc. As

in the case of *Sivaratri*, worship of Devi at night is said to be more efficacious.

The tenth day is called Vijaya Dasami, the day of success, meaning, inferentially that all activities starting on this day will end successfully. It is said that Devi vanquished Asura Mahisha on this day. Again, Arjuna otherwise called Vijaya, came out of Virata city and took back his weapons which he had hidden in a Vanni tree on this day. That accounts for the day being celebrated as the Ayudha Puja or worship of implements.

On this day deities of some temples are taken out ceremonially for hunting, the evil forces of course. In the past royal courts celebrated this day

spectacularly, as is being done today in Mysore. Children are initiated in education on a mass-scale on this day. In addition to all these, the day is now fittingly being celebrated as Kalidasa Jayanti. Is not Kalidasa the doyen of Indian *litterateurs* and the foremost among the devotees of Mother Goddess?

Altogether the Navaratri or Dussera festival serves to focus our attention on the need for overcoming the forces of ignorance and evil by higher powers and it gives us an opportunity for rededicating ourselves to that task. In this task we naturally seek the help of God in his manifestation of the Integrated Universal Mother. What a grand concept!

Our repeated obeisance to the Devi who resides in all beings in the form of Mother.

—Devi Mahatmya.

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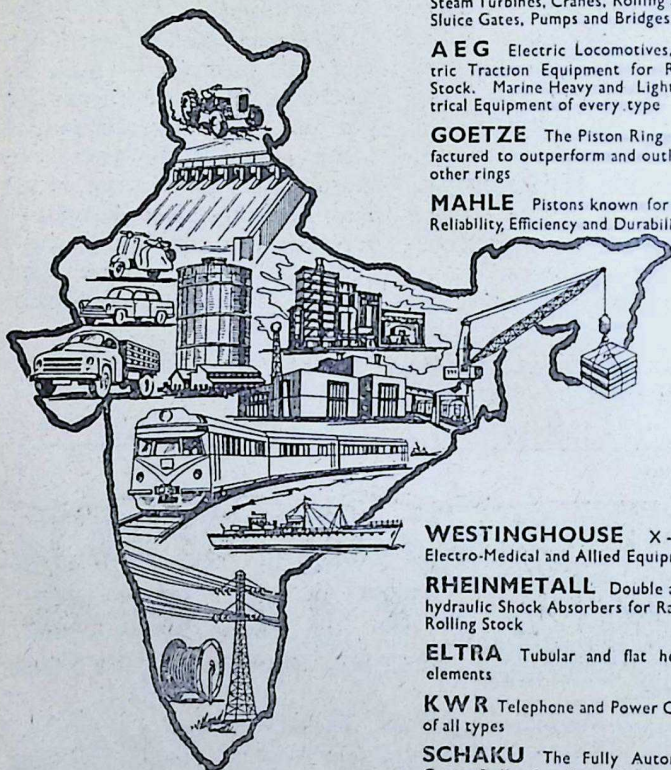
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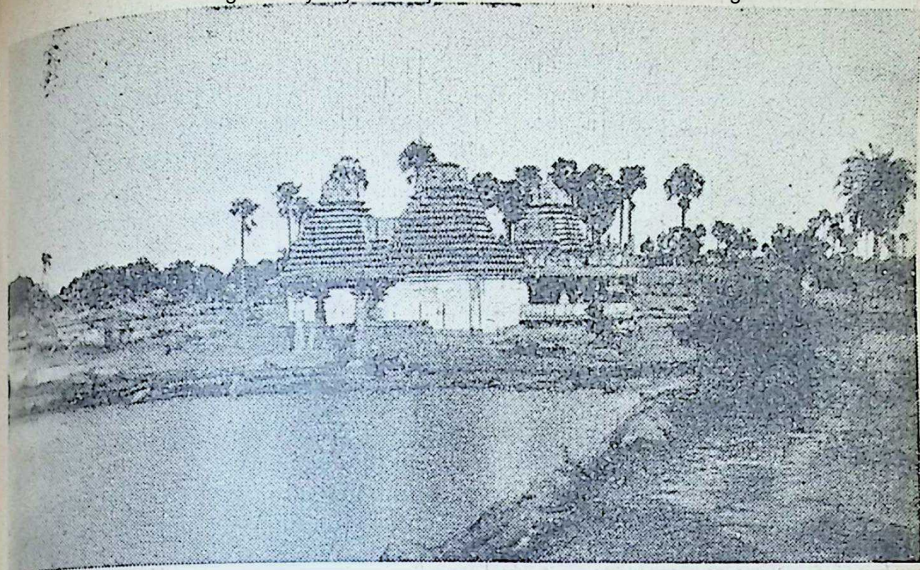
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Siva Temple: General View near the Tank (Panagal. Nalgonda Dist.)

The Temple of Shadows

G. RAMAMURTI

SHADOWS and dreams are always fascinating subjects. Both of them are unreal but at the same time real in the sense that they are seen and experienced. Shadows especially are very real. There should be theories about shadows but, scientific knowledge apart, what every layman knows is that shadows change in dimensions with the movement of earth and that for each light there is one shadow and the number of shadows increases with the number of lights during night depending, of course, on the position of the lights.

In this context what is seen in the 'Chaya Someswara' temple at Panagal about a mile from Nalgonda is really interesting. The temple itself is built on high rock and dates back probably to the Kakatiya period. The *sanctum sanctorum* is a bare room with white walls and when the doors of this room are opened, a black shadow of a *lingam* is seen just in the middle of the wall opposite to the visitor. When one of the doors is closed, the door casts a shadow which, curiously enough, is seen on the far side of the shadow *lingam*.

Enquiries made have elicited the information that the shadow *lingam* remains in the same position morning and evening and in fact during all hours of the day and during all seasons of the year.

What is still more curious can be seen in two other rooms constructed on the same model as *sanctum sanctorum* and almost on line. If one stands on the doorstep of one of these rooms, two shadows of the person standing there are seen on the wall opposite. In another room, if a person stands at the door-way, three shadows of that person are seen on the wall opposite and two more shadows on the walls sideways making altogether five shadows of one person.

Taking a look around one does not find any mirrors or highly polished surfaces of pillars or anything like

them. The shadows are obviously due to the structural peculiarity, in location and construction of the temple and the rooms. Whatever it is, there is no doubt that whosoever had designed the temple had known the properties of light and used his ingenuity in modelling the construction.

There is a stone inscription at the entrance of the temple and the word "Rudrama" could be made out of the letters in the inscription. The period of construction of the temple can therefore with certainty be determined as during the reign of Rudrama Devi of the Kakatiya dynasty.

This temple is not so very well-known or so frequently visited as the other temple in the village of Pachala Someswara which is about two or three furlongs from the Chaya Someswara temple.

The legend about the Pachala Someswara temple is that just below the shining *lingam* in the temple there used to be a very big and brilliant emerald which was stolen during the long and chequered period of its existence. The upper portion of the temple is deemed to have fallen down and it was stated to have been renovated during the Prime Ministership of Maharaj Kishen Pershad at his instance.

While what catches the eye in the Chaya Someswara temple is the scientific skill of its builders, what enthalls the eye in the Pachala Someswara temple is its architectural skill. The pillars of the temple show evidence of this skill. On one of the pillars, scenes from the *Mahabharata* and *Ramayana* are chiselled, while on the roof the Ashta Dikpalas are cut.



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The outer portions of the walls contain several figures of Gods and Devas, Siva and Fire dominating. What is interesting for a historian or a research scholar is the various types of musical instruments in vogue at that time. Not only that; hair-styles of ladies—they number about twenty—are found on the walls.

There are several other carved stones strewn about the precincts of the temple and it is explained that they represent the top portion of the temple and that they were discarded at the time of renovation. What is thought to be the head of Prataparudra, Emperor of Andhra during the Kakatiya period, is also found in the precincts of the temple. Unfortunately, what is available is only the head portion, the other part of the statue having been cut off either by vandals or by accident. The features of the head por-

tion and the headgear clearly indicate that it is of Prataparudra.

It is gratifying to see that these historical and religious monuments are receiving some attention at the hands of the authorities. While it cannot be denied that it would have been better if these monuments had been preserved better, and their maintenance had been taken up earlier, one should be thankful that most of the architectural skill of the old times is still preserved at least to some extent.

The existence of such architectural beauty-spots and constructional skill indicating scientific knowledge of a high degree should be more widely known.

It is, however, for the scientists to explain the phenomena observed in the temple of shadows of Chaya Someswara.

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HOW TO AVOID WORRY & ATTAIN MENTAL HEALTH

Swami Sivananda

HOWEVER healthy or successful we may appear to be to others we are, in reality, no healthier or greater than our thoughts and feelings.

Medical science, today, accepts as true that the health of the body is greatly influenced by the mental attitude of the individual concerned.

If one takes a walk through the ward of any hospital, one will see striking examples of the difference in reactions to pain and illness.

Doctors will testify that on many occasions their patients have been kept alive by their indomitable minds, whereas others have died simply because they did not have the will to live.

It will be seen, therefore, that our 'power to live' as well as our peace

of mind, are dependent upon mental health.

If a person is in good health it seldom occurs to him that he should do anything to maintain this happy state of affairs. Probably he is concerned with some ambition—to succeed in business, to solve family problems or to make more money. These are not bad in themselves, in fact, it is important to our well-being that all of us should have a goal towards which we may strive. But it is not proper to strive to fulfil an ambition at the expense of our health.

Single-mindedness is very useful when concentrating upon some objective, but there is always the danger that we may overlook other important things of life.

If we examine the statistics of mental disorders, it will be found that very few victims are engaged in any form of willing service for others.

Perhaps many of us are too busy helping other people to brood over much about their own affairs or health.

There is an obvious conclusion to be drawn from this. To maintain our own mental health, it is desirable that we should be interested in other people about their thoughts, reactions and problems—and be ever ready to give all possible help at all possible times.

Selfishness in our dealings with others can be as harmful as a morbid interest in ourselves. Both are productive of mental disorders, and we should do everything in our power to avoid both of them.

In fact, they are both health destroyers with which we ourselves must deal because they represent attitudes of mind brought about by ourselves and none else. We should not blame others for thought habits.

Many a time a whole family boast that they keep themselves to themselves but we have seen that such people are seldom very happy.

They may protest that they never do harm to anyone, but (this is an important factor) they do not render service to others outside of their own little circle.

Whether we like it or not, it is unhealthy to cut ourselves off from other people.

One of the ways of maintaining mental health is to have generous interest in life, thereby directing our thoughts outwards.

If we wish to assess our own value, it should be based on our usefulness to others, not the ability to succeed in acquiring personal gain!

● ● ●

Children have a great sense of curiosity and wonder. They are always asking questions and finding things out for themselves. This is obviously the reason why it is unusual for children to be unhappy unless some adult is being deliberately cruel to them.

They have their weepy moments of course, but it is long before their buoyant spirits and interest rise again.

So we may well learn a lesson from children by maintaining our sense of intense curiosity and wonder. This is certainly a healthy state, and we should never allow ourselves to grow out of it.

Happy enthusiasm is conducive to mental health and therefore let us all set out to become the right kind of enthusiasts.

● ● ●

There are so many worthwhile projects in which we may be interested.

The majority of us possess hidden talents which unless we persevere in, are never brought to light.

That flair for artistic design, a good ear for music, or a natural ability to handle instruments—such potentials should be carefully developed until they become real skills and a source of lasting pleasure to us.

There is a very natural tendency for us to get into a rut by carrying out the same routine day after day.

We may easily develop many unhelpful routine habits such as taking the same bus to work, looking for an empty railway carriage every

morning; travelling in silence without attempting to make conversations or new friends—which are all very common and very unhelpful habits.

It is worthwhile examining some of our routine habits to see whether they are, in fact, the best we can contrive.

Many people go through life with a straight face and wonder why they seldom attract any friends.

If only they would wear a smile instead of a frown, they would be amazed at the difference it would make in their lives.

The majority of those who enjoy good mental health are not aware of the fact. To them, life is a wonderful experience, and they do not allow selfish worries to mar their enjoyment of it.

It is true, they have their problems, but they solve them in a positive and practical way.

● ● ●

Worry is the cause of so many ailments and yet only few people outside the medical profession will recognise this fact.

A large number of diseases stem primarily from a change in glandular secretion, and these secretions are controlled by the nervous system.

It therefore follows that any harmful nervous disorder from constant worry must eventually affect these secretions.

When their friends are beset by troubles, well-meaning and sympathetic people advise, "Do not worry about it."

Though they think that this is the right thing to say, yet such advice is useless.

A more positive approach is necessary if any real assistance can be given.

Consider the nature of those worries which keep so many people awake at night and haunt them like gloomy spectres in the daytime.

Mostly it will be found that such worries are concerned with events which 'never might happen.'

In fact, they seldom do.

However, in spite of this, the harmful practice continues.

The amount of mental energy wasted on worry is enormous. If only those people with a 'worrying nature' would learn to harness all this energy and direct it along useful lines!

Many people ask, "How can we stop worrying?" The answer, in simple term, is that they have the power to control their own mind.

They can make it their servant instead of their master.

This is not merely a theory, but a psychological fact. It can be done, but only by the people concerned. Others can offer advice and direct their efforts along the right channels, but none can stop another person from worrying. They must do it themselves.

Obviously all of us worry to a degree. It is in the very nature of things that we should do so. Such kind of worry does not become harmful until it develops into a gnawing anxiety, and small problems are visualised as enormous obstacles.

The mouth becomes dry at the very thought of it, and there is an uncomfortable emptiness at the pit of the stomach.

This is where the danger begins, and positive action should be taken

OCTOBER 15, 1961

before any harm is done to the body.

The remedy is a simple one, and it is not necessary to learn complicated formulae, or observe any weird rituals.

It is largely a matter of common sense, assisted by the very essential quality—perseverance. It is here that many people fail.

In the beginning their intentions are very good and are full of enthusiasm. But after trying for a while, their energies begin to flag. They feel that it is too much trouble and they make excuses for themselves. In the end they admit defeat and conclude that the whole idea was a failure from the start.

In truth it was failure because they made it so and it could just as easily have been a success if they had persevered.

● ● ●

Let us apply practical treatment to this nuisance called persistent worry, and in most cases we may be able to trace the worry to a particular cause. For instance let us suppose that it is concerned with that topical difficulty, viz. money shortage.

We are much afraid because we shall not have money enough to meet a future commitment. So this fear is the basis of the whole matter.

In other words worry is fear in disguise and fear must be met with confidence.

Let us forget the word 'worry' and from now on call it a problem.

The conditions are clear. We wish to make a certain amount of money before a specific date.

The solution may take many forms. A hobby might be converted into a money-making proposition or some

friends might be able to help with suggestions as to how we can extend our activities.

If we concentrate sufficiently on the problem, worry is very soon forgotten and all our energy will be devoted to making a success of the task in hand!

In the same way, a negative worry i.e. worry about something which might happen, can be overcome just as easily.

The solution here is to focus your attention upon some definite thing with interest.

For this, anything is good enough, a hobby or better still, your own job.

Try with efforts to force the mind to concentrate upon this subject to the exclusion of everything else.

Try to keep the enthusiasm alive, and the negative worry will soon disappear.

In most cases, the people who worry a great deal are lacking in self-confidence.

They imagine that events will get out of hand and that they will not be strong enough to cope up with the situation.

They, with fear, examine their own shortcomings, and moan with terror at the prospect of putting up a fight with individuals whom they imagine are very superior to themselves.

They little realise that these same people have their shortcomings as well, and the only difference is that they never allow themselves to be beaten by them!

● ● ●

The worrying type of person when confronted with difficulties, very often seeks refuge in an imaginary ailment.

They begin to get headaches, or their stomach seems out of order.

And finally when they make a visit to their doctor, he offers little consolation when he tells them (tactfully) that there is nothing wrong with them.

Very often these people can treat themselves by becoming interested in life and those living around them.

Doing some one a good turn, or taking up a hobby will soon put matters right and those former worries will assume little or no importance.

This kind of treatment, if sincerely pursued, will not only cure the habit of worrying, but at the same time greatly enrich the personality.

Eyes that were dull before, will begin to sparkle with the lustre of enthusiasm.

Fear and nervousness will be dispelled and a new confidence will be infused.

One will be surprised to note the very same mind which was beset with fear and worry is now completely different.

Potent healing forces are now working, and for the first time, the real meaning of life becomes apparent.

There are no more those dreary days of suspense when disaster loomed at every turn.

To the individual, worry is a thing of the past, and finds no place in the new order of things.

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ANSWERS BY
K. M. MUNSHI

950

Sri B. S. Ghorpade, Sandur.

Q: Is it possible to get scientific knowledge from Bhagavad Gita?

A: Science is the knowledge of the material world based on laboratory experiments. *Bhagavad Gita* deals with the moral and spiritual forces which mould a man's life, though its advice on many matters relating to conduct, *pranayam* and food are based on a true insight into the physical composition of man.

951

Sri A.V.D. Sarma, Madras 17.

Q: Could the Tirupati Devasthanam establish a Radio Transmitting Station of its own on the model of the Vatican Radio for the exclusive propagation of Bhakti and Sanatana Dharma?

A: I wish it would.

952

Sri R. V. Ramakrishnan, Madras-17.

Q: Where did Adi Sankaracharya leave his immortal human body?

A: Many places claim the honour, but nobody knows for certain what the real spot is.

953

Sri S. H. Kulkarni, Belgaum.

Q: Why are the puranic women Ahalya, Draupadi, Sita, Tara and Mandodari called the five virgins whose contemplation is said to release one from great sins?

A: They are not virgins. They are *satis*, married wives who were embodiments of wifely devotion.

954

Sri T. Joseph Raju, Bellary.

Q: Can you tell me who is the founder of Hindu Religion and how it came into existence?

A: Hinduism is *sanatana*. It has no founder. It has grown up through ages, influenced and shaped by seers and saints. The Vedas are believed to be its divine source, but if the Vedas are considered as composed by the early *rishis*, its origin can be traced to a much earlier period.

955

Sri R. Anantha Rao, Jagireddy Guda.

Q: *Do you think that Rama is a God?*

A: As much as any man can be.

956

Sri A. Ranga Rao, Mulug.

Q: *How to reconcile the war-like views of leaders like Parasurama and Krishna and the non-violence of Gandhiji?*

A: When God comes down as man His function is to destroy *adharma*. How it can be destroyed depends upon the age and the prevailing forces of wickedness. In an age of wild violence, use of violence in defence of righteousness is *dharma*.

957

Sri D. Sridhara Rao, Gooty.

Q: *Is philosophy of any help in solving the current economic situation of the world?*

A: Yes. No mere economic solution of men's ills can bring happiness. Philosophy and religion can.

958

Sri T. Joseph Raju, Bellary.

Q: *How to overcome sensual thoughts and appetites?*

A: By thinking pure thoughts; by keeping the mind engaged in activities unconnected with sex; by keeping away from sexy books and cinemas; by wise sex-indulgence in marriage and by developing a distant, respectful attitude towards women generally.

959

Sri B. S. Ghorpade, Sandur.

Q: *Can you tell me why Sanyasins always wear the saffron colour?*

A: Traditionally saffron is the distinguishing colour of their dress.

960

Sri K. S. Shamasundaram, Mysore.

Q: (i) *Would you kindly explain the basic difference between Dwaita and Adwaita systems of philosophy?*

(ii) *Who was the first dramatist in Sanskrit and the English languages and what are the plays they wrote?*

A: How can I answer questions which look more like a demand for ready-made answers to examination?

Anyway, *Dwaita* is based on the doctrine that God and Soul are different; *Adwaita* on the doctrine that they are one.

For (ii) take the trouble to refer to Histories of Sanskrit and English literatures.

961

Sri T. V. Ananda Kumar, Anantapur.

Q: *Why does evil triumph and why do good people suffer at all?*

A: Why do you assume that all those who appear to succeed in the world are evil-minded and all who suffer are good? Securing success is not triumph and securing failure is not suffering. Often suffering is the school in which the best in us comes out.

962

Sri M. C. Venkatesh, Yervagunta.

Q: *A Christian friend of mine asks me why God created Devas and Daanavas and why he did not give them equal knowledge?*

A: Ask him, with my best compliments, why was Satan created so wicked and the angels so good? Or created at all! All religions make distinction between the pure and good on the one hand and the impure and wicked on the other, and believe in Powers representing each.

963

Sri G. Padma Reddy, Secunderabad.

Q: *If God is formless, how is it that some Bhaktas have declared that they have seen God?*

A: God pervades all, and is therefore formless. But it is possible for man to conceive of Him or realise Him only in forms. To each man God appears in the form in which he worships Him.

964

Sri S. Ramakrishna Gupta, Vizianagaram.

Q: *I have read an article in your Journal wherein Prahlada was praised as a great saint. But did he not transgress the injunctions of his father, who is said to be the embodied God?*

A: No. If the father disowns God, he no longer embodies God. Our first and paramount loyalty is to God. If the father is godless, a son or daughter should make an effort to reclaim him by love and respect.

965

Sri Sreenivas Rao, Raichur.

Q: *When did Lord Krishna reveal himself as God Almighty to the world for the first time?*

A: In my opinion, He revealed Himself to Arjuna on the battle-field of Kurukshetra for the first time, as described in Canto XI of the Bhagavad Gita. Some Puranas state that He appeared so to his father Vasudeva at birth.

966

Sri K. Ranganath, Rayadurg.

Q: *Why do people ring the bells when they go to temples?*

A: It is a way by which the hearts of men can be uplifted in prayer by rising above the sordidness of the world.

967

Sri S. M. Gurbaxani, Koraput.

Q: *Why did God create man as well as sorrow?*

A: God did not create sorrow. We create sorrow for ourselves by our weakness in not developing peace of mind.

968

Sri P. R. Akhileswaran, Bombay-31.

Q: *Although it is known that Sri Sankaracharya re-established Adwaita, why does he in his later verses, refer to deities like Siva, Amba, Lakshmi, Ganesa and the like?*

A: Through his hymns, Sankaracharya prepared a ladder for people whose minds were not fully developed to climb to faith.

M. Mongi Slim



NOT since the days of Suez has the U.N. been faced with problems of such magnitude and moment as it is today with Katanga bedevilling the mightiest of minds and the threat to peace in West Asia. The U.N.'s very future would appear to be fraught with dangerous possibilities, particularly if Russia persists with its troika plan. The onus of pulling the U.N. out of the fire of possible disintegration has fallen on the shoulders of M. Mongi Slim (pronounced Monjee Sleem) of Tunisia who has been representing his country in the U.N. since its independence.

Slim was the hot favourite for the *gaddi* of the 16th Session of the U.N. General Assembly on the eve of the election. When the majority of Afro-Asians assured Dr. Ali Sastroamidjojo of Indonesia, his only rival in the race, of their strong support for his Presidency in the 17th Session, Ali left the race, leaving the field clear for the unanimous election of Slim. Indeed Slim was canvassed for the Secretary-General's post too which had fallen vacant by the untimely and tragic death of Dag Hammarskjöld, but Slim refused.

The very first thing Slim did on taking over from Dag Hammarskjöld was to pay a warm tribute to the late Secretary-General who had "died on the battle-field of peace". It was his belief, said Slim, that the example set by Mr. Hammarskjöld would inspire and guide him in carrying out his role as President. He concluded: "May it please God that this session which began under the shadow of sorrow will end beneath the sign of peace."

It is strange that the framers of the U.N. charter did not provide for the succession to the office of the Secretary-General through death of the holder. Nor did the late Mr. Hammarskjöld who normally was punctilious in his arrangements appoint an acting Secretary-General. The result is that this uncertainty has become a convenient handle to intransigence. It is reported, however, that the retiring President Boland has tipped Slim that the normal procedure for the election of the Secretary-General would be to have a vote of for

was to pay a warm tribute to the late Secretary-General who had "died on the battle-field of peace". It was his belief, said Slim, that the example set by Mr. Hammarskjöld would inspire and guide him in carrying out his role as President. He concluded: "May it please God that this session which began under the shadow of sorrow will end beneath the sign of peace."

choosing the new incumbent. But with Russia, one of the quintet of permanent members, dangling its veto, a battle royal, legal and psychological, may be expected to shock the citadel of Lake Success in the days between.

The one great question that agitates the minds of statesmen of the world today is whether Mongi Slim, circumstanced as he is, will stand up to the problems confronting the U.N. Of course there are the power blocs hitched one way or the other; but the office of the President is peculiar in that it commands much higher responsibilities and overlooks individual likes and dislikes. The success of the office consists in keeping all the parties together at the temple of Peace. In this regard Slim would appear to be the right choice for the office, if reports of his talents are any index, for Slim is said to be a brilliant corridor politician and his forte is stated to be the rare ability to get other people to do what he wants by gentle but firm pressure.

Perhaps a look at the record of his contribution to the U.N. debates during the past years would yield an insight into his character and abilities. During the U-2 crisis, for instance, he was the spearhead of a drive in the Security Council to ease tension. Again, he gave his firm support to U.N. intervention in the Congo. Very recently he delivered a broadside against the South-African delegation that peace would be in eternal danger if the monster of racism was not banished once and for all and that the people of South Africa should enjoy full freedom, rights and dignity in their own country.

Considered as the logical successor of Bourguiba, Slim is one of the few patriots the world over who has been sanctified by the fire of patriotism. Just 54 last month, he comes of a stock which has three races—Greek, Turkish and Arab—running through it. One of his ancestors, a Greek, was captured as a boy by pirates and sold to the Bey of Tunis who eventually made him his minister. His paternal grandfather was an aristocrat and ruled over a Tunisian province. His mother came of a Turkish noble family well-known for its scholarship in Moslem law.

Educated at the Sadiki College, Tunis, Slim graduated brilliantly at 16, went to Sorbonne and studied law. Even as a student he joined anti-French demonstrations and got rounded up, beaten and sent home. While in Paris, Slim met Bourguiba with whom he spent hours discussing Tunisia's independence. He soon became the centre of political activities and many students collected round him. It is said that he actively helped Algerian independence movement.

Returning to Tunisia in 1936, he joined Bourguiba and founded the Neo Destour Party which pledged itself to work for the emancipation of Tunisia from French rule. An event which characterises him at this time was this. He loved a young Tunisian girl, but gave her up saying that patriotism such as his and domestic pleasure would go ill together. Just as anticipated, all the Neo Destour Party leaders were arrested in April 1938 and sent to a Marseilles's prison where they had no language with the Germans released them in 1943.

After the war, he plunged again into the struggle for Tunisian liberation. For years he travelled all over the country incognito and set up liberation units everywhere. The Government placed a premium on his head. He was captured at last in 1952 by the French and sentenced to two years imprisonment. In 1954, however, he was released for the purpose of joining Bourguiba in his *pourparlers* with the French for the freedom of his country. Once his country became free, Bourguiba made him his first Minister of the Interior in which capacity he worked hard and paved the way to attain complete independence. When in March 1956 full independence came, Bourguiba named him his Ambassador to U.S., Canada and also as the permanent delegate to the U.N.

Described as 'clever, brilliant and deductive, an adept in soothing frayed nerves, Slim is a smiling, buoyant figure of but five feet two. An addict of coffee, he is credited with swallowing as many as forty cups a day, although as a devout Moslem, he has vetoed alcoholic drinks and other forbidden meat in his life. He has, however, a weakness for lady nicotine, for he smokes no less than three packs of cigarettes a day.

In his younger days Slim used to fight with his fists and win, and one hopes he won't have any more use for that propensity in his present office. He is too fat and busy for soccer, another of his schooldays passion. But one dares say that he finds ample time to read detective stories which used to be another of his favourite pastimes.

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Tapasvini

K. M. MUNSHI

Translated from Gujarati by H. M. Patel, I.C.S. (Retd.)

58. Ravi Plays His Hand

IN his address to the Legislative Assembly, the Governor thundered: The farmers of Bardoli must surrender. The members of the Legislature representing Surat give an undertaking that the new revenue assessment will be paid. If these conditions are not fulfilled, strong measures will be taken to suppress the movement.

This ultimatum took many legislators by surprise. Some of them decided to sever all connections with the movement.

Sheela, who was in Bardoli at the time, was thereupon asked by Sardar to go and meet the legislators in Poona to persuade them to stand by the Movement. Accordingly, she arrived in Bombay in the company of Ravi.

Ravi who had come with Sheela from Bardoli, after taking his food, went to meet Uday in his chambers in the Fort. He was in a particularly happy mood. The situation in Bardoli had become critical, and he felt that the more critical it grew, the greater would be his opportunity to step in and come to the notice of Sardar.

That was the only way to improve his position among the Congress workers.

As he took his seat in the tram car, a paper fell from the file relating to Bardoli that Sheela had asked him to give to Uday. Ravi picked up the paper. It appeared to be an unsigned letter. He could not restrain his curiosity to read a few lines, and once he began to read them, he read the letter through:

"Tapasvini, even as I met you on the first occasion, the memory of our love as in the lives gone by came back to my mind. You were mine since the beginning of the creation.

"That night, later, I couldn't close my eyes. Whenever I could, I dreamt of you. Awake or asleep, I saw nothing but your eyes smiling at me; and heard your soft, eloquent voice which was meant only for me and no one else.

"Whenever I was shaken out of my dreams, I felt every part of my body was longing for Sheela. 'I was not thine, but a part of thee.'

"Never had I felt like this, and now that it happened, I knew what it meant.

"I didn't know what you had been, much less did I care to know it. I

didn't know what your thoughts were, but I knew that you were mine.

"Like a *pujari* offering flowers to his god, I offered my all to you. It is for the god to deign to accept it.

"Again, I met you as if in a dream. We were walking in a leafy glade overhung by the branches of flowering trees gently swaying to the breeze. The creepers then were dancing to the notes of the birds as they sang.

"We walked together over a carpet of flowers—only you and I—the Tapasvini and the Poet. At the time there was no one else in the wide, wide world.

"Goddess mine, you swayed with the tender grace of a lotus stem and my heart swayed in rhythm..

"You cast down your eyes in humility, yet I saw in them the gates of Heaven open to me. When the eyes flashed, I was in flames.

"Then, dearest mine, you started to sing. Do you remember how your voice came, waves on waves, breaking on my heart? I swayed to the rhythm of your song. I was overpowered with pain, ever so delicious and I felt intoxicated with joy.

"Tapasvini, that night I was in a happy dream, when I saw you looking into my lonely, helpless heart. Then, also I had a glimpse of yours.

"God had created two bodies with one soul and set them moving in different orbits. Cruelly He had denied them the joys of coming together.

"I shuddered at the separation which had lasted for aeons. I was in tears, yet tears gave me no relief.

"Tapasvini, that night you came to me, the very image of love. I was asleep. I neither saw you, nor did I hear you. But I felt certain that you came.

"Didn't you fix your loving eyes on me? Didn't your lips touch my forehead like the gentle breeze of the dawn?

"And your touch revived me, Tapasvini. Then I gave you all that I had. There is nothing more a selfish woman can give you."

Ravi couldn't help smiling. The letter was in the handwriting of Uday. It was a love-letter. Though addressed to Tapasvini, Ravi could see that it was not included in Uday's published novel, *Tapasvini*. Now he understood everything. It was a love-letter addressed to Sheela by Uday; by chance it had fallen into his hands.

What was to be done now? If he returned the letter to Sheela, it might create misunderstanding. Without fully realizing what he was doing, he folded the letter and put it in his pocket. Then he was roused to jealous anger. Uday and Sheela were happy. They behaved as if they were meant for each other. Such happiness could never be his, said he to himself bitterly. He would have liked to destroy their happiness that very moment, if he could.

At half-past five, Uday returned to his chambers from the Court. He held professional conferences, gave instructions to Ravi on several points, gave interviews to the editors of some newspapers on Bardoli. Then accompanied by Ravi he went to meet several prominent public men in connection with Bardoli.

Anger continued to smoulder in Ravi's heart. Uday was the child of good fortune. He came from a good family and had an affectionate, pious mother. His sister was a goddess. He had money, ability, skill, eloquence and culture, in fact, everything. All that Uday wanted was a loving wife and he had succeeded in winning the love of a wonderful woman like Sheela. On the other hand, he, Ravi, had to struggle for every-

thing. It was an unjust world. Then he felt a little happy speculating on the estranged relation between Sheela and her husband. Was this innocent-looking Sheela betraying her husband?

Then Uday and Ravi went to meet Sheela at the Charkha Mandal. Ravi could not take his eyes off her attractive figure, as he saw Uday take a seat on a chair by her side. After several visitors had left, they came to him.

"Would you drop me at my house?" Sheela asked Uday.

"It is scarcely necessary for you to ask," replied Uday.

Ravi could read a new meaning in the eyes and smiles with which the two greeted each other. He was now convinced that they were lovers.

"Tripathi," said Uday, "We will drop Sheelabehn behind at her house before going on to our home. I hope you will dine with us."

"Thank you," said Ravi as he took his seat by the side of the driver in the front seat of the car.

Ravi had an impression that Sheela gave something to Uday which he immediately put in his pocket. Possibly, it was a reply to the letter which Uday had written to her.

This was the first time Ravi went to Napean Sea Road in a car. He saw fine buildings sparkling with electric lights and glimpsed the luxurious flats in which their inmates lived. For a moment, he was bitter again. But he soon regained his composure. He took a fresh pledge. He would yield to no attraction, to no temptation, he would only pursue his objective with a single mind, achieve power through sacrifice and austerity.

Hardly had Uday and Sheela got out of the car after arriving at Radharaman's house, when Radharaman's car was driven in. The barrister stepped out of his car, evidently drunk, barely able to walk steadily.

Ravi also got down from the car and stood on one side of the verandah where he could look into the drawing-room on the ground-floor.

Radharaman walked unsteadily towards Sheela and Uday. "You have returned from Bardoli.... from that wretch Vallabh," said Radharaman, unable to control the hiccups which interrupted his speech. "You, woman, you have dealt me a fatal blow. I just now heard that Jairam Desai was going to be appointed a member of the Executive Council..... I have been left out..... Yes, yes, I *must* be left out. My wife has joined that man Vallabh's army in Bardoli.... She has ruined my life.... She has betrayed me. There is no future for me.... You miserable wretch...."

Radharaman's voice became more hoarse and unsteady. Even Ravi was struck dumb at the awful domestic scene he was witnessing.

"Radharaman Saheb, let us go upstairs," said Uday persuasively. "Down here, others will be able to hear what you are saying."

Radharaman raised his voice. "I don't care.... I don't care.... The Governor refused even to see me.... That is all because of you.... You have ruined me.... Politics.... Your obsession with Gandhiji.... Stupid...."

Never before had Ravi heard a husband insulting his wife in such a manner. He also saw servants of the

house come and stand behind the doors listening to the master. He could also hear Sheela's sobs.

Then Radharaman turned to Uday and almost frothing at his mouth said, "You, hypocrite, . . . you scoundrel. . . ."

"Sir, what are you saying?" said Uday in a beseeching voice. "Please think a little before you speak."

"Shut up! Get out, you black-guard," shouted Radharaman.

Uday ignored the insult and continued his efforts to persuade Radharaman to go upstairs.

"I will not go," said Radharaman and sat down in a chair. "You miserable woman. . . . A membership of the Executive Council was virtually mine. . . . You lost it for me. I nourished a snake in my bosom. . . . Now, you can go wherever you like. Don't come back if you don't want to."

Suddenly Sheela controlled her tears and stood in front of Radharaman in anger and said: "Will you stop talking?"

"Shut up. I shall speak.

"Shut up. . . . you had better behave yourself.

"You *charkha-mad!* I shall speak whatever I want. This is my house. You get out, you traitor. Get out."

Radharaman went on talking angrily and still under the influence of liquor shouted: "You have ruined my life. Get out."

"Very well. I am going. Uday, come along. I shall not stay here any longer," replied Sheela angrily. Sheela came out of the drawing-room followed by Uday.

"Sheelabehn

"Uday, don't say anything. I shall

not set foot in this house again. Come along." She ran out of the house and got into Uday's car. Uday followed her.

He called out to Ravi: "Tripathi, I shall not be able to do any more work today. You had better take a taxi to your house, and on the way please tell Raj that we shall come late. And meet us tomorrow at the station."

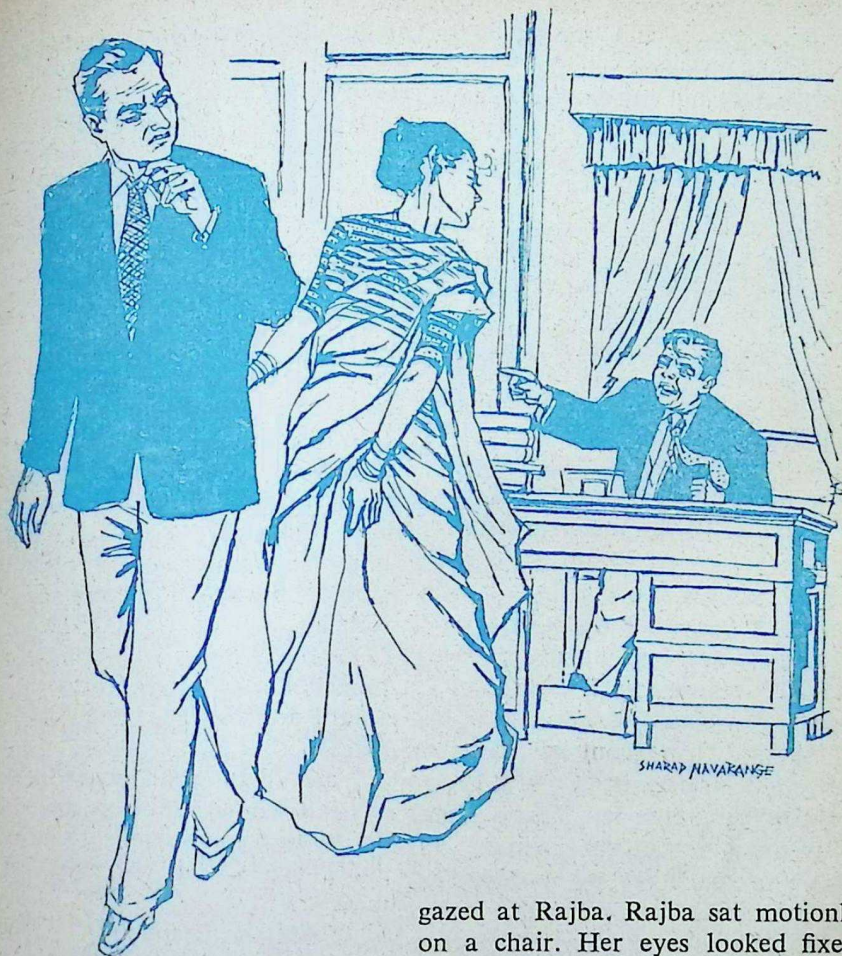
As Ravi left Uday and Sheela, he could see that the domestic life of Radharaman and the love affair of Uday and Sheela had been mixed up in political intrigues; this, he concluded, must be the doings of Yashodhar whose veiled hints he had not forgotten. This therefore was a God-given opportunity to remove Uday from his way.

On his way to his house, Ravi stopped his taxi near an Irani Restaurant and rang up Yashodhar from there.

"Yashodhar, what have you done?" asked Ravi. "Aren't you ashamed of destroying Sheelabehn's happiness? You have made Radharaman extremely angry."

"What has happened?" enquired Yashodhar as if he did not know what was meant, though Ravi could sense a note of triumph in the other's voice.

"Why do you ask what has happened?" asked Ravi: "You are responsible for the quarrel. Sheelabehn has been driven out of the house by Radharaman." Ravi said with an air of righteous indignation, pretended to hesitate for a moment and then in a voice of feigned concern asked, "What will the world say about her?"



Over the telephone came Yashodhar's sinister and cruel voice. "How does it concern me?" He disconnected the telephone with a bang.

Ravi now knew Yashodhar's game; he had ruined the reputation of both Uday and Sheela. That was good; he himself could now step in and control further developments.

When Ravi arrived at Uday's house, he found the front door open. He stood for a while in the door-way and

gazed at Rajba. Rajba sat motionless on a chair. Her eyes looked fixedly out of the window.

"Was she unconscious? Was she ill?" he asked himself. Then his conscience began to prick him. The thought came to him: In betraying Uday had he not betrayed Rajba?

The next moment, he cast aside his scruples. If he had to acquire power, there had to be no place for sentimental nonsense. He coughed gently.

As if she had been brought down to earth, Rajba slowly moved her eyes from the window and fixed them

on Ravi. They appeared to be reproaching him.

Ravi summoned up his courage. "Rajba", he said, "Udaybhai has asked me to tell you that he and Sheela-behn will be coming late. They will however dine at home."

Rajba said nothing. She continued to sit where she was, her eyes in intense pain. Ravi felt that her heart was being tortured by his meanness. He trembled from head to foot. Somehow, Ravi managed to say, "Ba, I am leaving."

Raj continued to stare at him. Then, as if she were speaking in her sleep, she asked: "What made you behave like this?"

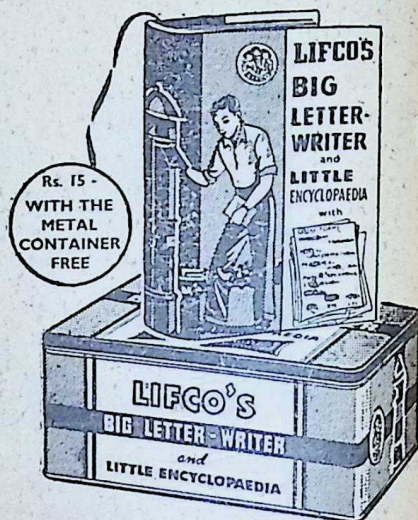
Ravi couldn't make out whether the question was put to him or to some imaginary person. But her voice pierced his heart as if with a sharp sword. Raj shut her eyes.

Ravi fled from the house. When he arrived at his rooms, he flung his cap on the ground and threw himself down on a mat. "You, wicked, miserable wretch," he said to himself.

Ravi could not sleep that night. Rajba's large eyes seemed to penetrate layer after layer of the conceit which filled his heart. Even in his dream, those large eyes continued to pursue him like a pair of Sudarshan Chakras. He tried to run away from there. He ran and ran until he collapsed. He awoke with a start. And he felt that he was indeed a wicked man.

[To be continued]

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the curse works

(Continued from issue dated June 25, 1961)

[Rajarshi Manjura is called on by Indra in disguise to adjudicate on a complicated case in which a Brahmin, a Kshatriya, a Vaishya and a Shudra keep a common woman between them, the issue being, after a certain event, to which of the four does she really belong. The King rules that she should belong to the Shudra alone, whereupon the other three curse him; the Brahmin curses him to mount the pyre on account of a woman; the Kshatriya curses him to become a brother to his wife; and the Vaishya curses him to become a child to his wife.]

We have pleasure in resuming this serial. The break is regretted.—Ed.

ALTHOUGH the three of them—the Brahmin, Kshatriya and Shudra—regretted their hastiness in dealing the curse on the Rajarshi, they felt themselves unable to revoke the curse and so they went their way. The Shudra took the woman by the hand and went his way, leaving Rajarshi Manjura to his fate. Some days passed by. One day, however, the King of the neighbouring country who had been hunting in those parts chanced to see Manjura. He was struck by the latter's appearance whom he likened to a second Shiva. Drawn by his personality, the King proceeded to where Manjura

was seated and prostrated before him. Manjura received him and together they spent some time in conversation.

As time wore the King thought: "I have heard many say that Manjura was a great king and is now a great *tapasvin*. I am lucky to get his *darshan* today. I think I should become the most fortunate man if I succeed in taking him to my kingdom."

Thinking thus the King revealed his desire. Manjura had no particular objection to accept his invitation and together they returned to the King's capital. The King, considering it a great honour to entertain a *mahatma* like Manjura made elaborate arrangements for his stay and performance of *tapas*. Having regard to its importance, the King commissioned his own young daughter to wait upon Manjura and supervise the arrangements.



Manjura wonder at the beauty of the Princess. One day she was seated by his side administering to his comforts. Manjura who had lately been seeing her too often suddenly found himself madly in love with her. Unable to express his feelings to her, he railed at the Love-god: "As long as I did *tapas* in the sequestered forest, I had you under my toe. Now, you have your revenge!"

It was clear that the curse of the trio had started working. Manjura pulled himself near to the Princess and addressed her: "O, moon-faced girl! I am delighted with your services to me. But there is still one more service left to be done and my satisfaction will be complete!"

The Princess, feeling sorry for her imperfection, replied: "Mahatma! I am young and inexperienced and by their nature my service will be imperfect. I beg of you to consider my short-comings as being unintentional and excuse me for them. I shall only be too glad to mend my ways if you point the mistakes out to me."

Manjura laughed at her innocence and pinching her chubby cheeks said: "O tender creeper! I can't afford to be equivocal with you. I have become a slave to your youth! Please take pity on me and save me!"

Visibly embarrassed and trembling with fear, the Princess replied: "Mahatma! I can't believe it of you! How did this thought occur to you? Am I not too worthless an object for your thought? What with your august *tapas*, you deserve much superior modes of enjoyment in Indra Loka where Rambha and her kind should dance about you to the jinglings of

their anklets and embrace you? You are really wasting your *tapas* thinking of me!"

Replied Manjura: "I dare not stop the arrows of Manmatha. Your company is Indra-loka for me. Don't say no!"

PRINCESS: "Mahatma! I am a virgin; knowing what you propose is *adharma*, does it become you to persist in it?"

MANJURA: "My dear! I am a Kshatriya and what I propose is not against Kshatriya-dharma. Do not object. Say Yes."

Greatly perturbed by the persistence of Manjura in his mad resolve, the Princess let flow a torrent of tears and prostrating before his feet, wailed: "Great one! Why do you seek to stigmatise me with this sin? If you spoil me now, won't I become an eternal object of derision and contempt for all life? How possibly can I bear that state? Please listen to me. If you are dead intent on fulfilling your lust, do this much: marry me in the prescribed manner and we can both save our souls!"

MANJURA: "Listen dear! What I seek is only a *gandharva* form of marriage sanctioned by the *shastras*. The sun and the air will be our witnesses.

PRINCESS: You might marry me by *gandharva* now, but later on forsake me. What guarantee is there for me against it?

MANJURA: I swear that I shall never part from you and never forsake you. Add any number of oaths and I shall be bound by them all.

Manjura thus comforted her by assurances as to his faithfulness. Then at last the Princess relented. The two



then married by *gandharva* and later, taking the Princess along with him, he fled the country.

Reaching a neighbouring kingdom, Manjura left his wife at a dilapidated temple at the outskirts and went into the city to fetch food for her. As he went about the streets, the maid-servant of a local danseuse saw him. She was so much impressed by his looks and bearings that she decided to make a gift of him to her mistress who would be delighted with the company of a leonine man like him. By clever conversations, she enticed Manjura to her mistress's mansion.

She was not wrong in her calculations; for her mistress was really fascinated by Manjura whom she decided to have for herself; for a woman thinks a handsome partner to be more important than a cartload of money.

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The danseuse invited Manjura and offered him all respects. Soon she spread the carpet and set the dice before him, for gambling was an approved form of entertainment for Kshatriyas those days. The two played and in every game Manjura was the loser. This naturally piqued him and he persisted in game after game in all of which he drew blank. It was getting late and in his passion for the game, Manjura forgot all about his young wife.

"It so happened that an old woman was passing by the old temple in which the Princess stayed behind. Finding the attractive Princess alone there the old woman went to her and asked "Who are you, daughter, and why are you alone here?"

The Princess told her that her husband had gone on errand into the city and she was awaiting him.

The old woman saw that it was getting dark and so, said: "My child! Men who go out do not return unless they complete their job. Who knows how late it will be when he returns? This is a forlorn place and night will set in soon. This place too is frequented by robbers and wild beasts. Please come to my house and stay with me. If we meet your husband on the way, well and good. If not, you had better stay with me for the night and I shall somehow find out your husband early tomorrow."

The Princess found her words reasonable and followed her into the town.

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When Manjura returned late at night, he was shocked to find his wife missing at the temple. He searched the surroundings; shouted out. He came almost on the verge of tears and lamenting loudly, tottered back into the city, in the slender hope of being able to find her there.

At the city, he peered into the face of every woman he came across to find if she was not his wife. Soon with all hopes dashed, he became like a mad man.

The danseuse had detailed an aide of hers to watch him and when she heard of his condition, she ordered Manjura be brought to her by coaxing words which was soon done. Once Manjura was back in her mansion, the danseuse employed all the tricks in her repertory and succeeded in winning his love and company.

The Princess was shedding tears of blood on the non-return of her husband when an emissary of the local King happened to notice her in the balcony of the old woman's house. Snapping his fingers he ran to the King and reported: "Lord! I think my life has attained its fulfilment after seeing a celestial beauty to-day. He indeed is Indra who is lucky to marry her."

KING: "What do you mean? Who is she and where is she?"

The emissary reported again after seeing our Princess in the old woman's home. Immediately messengers were despatched to fetch her at all cost. When the messengers accosted her, the Princess felt that her cup of sorrow was full.

Wailed she: "O detestable fate! Is it for this ignominious end that I left my city, father and mother and married a *mahatma*? O, when will my husband return? This King, I am told, is a blackguard. I shudder to think of my fate. I should do something quick if I do not want to become a monument of infamy."

Thinking thus, she called the royal messengers in and said: "Look! Has your King any sense? Does he think that respectable women will enter the palace in broad day light? Tell him to wait till nightfall when I shall myself walk into the palace."

The messengers returned satisfied and reported to the King who felt immensely happy.

But not having any news of her husband till nightfall, the Princess drank poison and made an end of her life, for verily, virtue is a more

important possession for women than opulence.

When the King's messengers came to take her at nightfall they found her dead body. The matter was reported to the King who, for the first time felt that he was responsible for her death. With a guilty conscience he made elaborate arrangements for her cremation.

Manjura who heard the news of the King's arrangement to cremate the body of an unknown woman feared it might be his wife. So he ran to the cremation ground and finding the body to be that of his dear wife, mounted the pyre along with her, cursing himself as responsible for her death. The danseuse who was witness to it, found herself guilty in having beguiled Manjura and so, she too mounted the pyre. The danseuse's maid-servant too entered the pyre, as she too felt guilty.

The King who looked on with surprise at the three of them immolating themselves, ordered that the ashes of all four be taken to Ganga for immersion.

The servants who took the ashes met a Brahmin on the way who, by virtue of his *tapas* directed to Devi, had acquired the science of reviving the dead. Learning from them the tragedy that overtook the four, the Brahmin felt compassion. Wanting to put his newly acquired knowledge to test, he offered to revive them. The royal minions agreed. The Brahmin uttered the incantations and lo! all the four dead emerged alive from the ashes.

[To be continued]



Kulapati Munshiji delivering the lecture.

COLLEGE OF JOURNALISM

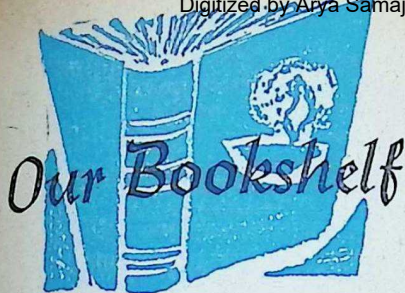
UNDER the auspices of the Bhavan's College of Journalism, Advertising and Printing, Kulapati Sri K. M. Munshi delivered a lecture on Sept. 25, 1961 on "Indian Journalism: Some Reminiscences." Editor Frank Moraes presided. This was the second in the series of lectures organised by the College.

Sri Munshiji recalled his days as a writer-journalist for well over five decades and his experiences as a writer of speeches and a columnist, his occasional excursions into the realm of poetry till he took later to creative writing. Addressing the young aspirants of the profession Sri Munshi said that the first requisite of a true journalist was clarity of perception and expression, with courage to bear the responsibility devolving on him by virtue of his profession. He should think objectively, present facts in the right perspective, obey his conscience and write out of competition. Sri Frank Moraes in his concluding remarks

pointed out the difficulties inherent in adhering to principles which were more often idealistic than practical but nevertheless worth attempting. The meeting ended with a vote of thanks proposed by the Principal of the College.

Sri Sri Prakasa's Lecture

On Wednesday the 4th instant Sri Sri Prakasa, the Governor of Maharashtra, delivered the third lecture in the above series on the subject of "The Journalist as a Teacher." Smt Lilavati Munshi presided. In his speech Sri Prakasa said that a teacher's influence was restricted to the success in his class-room. But newspapers reached a far greater number of people and influenced them. Again, when the teacher taught his students only the subject in which he had specialised, newspapers covered all the activities of life, both national and international. The journalist did not only disseminate news but also moulded the people's opinions. Sri Sri Prakasa, the Governor, proposed a vote of thanks to the Governor.



SATYAMEVA JAYATE. Vol. I. By C. Rajagopalachari. Published by Bha-rathan Publications, Kalki Buildings, Kilpauk, Madras-10. pp. 560. Price: Rs. 6.

'ARE there not good men and true in this land? Or, do you not listen to their counsel?' So asked one of our ancient heroines in the extremity of her predicament facing a grievous wrong that was attempted to be wrought on her. Thuswise obviously is how Rajaji has been feeling as he sees the way in which things of great pith and moment affecting the life and prosperity of millions of his fellowmen are being shaped in Independent India with repercussions far into the future. His retirement from the administrative offices which he held with conspicuous distinction has given him a dispassion which he would not have had previously and which is not available to those who are actually 'in the ring'. And so, he feels called upon to express his 'protests against errors—strong protests against great errors'. This book is the first volume of a collection of his articles in various Journals since 1956 on many burning problems of the day, secular and religious, bearing what his unkind critics may call a self-righteous title.

It must have anguished his heart intensely to part company with the present ideologies of the Congress, true and tried patriot that he is. He bemoans 'that without a single person being responsible, what was at one time a body of unflinching idealists and men of vigour and sacrifice has now become a committee of bureaucrats with power to co-opt and not always

by the general term honesty'. Rajaji commiserates with the Prime Minister for the 'dangerous state of loneliness in which he finds himself' by reason of the 'unqualified adulation' that is offered to him 'day in and day out'. If he inveighs against the many acts of omission and commission committed by the powers that be, it is not as a mere pastime that will keep him engaged in his retirement. He says: 'The dynamic that impels me to warn is not of base kind, but a sense of duty—a feeling that when those who could have more effectively warned are not available—the hand of death having deprived the nation of their wisdom' (he means Mahatmaji and Sardarji)—'I, who remain, would be untrue to the trust and the love that they had been bestowing on me if, preferring quiet and ease, I keep silent over what I felt'. It is his firm conviction that any government, and a democratic government at that like our own which is a nascent one, has everything to gain and nothing to lose by frank, and on occasions, sharp criticism. As he puts it, 'a deaf government and a dumb people do not make democracy' and 'public opinion is worn out by the perseverance of crime.'

In the several articles reproduced in this book, Rajaji exposes according to him the folly of many of the policies and administrative acts of the government of this country, for example in respect of non-alignment, the official language, land ceilings, co-operative farming, the B.C.G., the grave misdemeanours of the members of the Congress Party etc. 'Under no circumstances', says he 'can impatience furnish a solution of a great problem' and he could not reconcile himself to the wrong programmes of the government implemented with dangerous haste. His has been the first voice raised against the nuclear weapons and the need for unilateral abrogation of them is now being echoed by anxious men in other parts of the world.

Thus, in the articles collected here, Rajaji fills the role of a one-man opposition to the Government, both in the Centre and in the States and utters

prophetic warnings to the governments of other lands against the error of their ways. Whether his writings have caused a heart-search among those that he feels compelled to criticise or no, it cannot be gainsaid that there is a large and growing section of thinking people who say to each other: 'Methinks there's much reason in his sayings.' Many of the wrongs that Rajaji inveighs against have not yet been finalised in their execution. It is to be hoped, as it is doubtless his wish, that those concerned in them would give second thoughts to what they have set about to do and will subordinate the politicians that they are to the statesman that is Rajaji.

When the dust of contemporary political and economic controversy has been laid and when its din is heard no more, Rajaji's call to all people at home and abroad sounded in these pages to recapture the spirit of Dharma and to proclaim it by scrupulous adoption in every detail of life will endure for ever. Affirming that 'material progress without religion would be dangerous even if it were possible', he rebukes our Government for the peculiar connotation that it has given to 'secular' in the expression 'secular state'. He instances the U.S. which is not indifferent to religion as we are in our anxiety to be impartial between religions and bids us learn a lesson from the Soviet hostility to religion.

Although a non-conformist, Rajaji has his being rooted in religion and faith in God as the dispenser of destiny of individuals as of nations. 'The worship of God', says he, 'is an elemental necessity of life—man cannot dispense with God any more than he can do away with food and drink and fresh air.' Apart from the topical subjects of present-day politics that are dealt with in many articles, what will be of special interest to the readers of this *Journal* are Rajaji's brief but beautiful expositions of the eternal truths of our philosophy and Religion enshrined in the Upanishads and the *Gita* with illustrative quotations from the rarest of our philosophical and religious classics. These deserve to be care-

fully and reverently read; for, they instruct how life every day, in the private and in the public sector, should be informed and guided by those external principles. It is his considered opinion that 'whatever the forms and rituals of different creeds and denominations, religion and the restraint that it imposes on human behaviour are of inestimable value.' It is from this dharmic angle that Rajaji looks, and bids his readers look at every act that we may conceive and execute.

Would his counsel be listened to, or, would he have to cry out in despair like the sage of old: 'With arms uplifted, I proclaim the ways of Dharma to the world: but, alas! nobody seems to turn his ears to me!'? One need not be unduly pessimistic, for, after all, India is "Dharmakshetra".

—Prof. P. Sankaranarayanan

I WANT A JOB OR WHAT CAN I DO?

By Richard B. Gregg. Published for Gandhi Smarak Nidhi, New Delhi, by Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay-7. pp. 30. Price: 50 nP.

'BACK TO THE VILLAGE' is the slogan one frequently hears nowadays; modern amenities are being slowly but surely taken to the countryside; but the lure of big towns and cities is too great to resist and very few people are found who are willing to share their knowledge in medicine, engineering and allied subjects with the villagers. A thorough study of the book under review will set people thinking and enable them to study the problem of the village in a new light. Although it modestly claims to be a pamphlet, as much information as can be found in a regular book is packed in its pages.

—Sri V. Krishnaswami Sarma

VISHVA DHARMA. By Acharya Visheshanand. Translated into English by M. S. Bhatiya. Published by the Vishva Dharma Mission, New Delhi-3. pp. 283. Price: Rs. 5.

ACHARYA VISHESHANANDA has laid the world of spiritual aspirants under a deep debt of gratitude by his

helpful and wise publications. The Vishva Dharma Institute at Delhi is doing excellent work under the leadership of the learned Acharya.

Religion today is being challenged on two counts: that it is a narrow dogma vouchsafed to a select few, and that its practical effect has led to inhuman activities in the world. In the name of religion, men have hated one another enough. Thanks to the study of comparative religion, men today have discovered a core of agreement between the different religions of the world. The area of argument lays stress on *Humanism* and the practice of moral virtues called *Sadharana dharma* i.e., *honesty, justice, non-violence, truth, forgiveness, non-stealing etc.* The author of the volume under review, puts forth a vigorous plea for a universal religion that answers to the needs of humanity and satisfies the rationality of men. The chapters on *self-realisation, devotion, and the nature of dharma and its types*, deserve special attention. The presentation is clear and well-explained. The volume is neatly got up. A more careful proof-reading will enhance the value of the volume. The volume is a very faithful translation in English of the Hindi version of the book by the Acharya.

—Dr. P. Nagaraaja Rao

KANNADA

CHHANDOGYOPANISHAD (in Kannada script). Edited, with an introduction (30 pages), word for word Kannada translation and general notes, by Swami Adidevananda. Published by the President, Sri Ramakrishna Ashrama, Vanivilasmohalla, Mysore-2. pp. 480. Price: Rs. 6.

THE comparison between the *Brihadaranyaka* and the *Chhandogya Upanishads* is instructive; both contain eight chapters (the first 2 chapters of *Brihad* are ritual and so left out), both are related to the *Sāmaveda*, both are the most voluminous among the Upanishads, both are equally important as

supplying many important topics for Vedānta philosophy and so are made full use of by Bādarāyana Vyasa in his *Brahmasutras*. This comparison has been cleverly suggested by Sri Sankara in the opening paragraphs of his commentary on these Upanishads. The speciality, however, of the *Chhandogya Upanishad* lies in its dealing with the *Upāsana*s like *Dahara Vidya, Shāṇḍilya Vidya*, etc.

The learned introduction by the Editor on behalf of the Ramakrishna Ashrama, Mysore, comes fully up to the level of the publications of the famous Ashrama in Madras, Calcutta and elsewhere. Having expressed an open mind as to the question whether the *Dramida Acharya* referred to by Sri Sankara was an Advaitin or a Visishtadvaitin as referred to by Sri Ramanuja in his *Vedārtha Sangraha*, the introduction proceeds to summarise the contents of each of the eight chapters. The first two chapters deal with the mystic significance of Aum or Udgētha, symbol of the Supreme, first in the reverse or *vyasta* order and then in the ordinary or *sama* order. As the second chapter has declared, the *Upasaka* or devotee who would worship with such convictions, would attain the nature of *Āditya* or the Sun equated with the Supreme Brahman. The third chapter, starting with this mystic equation, proceeds to expound the significance of *Madhuvidya*; *Āditya* is the embodiment of honey or *madhu* and enables men and other creatures to enjoy or suffer according to the nature of their merit or sin. This *Upāsana*, performed in the right way, enables its performer to live the full span of life of 116 years, surrounded by his sons and grandsons. The fourth *Adhyaya* naturally concentrates on the *Sagunopāsana*, illustrating its significance by the story of Raikva and Jānashruti. *Samvarga Vidya* is taught by the former and the chapter ends by referring to *Samyadvāma* as the best, most auspicious and most glorious name of the Lord. The fifth chapter dealing with the conversation of Raikva and Jānashruti with the

express purpose of inculcating *Vai-rāgya* or renunciation in the minds of even lay devotees. This naturally leads on to a consideration of the *ekatva* or oneness of the Atman, realising which alone the *Prānopāsaka* should take food and satisfy the hunger of the entire world. The *Tattva* of the Mahā Vākya, *Tattvamasi*, is therefore taken up for consideration and this, the sixth chapter, it goes without saying, is the most important in the entire Upanishad, as it concludes by declaring that the *Sadbrahma* and the *Jeevātman* are identical. Sri Sankara's opening paragraph in his *Bhāshya* here had already anticipated this when he had remarked there that the *Dvaitavishaya Anrita* or falsehood relating to the duality all round would lead us to our bondage in *Samsāra*, exactly as the thief holding the red-hot iron bar would have his hand burnt while the innocent would come safely out of the ordeal and attain *moksha*. The seventh *Adhyaya* proceeds to explain the *Tattvas* beyond *Sadvastu* (as dealt with in the previous) and passes on from *Nāma Tattva* to *Niratishaya Tattva* called *Bhumā*, illustrating it with the lovely conversation between Nārada and Sanatkumara. The former is assured that all his knowledge is only of the lower type and he is taught the *Bhumā Vidya* which alone leads to *Sadātma Vijnāna*. This *Sanat-kumāra* is identical with *Skanda*. When the last two chapters have thus taught that *Brahma* is *Eka* and *Adviteeya* and *Sadvastu*, they must also be necessarily made to understand that the *Brahma Sakshātkāra* or realization of the Supreme cannot take place anywhere else than in his own *hridaya padma* or the lotus of one's own heart. Such a Brahman is *Satya-kāma* and the *Dahara Vidya* is taught in this culminating chapter significantly. It explains that in *Brahma Loka*, there are two lakes called *Ara* and *Nya*; beyond these, there is another lake called *Airammadeeya*. After this, we have to reach *Brahma's* city

called *Aparājita* near the *Ashvatha* tree called *Soma Savana*. Only devotees who are rooted in *Brahmacharya* can reach there and this *Brahmapuri* which can be reached only by devotees (who are *satya-kamas* and *Satya Sankalpas* exactly like the *Brahma* to be reached) is nothing but the true devotee's own heart. Towards the end of the introduction, the writer also emphasises the fact that *Indra's* hundred and one years of *Brahmacharya* even could not apprentice him properly for the immortal life envisaged herein.

The editing and the get-up are as usual excellent.

—Prof. U. Venkatakrishna Rao

BOOKS RECEIVED

SRI AUROBINDO (Studies in the light of his thought). By M. P. Pandit. Published by Sri Aurobindo Ashram, Pondicherry. pp. 247. Rs. 3.50.

SWANANDAVANAVIHARAKAVYAM (in Sanskrit). By Sambhu Bhatta. Published by Srijananavijnana Samanvaya Sabha, Bangalore. pp. 32. 40 nP.

AMARASAMGRAHAM (in Sanskrit verse with Tamil explanation). By N. E. Venkatesa Sarma. Published by Madurai Nool Mandram. 221, Lingichetti St., Madras-1. pp. 310. Rs. 3/-.

KOIL OLUGU (The Chronicle of the Srirangam Temple with Historical Notes). Edited by V. N. Hari Rao. Published by Rochouse & Sons Pvt. Ltd., 3, Sunkurama Chetti St., Madras-1. pp. 214. Rs. 6/-.

KAMARAJ, THE SHREWD. By a Gandhite. Published by Renaissance Publishers, Madras-5. pp. 48. Rs. 2.50.

SOOKTASHTAKAM (in Malayalam). With commentary by G. S. Srinivasa Iyer. Published by G. S. S. Iyer & Sons, Publishers & Booksellers, P.B. No. 315, Madras-2. pp. 104. Rs. 2.50.

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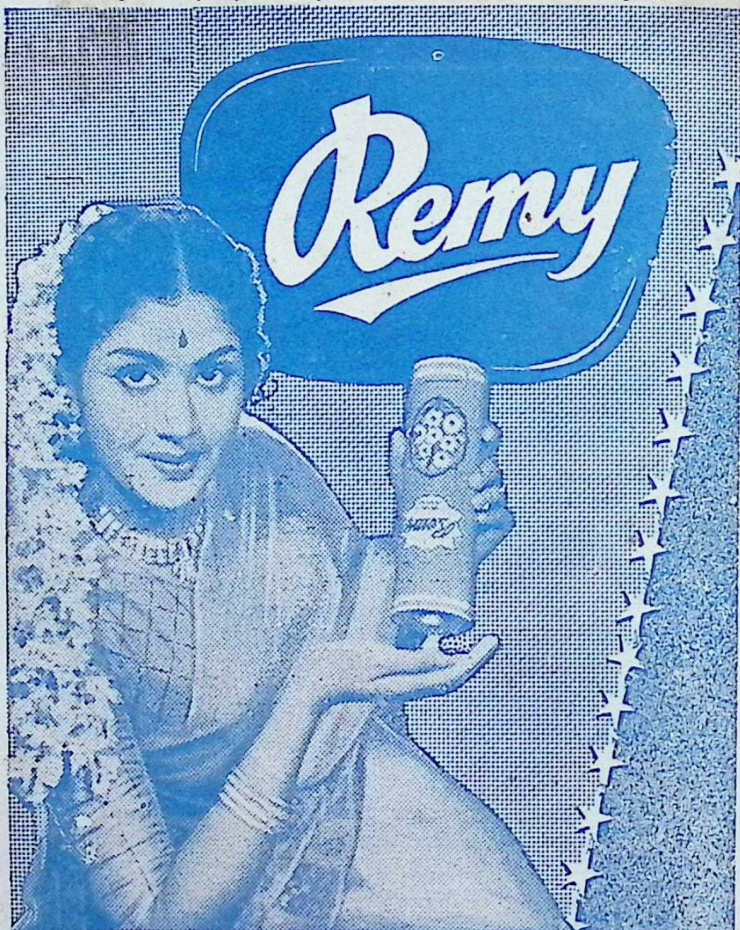
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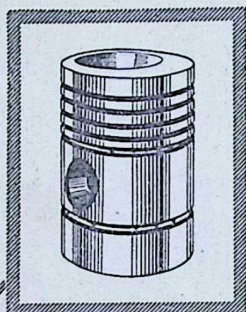
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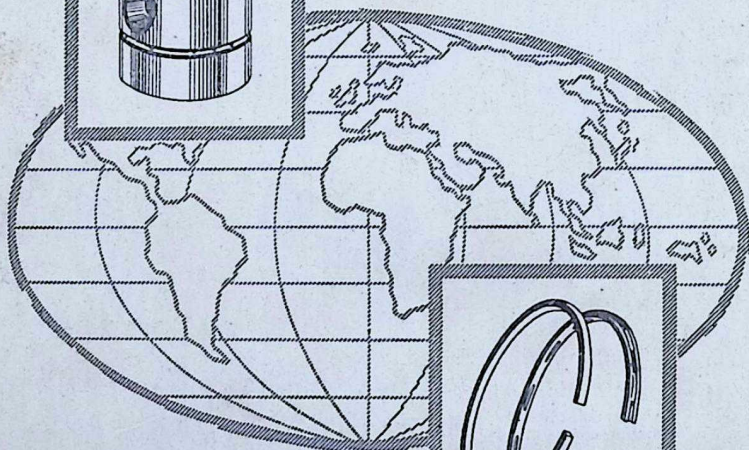


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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः ।

*Let noble thoughts come to us from
every side*

—Rigveda, 1-89-i

MAHALAKSHMI

अरुणकमलसंस्था तद्वजःपुञ्जवर्णा

करकमलधृतेष्ठाभीतियुग्माम्बुजा च ।

मणिरुटकविचित्राऽऽलङ्कृताऽऽकल्पजालैः

सकलभुवनमाता संततं श्रीः श्रियै नः ॥

May Sri Mahalakshmi, Mother of all the worlds, Who is seated on the red lotus, Herself cream-coloured like the pollen of that flower, holding the Vara and Abhaya *mudras* in two of Her hands and the lotus in two other hands, wearing resplendent bracelets of *manikya* and bedecked with all other forms of decoration—may She bless us with eternal prosperity.

—Saubhagya Lakshmi Upanishad.

Kulapati's Letter

ON LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 243

★ FUTURE OF PARLIAMENTARY GOVERNMENT IN INDIA
★ DICTATORSHIP WITHOUT VIOLENCE ★ POSSIBILITIES
IN POST-NEHRU INDIA

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN,
BOMBAY.

OCTOBER 29, 1961.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

DURING the last ten years, parliamentary democracy as established by our Constitution, has been altered out of shape. The causes for it may be traced to our inherent weakness, to world conditions and the emergence of a single, overshadowing personality in our political life, aptly described by one Central Minister 'as a huge, sprawling banyan tree, which gives protection to many, but which at the same time does not allow anything else to grow under it.'

The successful functioning of a parliamentary government presupposes a wide-awake and politically minded section of the public determined to maintain it. Where this class exercises effective influence on political life, parliamentary democracy has been successful, as in Switzerland, the Low Countries, U.S.A., Britain and the Commonwealth countries, barring several exceptions.

For want of such an effective class, parliamentary democracy in several countries of Western Europe—France

Germany, Italy and Spain—has had brilliant success at times, at others, ghastly failures.

We also know that in the absence of such a class, the experiment has failed in Eastern Europe, Latin America and in the countries of Asia and Africa which had not been part of the British Commonwealth.

We were part of the British Commonwealth for a long time. We had experience of Parliamentary Democracy before 1947. The Constituent Assembly voted for parliamentary democracy of its free will. There was every hope that it would succeed; there was no reason why it should not. If its success is in the balance now, it is because the wide-awake, politically minded section of the public is thinning and unless something revolutionary happens, it might disappear within a few years.

The causes of this unfortunate development are not difficult to dis-

The success of parliamentary demo-

cracy demands that a powerful section of the public should be ready to support it. The support may be positive; it may also be negative, taking the shape of disapproval, and, whenever necessary, of resistance to extra-constitutional pressures on government.

Gandhiji's concept of *Satyagraha* was based on collective discipline inspired by truth and non-violence. He never embarked on any mass movement unless the object was morally valid and understood by the public to be such. He also held in horror any activity which was not carried out under conditions of complete non-violence.

Most of the movements—what have come now to be termed *satyagraha*—started in the country during the last 10 years, have not been inspired by truth, nor guided by non-violence. Their objects have been to secure some group advantage through mass coercion. They have not been movements of discipline but of disruption.

Law and order is naturally difficult to maintain in a society afflicted by such chronic eruptions. When a government has to face such movements, it has, of necessity, to use police powers to maintain order; and the people who love peace and order welcome such methods. This was seen during recent months when a majority of the people in Punjab cheerfully accepted the dubious police methods adopted by the Kairon Government only because they were being used to combat the highly dangerous form which the agitation had taken.

Another danger, linguism, perhaps

the more sinister of the two, is likely to become the seed-bed of national disintegration. At first linguism had for its legitimate goal the development of regional languages. It was a harmless force in Gandhi's days, because the national mind, under his influence, could release powerful integrating forces. But with the Gandhian tradition receding to the background under the impact of an amoral economic "dynamism", linguism became a powerful group sentiment, anti-national in character, directed to breaking up the country into linguistic states.

Another disintegrating force is spiralling inflation created by pumping enormous sums of money into the economy. A part of this money is wasted due to inefficiency; another part disappears into private pockets as illicit gains; a substantial part is sunk in projects which are not of immediate productive value. These inflationary tendencies have led to the collapse of moral standards, to high prices, ostentatious living, black-markets, to ever-growing corruption and favouritism. This naturally forces the Government to impose bureaucratic controls over increasing spheres of life, the pace of which is accelerated by the ideological homage paid to comprehensive state control in the name of socialism.

As a cumulative result of all these factors, those who stand pledged to simple living and high mission which Gandhiji stood for, and who love freedom for its own sake are losing their hold over the nation's imagination.

In the past the solidarity of India was based on cultural homogeneity.

Basically it was the creation of the dominant minority, which working through the ages with the aid of Sanskrit and the social institutions sanctioned by the *Dharma Sastras*, forged a sense of unity. We are pushing Sanskrit into the background. The *Dharma Sastras* are no longer sacrosanct. The social institutions of *varnasrama* which every enlightened man looked upon as a framework of unity have lost their *raison d'être* in the context of new world conditions.

The second cause is the emergence of a well-disciplined Communist Party with extra-territorial loyalties, in the political life of the country. Whatever its protestations, it is a conspiratorial movement, bent upon destroying democracy by exploiting free institutions which support it. With such a party presenting a constant menace to freedom, the State has to take steps to meet it. No choice is left; either it adopts stringent methods to preserve democracy or signs its death warrant.

Thirdly, the historic position which the Congress occupied when the Constitution came into force has completely changed. When the power was transferred to it by the British, it was a well-organised party. It had the prestige of having won freedom. In Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel it had a statesman with a unique gift for organization. Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, the other outstanding leader, had a strong appeal to the masses. The Constituent Assembly which framed the Constitution, consisted mostly of freedom fighters dedicated to free democracy with faith in parliamentary institutions.

In 1950, the Congress inherited power greater than any exercised by the British rulers. The India that it governed was integrated as never before. But once entrenched in power, instead of playing the role of a parliamentary party so essential to the development of a healthy democracy, it became a monolithic power machinery.

So long as Sardar Patel was alive, however, the Congress in its internal working was a sort of parliamentary democracy with two parties in its own ranks. When he was gone, Pandit Nehru emerged as the supreme leader. Though by conviction and profession a democrat, he is a dictator by temperament with an outlook highly coloured by Marxism.

Slowly, therefore, it came to pass that the Congress, organized as a monolithic party, looked for strength, policies, programmes and success in elections, to one individual. Its ambitious members, in the ultimate analysis, also looked to him for their political future.

In the result, Parliament, for all practical purposes, carried out the behests of one party caucus directed by a single all-powerful boss. The other parties in the Parliament, without numerical strength and without the possibility of ever having to implement in power what they advocated in opposition, are no better than shifting groups of critics.

The Parliament has become no better than a facade, to carry out the policies of the Congress Party, which in reality mean the politics and propaganda of one man, either as the boss of the Congress or as the

head of the Government. This has led to a disappearance of the parliamentary mentality necessary for the functioning of free institutions and the substitution of a system of government more akin to a benevolent monarchy which suffers democracy rather than owes its existence to it.

We have a single party rule as in a Communist country, run by a single leader who has so far failed to build up a democratic leadership in his party or to allow it to be built in the country. The recent denigration of the office of deputy leadership is the latest instance. Democratic choice is not allowed free play in an anxiety to obey the 'parental wishes'.

However, the main difference between a one-party rule in a Communist country and the one in India is that the Congress rule abjures violence and terror and does not interfere with certain freedoms because Pandit Nehru would not dream of suppressing them. But that is not parliamentary democracy.

Free elections, the very basis of parliamentary democracy are scarcely representative of the voice of the country. The leader, in the name of the Congress, controls the governments of the Centre and the States. The Congress, through its governments, has absolute control over the economic life of the country. It can therefore raise finances for running elections on a scale immeasurably vaster than that of all the other parties put together. Power, patronage and money are at its disposal, always to perpetuate itself.

All this, it may be said with some

justification, is not the result of deliberate planning, nor the fault of Pandit Nehru. It can be truly said that it is the outcome, first, of history, which has thrown up a gifted man far above his contemporaries; secondly, of the immature sense of democratic values in our politically minded public; thirdly, of the fissiparous tendencies among our people, which necessitate coercive actions to hold them together; fourthly, of a lack of fearless independence among the politically minded leaders, and fifthly, of an apathy among the public towards the future of democracy in the country.

Parliamentary democracy in this country is, therefore, not very far away from the road to extinction. The country, in fact, has a dictatorship without violence but with corruption. I use the word advisedly for it deliberately eschews violence as an instrument of governance.

However it permits large scale patronage and corruption to take the place of violence substituting greed for demanding obedience.

It uses the methods of a Police State only under circumstances which more often than not, are unjustified.

It suffers fundamental rights to be exercised, only so long as they do not interfere with its cherished 'ism'.

Even this state of affairs will continue only so long as Pandit Nehru remains in supreme power.

Parliamentary Democracy will get a fresh lease of life only on two conditions:

If an opposition party, pledged to free democracy emerges in the next elections as an effective countervail-

ing factor in public life, or, if Pandit Nehru, mellowed by age, develops the art, which so far he is found deficient in, to build up democratic leadership in his own party and of respecting the parties other than his own.

If no such event happens parliamentary democracy in India is doomed, and when Pandit Nehru disappears from the scene, the monolithic Congress will fall to pieces. Political chaos will follow.

Then, so far as one can foresee, the country will face one of the following alternatives:

- (A) From the ruins of the Congress and allied elements, a strong party may emerge, led by a well-knit leadership of genuine democrats, which will maintain the democratic dictatorship for a time, and being constituted of leaders more or less equal in status when things settle down, may re-start an experiment in parliamentary democracy.

(B) If this said event happens, 'the potential allies of Communism in the Congress', as Z.A. Ahmed, the Communist leader called them, may stage a *coup d'etat* and extinguish democracy, internally assuming total power for themselves and externally submitting to subservience to the Communist Bloc:

Unless the national army, trying to save the freedom and independence of India, takes over the country and through a military dictatorship dispels the chaos, and if its leaders are statesmen of true worth, prepare the ground for a parliamentary democracy duly protected from the insidious attempts of International Communism to destroy it.

Yours sincerely,

K. M. Munshi

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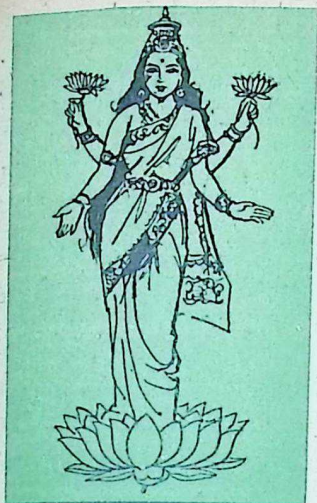
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SRI-SUKTA

[From Rigveda: Khila]

हिरण्यवर्णा हरिणीं सुवर्णरजतस्रजाम् ।
चन्द्रां हिरण्ययीं लक्ष्मीं जातवेदो म आ
वह ॥१॥

O, all-knowing Agni! Invoke for me Goddess Lakshmi shining like molten gold, slightly greenish, wearing garlands made of gold and silver, moon-faced and golden.

तां म आ वह जातवेदो लक्ष्मीमनपगामिनीम् ।
यस्यां हिरण्यं विन्देयं गामश्च पुरुषानहम् ॥२॥

O Agni! Invoke for me Lakshmi the indestructible, by whose arrival I shall be the gainer of wealth, cows, horses and sons.

अश्वपूर्वा रथमध्यां हस्तिनाद -
प्रमोदिनीम् ।
श्रियं देवीमुपह्वये श्रीर्मा देवी
जुषताम् ॥३॥

I invoke Goddess Lakshmi seated on the *Rath* with the horse drawing it in front, who delights at the trumpeting of elephants. May Lakshmi bless me.

कां सोस्मितां हिरण्यप्राकारामार्द्रां
ज्वलन्तीं तृप्तां तर्पयन्तीम् ।
पद्मे स्थितां पद्मवर्णां तामिहोप ह्वये
श्रियम् ॥४॥

I invoke Goddess Lakshmi here, who is Brahmic, with a smile on her lips, who is surrounded on all sides with walls of gold, compassionate, resplendent, happy, favouring her devotees, standing on the lotus and of lotus hue.

चन्द्रां प्रभासां यशसा ज्वलन्तीं
श्रियं लोके देवजुष्टामुदाराम् ।
तां पद्मिनीमीं शरणं प्रपद्येऽलक्ष्मीर्मे
नश्यतां त्वां वृण ॥५॥

I seek refuge at the feet of Goddess Lakshmi who is bright like the moon, glorious with her fame, worshipped by Devas, large-hearted and holding the lotus in her hand. I beg of you, destroy my misfortunes.

आदित्यवर्णे तपसोऽधि जातो वन-
स्पतिस्तच्च वृक्षोऽथ बिल्वः ।
तस्य फलानि तपसा नुदन्तु या अन्तरा
याश्च बाह्या अलक्ष्मीः ॥६॥

O sun-like Goddess! Out of your *tapas* is born the auspicious king of trees, the *bale*. May the fruits of that tree, by virtue of your *tapas* destroy our internal as well as external diseases.

उपैतु मां देवसखः कीर्तिश्च मणिना सह ।
प्रादुर्भूतोऽस्मि राष्ट्रेऽस्मिन् कीर्तिमृद्धिं ददातु मे ॥७॥

O Goddess! May I attain Kuberā (wealth) his friend Manibhadra (jewels) and Daksha Prajapati's daughter Kirti (fame). I am born in this land (*karmabhoomi*) ; bless me with fame and prosperity.

क्षुत्पिपासामलां ज्येष्ठामलक्ष्मीं नाशयाम्यहम् ।
अभूतिमसमृद्धिं च सर्वां निर्णुद मे गृहात् ॥८॥

I wish to destroy Jyeshtha, who causes hunger and thirst and is an enemy of Lakshmi. O Goddess, drive away all misfortunes and penury from my house.

गन्धद्वारां दुराघर्षां नित्यपुष्टां करीषिणीम् ।
ईश्वरीं सर्वभूतानां तामिहोपह्वये श्रियम् ॥९॥

I invoke here Goddess Lakshmi who is (scented) Mother Earth, unassailable, ever giving and who lords the universe.

मनसः काममार्कतिं वाचः सत्यमशीमहि ।
पशूनां रूपमन्नस्य मयि श्रीः श्रयतां यशः ॥१०॥

May I attain my heart's desires, my words become truthful. May Lakshmi abide in me as cows, *anna* (food) and fame.

कर्ममेन प्रजा भूता मयि सम्भव कर्म ।
श्रियं वासय मे कुले मातरं पद्ममालिनीम् ॥११॥

O, Sage Kardama! Be born to me who is born of you and enshrine Mother Lakshmi, wearing garlands of lotus, in my family.

आपः सृजन्तु स्निग्धानि चिकलीत वस मे गृहे ।
नि च देवीं मातरं श्रियं वासय मे कुले ॥१२॥

O, Chiklita! (Son of Lakshmi) Create water and oily substances ; live in my house and make Mother Lakshmi stay in my family.

आर्द्रां पुष्करिणीं पुष्टिं पिङ्गलां पद्ममालिनीम् ।
चन्द्रां हिरण्मयीं लक्ष्मीं जातवेदो म आ वह ॥१३॥

O, Agni! Invoke here, Goddess Lakshmi who is compassionate, holds the lotus, is beautiful, greenish of hue, wears lotus garlands, is moon-faced and golden.

आर्द्रा यः करिणीं यष्टिं सुवर्णां
हेममालिनीम् ।
सूर्या हिरण्मयीं लक्ष्मीं जातवेदो म
आ वह ॥१४॥

O, Agni! Invoke for me Goddess Lakshmi who, although the destroyer of the wicked, is yet kind-hearted; bestower of auspiciousness; giver of support; beautiful; wears garlands made of gold; glorious like the sun; and golden.

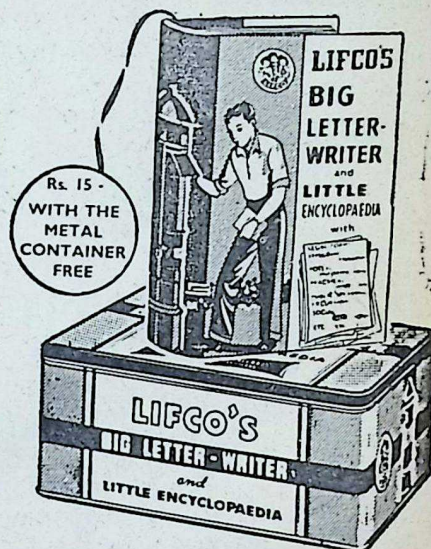
तां म आ वह जातवेदो लक्ष्मीमन-
पगामिनीम् ।
यस्यां हिरण्यं प्रभूतं गावो दास्योऽङ्गान्
चिन्देयं पुरुषानहम् ।१५॥

O, Agni! Invoke for me Goddess Lakshmi who is undecaying and on whose arrival I can gain a surfeit of wealth, cows, servants, horses and sons.

यः शुचिः प्रयतो भूत्वा जुहुयादा-
ज्यमन्वहम् ।
सुवर्तं पञ्चदशर्चं च श्रीकामः सततं
जयेत् ॥१६॥

He who desires wealth should after bath etc. perform *homa* using the above fifteen *riks*, with ghee in the Agni and recite them incessantly.

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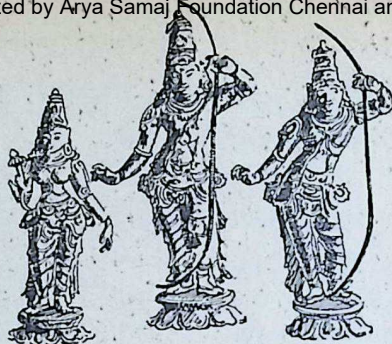
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ADHYATMA

RAMAYANA



Kriya-Yoga

It was rainy season, Sri Rama at the request of Sugriva takes in a cave atop Pravarshana-giri.

Knowing Rama to be Parmatman incarnate Siddhas take the form of birds and beasts and surround him.

सौमेत्रिरेकदा राममेकान्ते ध्यानतत्परम् ।
समाधिविरमे भक्त्या प्रणयाद्विनयान्वितः ॥
अब्रवीद् देव ते वाक्यात्पूर्वोक्ताद्विगतो मम ।
अनाद्यविद्यासम्भूतः संशयो हृदि संस्थितः ॥
इदानीं श्रोतुमिच्छामि क्रियामार्गेण राघव ! ।
भवदाराधनं लोके यथा कुर्वन्ति योगिनः ॥

At a moment when Rama was alone relaxed from contemplation, Lakshmana asked Rama with devotion, love and humility: "Lord, by your earlier precepts, my doubts, caused by beginningless nescience, have disappeared. Now I wish to learn, O Raghava, how in this world Yogis worship you in the Kriya-way.

"इदमेव सदा प्राहुर्योगिनो मुक्तिसाधनम् ।
नारदोऽपि तथा व्यासो ब्रह्मा कमलसम्भवः ॥
ब्रह्मभूत्रादिवर्णानामश्रमाणां च मोक्षदम् ।

स्त्रीशूद्राणां च राजेन्द्र सुलभं मुक्तिसाधनम् ।
तत्र भक्ताय मे भ्रात्रे ब्रूहि लोकोपकारकम्" ॥

"Yogis have always commended this mode of worship as capable of leading to *mukti*—Sage Narada, Sage Vyasa and the lotus-born Brahma—that for Kshatriyas, Vaishyas, and the fourfold *ashramites* it bestows *moksha*. Even for *shudras* and women, O, leonine King, it is the easy means to liberation. Therefore tell me, your devotee and brother, all about it that it may be of help to the world."

श्री राम उवाच—

मम पूजाधिधानस्य नान्तोऽस्ति रघुनन्दन ।
तथापि षड्ये सङ्क्षेपाद्यथावदनुपूर्वशः ॥
स्वगृह्योक्तप्रकारेण द्विजत्वं प्राप्य मानवः ।
सकाशावसन्मुनिर्गन्धर्वसम्भोजितसंयुतः ॥

तेन सन्दर्शितविधिममिधारधयेत्सुधीः ।
हृदये वानले वा चोपनिषत्प्रमाणेन ।

शालग्रामशिलायां वा पूजयेन्मामतन्द्रितः ।

Said Sri Rama; "O delighter of the Raghu race! There is no end to the mode of my worship. Yet, I shall tell you in summary what has been practised. After *upanayana* in the manner prescribed by his particular Grihya-sutra, the man should approach his Guru and get the *mantra* from him. After obtaining it, full of devotion to me, the intelligent person should worship me diligently in the manner directed by him—in his heart, on fire, on replicas, the sun, or on *saligramas*.

प्रातःस्नानं प्रकुर्वीत प्रथमं देहशुद्धये ॥

वेदतन्त्रोदितैर्मन्त्रैर्मल्लेपनविधानतः ।

सन्ध्यादि कर्म यन्नित्यं तत्कुर्याद्विधिना बुधः ॥

सङ्कल्पमादौ कुर्वीत सिद्धयर्थं कर्मणां सुधीः ।

स्वगुरुं पूजयेद्भक्त्या सद्बुद्ध्या पूजको मम ॥

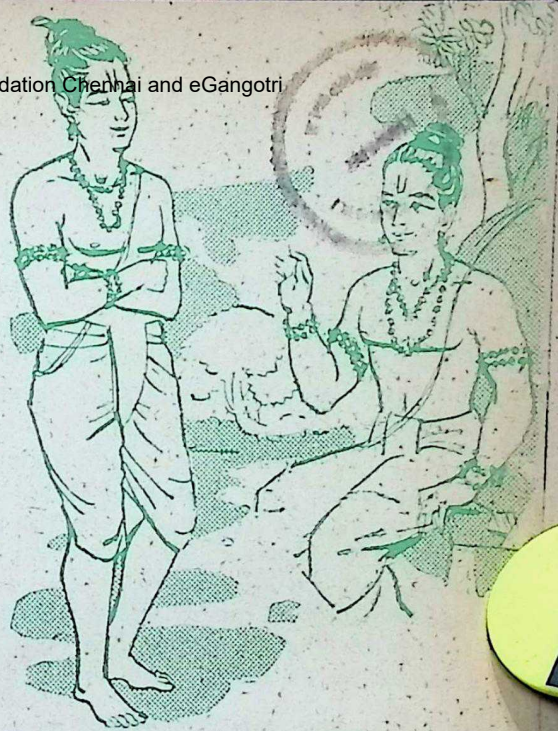
"He should first take the early morning bath for personal cleanliness, by using Vedic and Tantric *mantras*, anointing mud etc. on the body. Then should the intelligent man duly perform routine ablutions like *sandhya*. The clever man should make a *sankalpa* in the beginning for the attainment of desired results. Then my devotee should worship his preceptor, identifying him with me.

शिलायां स्नपनं कुर्यात्प्रतिमासु प्रमार्जनम्
प्रसिद्धैर्गन्धपुष्पाद्यैर्मत्पूजा सिद्धिदायिका ॥

"On the stone (or *sphatika*) image, water should be poured; on the *pratima* water should be sprinkled. Worship of me with fragrant unguents and flowers beget sure success.

अमायिकोऽनुवृत्त्या मां पूजयेन्नियतव्रतः ।

प्रतिमादिष्वलङ्कारः प्रियो मे कलनन्दन ! ॥



अग्नौ यजेत हविषा भास्करे स्थण्डिले यजेत् ।
भक्तेनोपहृतं प्रीत्यै श्रद्धया मम वार्यपि ॥
किं पुनर्भक्ष्यभोज्यादि गन्धपुष्पाक्षतदिकम् ।
पूजाद्रव्याणि सर्वाणि सम्पाद्यैवं समारभेत् ॥

"People should worship me steadfastly without much show (in the manner ordained by one's Guru). I like bedecking of my idols, O delighter of the race! If in the fire, you should worship me with oblations (uttering the *mantra* proper to the deity). If you want to worship me on the sun, you should do so by making the proper representation of the sun at the altar (Vedi). Even a little water offered for my satisfaction with *sraddha* by a devotee is acceptable to me. When that is so, what shall I say of the offering of sumptuous food, fragrant unguents, flowers and *akshatas*? Hence, after

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acquiring all the materials needed for worship, one should begin my *puja*.

चैलाजिनकुशैः सम्यगासनं परिकल्पयेत् ।
तत्रोपविश्य देवस्य सम्मुखे शुद्धमानसः ॥
ततो न्यासं प्रकुर्वीत मातृकावहिरान्तरम् ।
केशवादि ततः कुर्यात्तत्त्वन्यासं ततः परम् ॥
मन्मूर्तिपञ्जरन्यासं मन्त्रन्यासं ततो न्यसेत् ।
प्रतिमादावपि तथा कुर्यान्नित्यमतन्द्रितः ॥

"He should spread *Kusa* grass first, deer-skin over it and a towel above and seat himself comfortably. Facing the deity with a clear mind, he should do the *nyasas* consisting of the two *matrikas*, the names *Kesava* etc. the *Tatva-nyasa*, and the *Panjara-nyasa* and on my replica too diligently (the six-fold *nyasas* on the respective deities).

कलशं स्वपुरो वामे क्षिपेत्युष्पादि दक्षिणे ।
अर्घ्यपाद्यप्रदानार्थं मधुपर्कार्थमेव च ॥
तथैवाचमनार्थं तु न्यसेत्पात्रचतुष्टयम् ।
हृत्प्रक्षे भानुत्रिमले मत्कलां जीवसंज्ञिताम् ॥
ध्यायेत्स्त्रदेहमखिलां तथा व्याप्तमरिन्दमम् ॥
तामेवावाहयेन्नित्यं प्रतिमादिषु मत्कलाम् ।

"*Kalasa* should be placed in front or on the left; the flowers etc. on the right; then the four vessels for *arghya*, *padya*, *madhuparka* and for *achamana*. Then should he meditate in his sun-white heart upon my *Kala* known as *Jiva* as pervading his entire body, O, vanquisher of enemies! In the same way he should visualise my *Jeeva-kala* as permeating the images before him.

पाद्यार्घ्याचमनीयाद्यैः स्नानवस्त्रविभूषणैः ।
यावच्छक्योपचारैर्व त्वर्चयेन्माममायया ॥
विभवे सति कर्परकुङ्कुमागरुचन्दनैः ।
अर्चयेन्मन्त्रवन्नित्यं सुगन्धकुसुमैः शभैः ॥

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दशावरणपूजा व ह्यग्निसौक्तां प्रकारयेत् ।
नीराजनैर्धूपदीपैर्नैवेद्यैर्बहुविस्तरः ।
श्रद्धयोपहरन्नित्रं श्रद्धाभुगहृसीश्वरः ।
होमं कुर्यात्प्रयत्नेन निधिना मन्त्रकोविदः ॥
अगस्त्येनोक्तमार्गेण कुण्डेनागमधित्तमः ।
जहुयान्मूलमन्त्रेण पुंसूक्तेनाथवा बुधः ॥
अथवापासनान्नौ वा चरुणा हविषा तथा ।
तप्तजाम्बूनदप्रख्यं दिव्याभरणभूषितम् ॥
ध्यायेदनलमध्यस्थं होमकाले सदा बुधः ।
पार्वदेभ्यो बलिं दत्त्वा होमशेषं समापयेत् ॥

"Without any kind of show, I should be worshipped with *padya*, *arghya*, *achamana* etc; *snana*, *vastra* and *abharana* etc. to the extent to which one can. An affluent man should worship me with *kapur*, saffron, scented fumes, sandal paste, wholesome flowers etc. to the accompaniment of *mantras*. The ten-fold *puja* should be performed as enjoined in the *agamas*. With the waving of *artis*, *dhup*, *deep* and manifold delicacies as food, one should worship me with sincerity, for I am God (the omnipotent) and take these foods in right earnest. As far as possible, *havan* too should be performed in the prescribed manner by men who are learned in *mantras*. Followers of *agama* should do *havan* in the *kunda* with *mool-mantra* as ordained by Sage *Agastya*; others with *Purushasuka mantra* or else in *Aupasana-agni* with *charu* and *havis*. At *havan* time he should always contemplate on me in the midst of the fire, as looking like molten gold, wearing divine ornaments. After giving *bali* to my surrounding *devatas* (like *Hanuman* etc.), one should complete *havan*.

ततो जपं प्रकुर्वीत ध्यायेन्मां यन्त्राक स्मरन् ।
सख्यावाप्तं च ताम्बूलं दत्त्वा प्रीतिसमन्वितः ॥

मदर्थं नृत्यगीतादि स्तुतिपाठादि कारयेत् ।
 प्रणमद्वन्द्वभूमौ हृदयं मां निधाय च ॥
 शिरस्थाधाय महतं प्रसादं भावनामयम् ।
 पाणिभ्यां मत्पदे मूर्ध्नि गृहीत्वा भक्तिसंयुतः ॥
 'रक्ष मां धोरसंसारा' दित्युक्त्वा प्रणमेत्सुधीः ॥
 उद्भासयेद्यथापूर्वं प्रत्यग्ज्योतिषि संस्मरन् ॥

Then my *Japa* should be performed in silent contemplation on me. Then *Kapur* and *tambul* should be offered. Thus in a happy mood, one should entertain me with offering of dance, music and prayer after which he should fall on all fours on the floor, keeping me in the heart. Believing the *prasad* as given by me he should place it on his head, as though

they were my feet; and pray "Save me from this fearful *samsara*" and prostrate before me. Even as he started, he must restore my *Kala* in the end.

एवमुक्तप्रकारेण पूजयेद्विधिवद्वादि ।

इहामुत्र च संसिद्धिं प्राप्नोति मदनुग्रहात् ॥
 मदभक्तो यदि मामेवं पूजां चैव दिने दिने ।
 करोति मम सारूप्यं प्राप्नोत्येव न संशयः ॥

If worshipped in the manner described above, one will get happiness in this life and liberation in the next, by my grace. If the devotee also worships me day after day thus, he will attain to me, no doubt.

Ramanama is a sun that has brightened my darkest hour.

—Mahatma Gandhi

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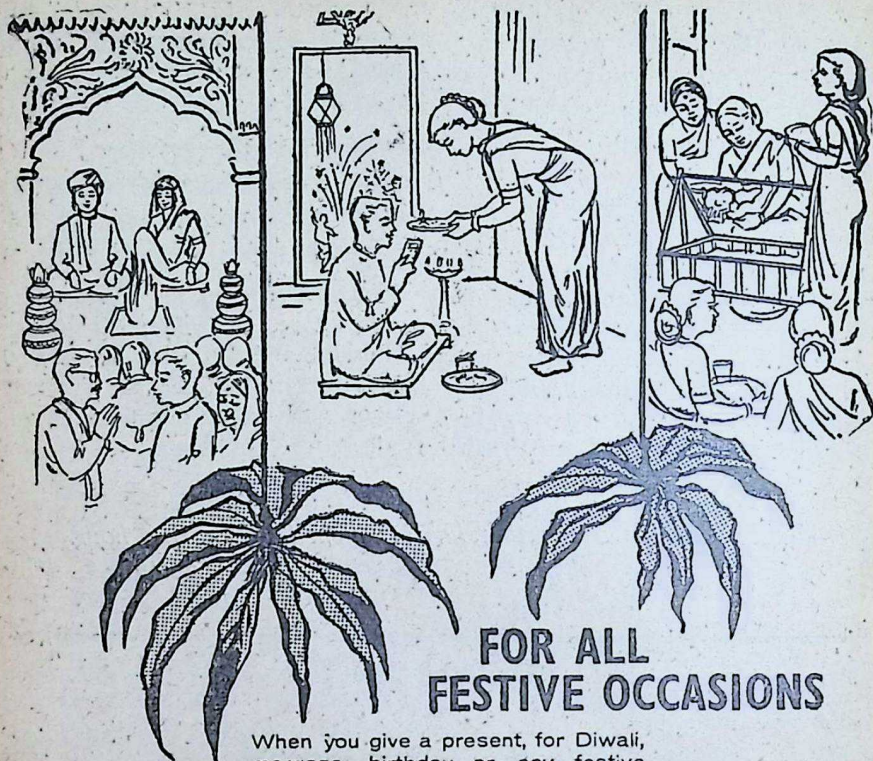
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The Authority of Puranas

Sri Sankara Bhagavatpada



EVEN the great epics (the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata*) as well as the Puranas are competent to prove the bodies etc. of gods; nay, they may also possibly be based

on direct perception etc. For, even that which is not open to our perception was directly perceived by the ancients; as for instance we are told that the sages Vyasa and others were in direct communion with the gods and other superhuman beings. He who urges that, like the present generation, the ancients too lacked the capacity to have direct communion with the gods and other unearthly beings, denies the variety of the world. And he who contends that, as in the modern times, there never was a Kshatriya ruling over the entire globe, cuts at the root of the very precepts (contained in the scriptures) enjoining the performance of a Rajasuya sacrifice (which could be performed only by a universal monarch) and so on. Similarly he who asserts that the duties laid down for the different Varnas (grades of society) and Ashramas (stages of life) were followed rather loosely

even at other times as at present would render meaningless the scriptural texts determining such duties. Hence it follows that due to the exaltation of piety (in the days gone by) the ancients had direct communion with the gods and other heavenly beings. Maharsi Patanjali says (in the *Aphorisms on Yoga*): "One comes to have direct communion with one's chosen deity" and so on. The practice of Yoga resulting in the attainment of mystic powers such as reducing one's body to the size of an atom and so on has also been taught in our scriptures and cannot be dismissed (as something unpractical or as mere fiction) by sheer bravado. The Srutis too proclaim the glory of Yoga in the following words:—"When the five elements, viz., earth, water, fire, air and ether are conquered (by the striver) and the Siddhis (mystic powers) connected with these elements appear, he is no longer visited by any ailment nor by old age nor even by (untimely) death, endowed as he is with a body whose dross has been burnt by the fire of Yoga." Nor can the power of the Rishis to whom the Mantras and the Brahmanas were revealed be compared with ours. Hence the great epics as well as the Puranas are authoritative.

KERALA'S THIRD PLAN

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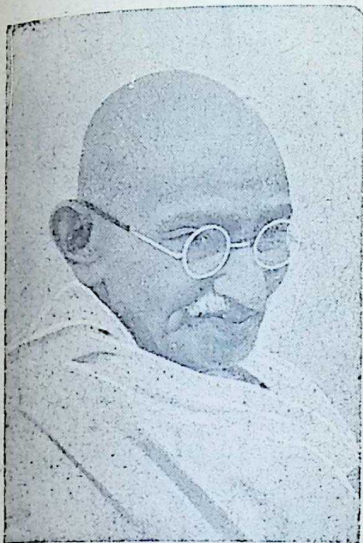
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... When we have realized the majesty of the Moral Law, we shall see how little our happiness or unhappiness depends on health, and success, and fame, and the like . . .



THE MORAL LAW

Mahatma Gandhi

THERE are two windows to the mind of every man, the one revealing himself as he is, the other as he ought to be. It is the duty of every human being to look carefully within, and see himself as he is, and spare no pains to improve himself in body, mind and soul. He should realize the mischief wrought by injustice, wickedness, vanity, and the like, and do his best to fight them. The moral principles that are not followed in practice are good for nothing. We see many men who get by heart maxims of morality, and who talk loudly about them, but who have not the least idea of putting them in practice. There are others who think that all rules of

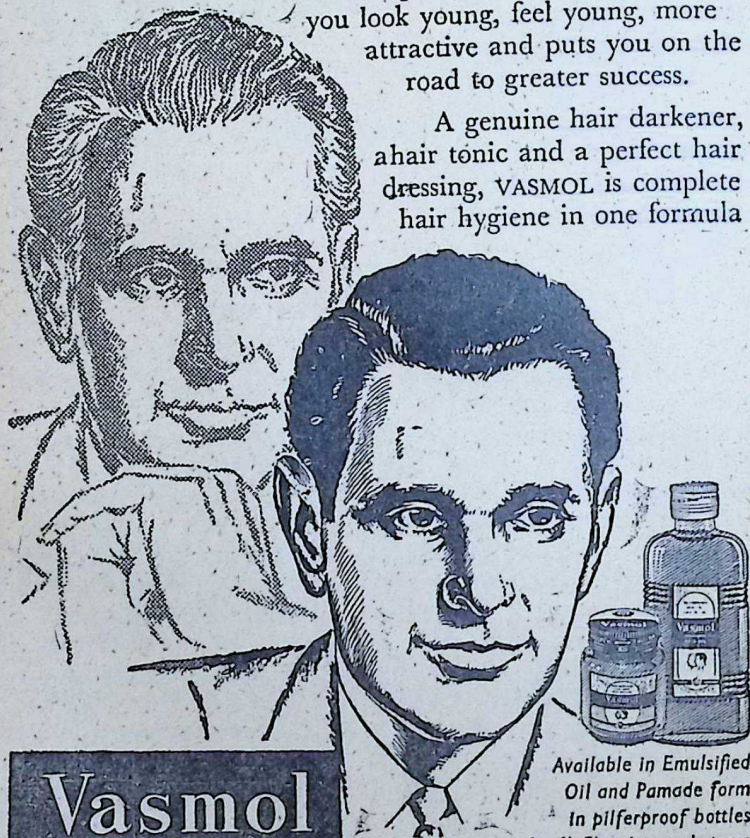
morality are intended only for our guidance in a future world! But we can unhesitatingly assert that he, who is not prepared to order his life in unquestioning obedience to the laws of morality, cannot be said to be a man in the full sense of the word. We should all be able to find our happiness in righteousness and veracity, in spite of the pains and losses which we may have to suffer in this world.

God is omnipotent. He is the embodiment of perfection. None can set limit to His justice and His mercy. How, then, can we, who call ourselves His devotees, dare to infringe the obligation of morality? We should not, of course, lead a moral life in the hope of a reward. A life of good-

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ness is enjoined upon us, not because it will bring good to us, but because it is the eternal and immutable law of Nature. Good works are, indeed, more than food and raiment to us. We should feel more grateful to one who gives us an opportunity of doing a good deed than to him who feeds us in our hunger.

No man who cares only for show, or who is anxious to make a figure in the world, can be really moral. Morality does not consist in cleanliness, or knowledge, or industry. All these, of course, are a part of morality, but by themselves they are not sufficient to make a man moral. The really moral man leads a life of virtue, not because it will do him good, but because it is the law of his being, the very breath of his nostrils. In a word, virtue is its own reward.

True morality consists not in following the beaten track, but in finding out the true path for ourselves, and in fearlessly following it. True progress is impossible without such strenuous pursuit of Truth. In other words, progress and reform are always intimately bound up with morality.

Our desires and motives may be divided into the classes—selfish and unselfish. All selfish desires are immoral, while the desire to improve ourselves for the sake of doing good to others is truly moral. But, if we begin to boast of our services to others, or even to feel proud of them, we cease to be moral men. Virtuous action consists in a strenuous pursuit of good merely for the sake of doing good.

The individual or the family that allows an entrance to the germs of immorality—anger, falsehood, dissension and the like, is ruined for ever. The power to do good does not come to us from without. It exists always within us, and we have only to develop it by proper means. The highest moral law is that we should unremittingly work for the good of mankind.

Man's duty is to do unselfish service to others; and he should do such service not in order to do good to others, but rather because it is the very law of his being. There are some people who think that we can afford to act as we please in matters that affect only ourselves, but no man can, in fact, do anything in the world which does not, directly or indirectly affect the welfare of his fellow-men.

Everyone must remember that his most secret thoughts have an influence on himself as well as on others. He should, therefore, practise self-control so as to put all evil thoughts out of his mind, and give room only for thoughts that are noble and great. He should keep his body as clean and spotless as his mind. A man is but the product of his thoughts. What he thinks, that he becomes. Hence, all temptations to evil must be sternly repressed. No one who has not become the complete master of his senses and his passions, can come to any good.

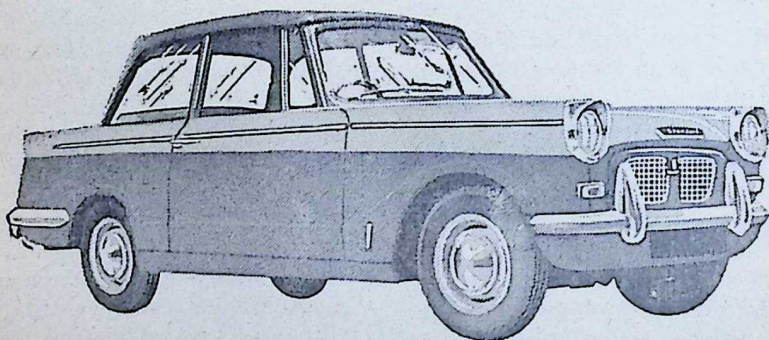
The man who has learnt to keep his mind spotlessly pure, must also have a clear conception of his goal in life. The man, who starts on his

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career with no fixed idea of his goal, must dissipate his energies and finally be lost for ever, even as a rudderless boat is tossed hither and thither by the waves of the sea and finally destroyed. The noblest of all aims is the worship of God. And the highest form of worship consists in doing the work of God by living in obedience to the Moral Law, and by rendering disinterested service to humanity. Thousands of men who are wicked and depraved take the name of God in vain. A parrot can be taught to repeat the name of God; but can it be called godly or pious? Service of man is possible to all men under all circumstances. The man who regards service as the highest end of his life cannot help being highly moral; for the welfare of the world is intimately bound up with the exercise of the moral virtues.

In judging the actions of men, we should always apply this test—whether it conduces to the welfare of the world or not. The merchant should see that he does not profit himself at the expense of his customers, lawyers and doctors should think of the interests of their clients rather than of their own earnings. The mother should always take care to see that her child is not spoilt by false affection or otherwise. A poor unlettered labourer is by far a greater man than the clever merchant, lawyer, or doctor who has earned his money by unworthy means. Let us never forget that even the meanest of us is capable of guiding his life by the above prin-

ciple. Even the humblest of us can rise above the limitations of wealth and rank; for a man's greatness rests not on wealth or social position, but simply and solely on his life and conduct. To judge the character of a man, we should know the inner workings of his heart. One man may give a rupee to a beggar in order to send him away from his sight; while another may give him four annas moved by pity and love. Of these two, the latter is clearly the better man, although he has given much less than the former.

To sum up, then, that man alone can be called truly religious or moral whose mind is not tainted with hatred or selfishness, and who leads a life of absolute purity and of disinterested service; and that man alone can be called truly wealthy or happy either. Only such men can do good to mankind; for Truth is the foundation of all that is good and great. To a true servant of humanity, the question never arises as to the best form of service. When we have realized the majesty of the Moral Law, we shall see how little our happiness or unhappiness depends on health, and success, and fame, and the like. As has been finely said by Emerson, even the pains and griefs of good men contribute to their happiness, while even the wealth and fame of bad men cause misery to themselves as well as to the world.

'Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all other things shall be added unto you.'

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Signposts to Right Conduct

H. H. Jagadguru
Sri Sankaracharya of Kanchi



THE culture of a nation is revealed in the inspired sayings of its great poets (*mahaa kavis*), whose poems have stood the test of time. These immortal poems flowed from the fulness of their heart and are the expressions of the noble culture which they embodied. These great poets have no private axe to grind. Having no pet theories or sectarian *siddhaantas* to bolster up, they do not stand in need of specious arguments. Their insight into truth gives them the courage of their utterance. Their authority is accepted to prove the culture of the people in whose midst it flowered. Homer and Shakespeare are two among such great poets of the West and in our country Kalidasa and Bana are poets without a peer. Their verdict is accepted as authority not only in matters pertaining to culture, but in religious matters also.

In the context of our daily life we are frequently called upon to determine the nature of our duties or Dharma. The question arises: What is our Dharma and from what authorities is it derived? Ordinarily, the enactments of the Legislature regulate our public conduct. These laws derive their sanction from the Constitution adopted by the representatives of the people. The laws are also enacted by legislators elected by the people. It does not require much argument to show that the voters are of various grades of intellectual and moral calibre and that not all the representatives they elect are the best that could be had. Such a state of affairs is inevitable in this imperfect world. Some of the laws may not be perfect from the ethical point of view and occasionally

we hear judges remarking that they have decided a point according to law, though they were not convinced of its moral correctness.

In our day-to-day personal and moral conduct, signified by the expression *dharma*, our religion has declared that we should be guided by the ordinances of the Vedas. It is declared that the Veda is the source of all *dharma*s (*Vedokhilo dharma moolam*)

If a doubt arose which could not be solved by the Vedas now extant we should look for guidance to the Smritis. It is a mistake to regard the authors of Smritis like Manu, Yajñavalkya and Parasara as law-givers. Smritis are merely *aides memoire* or short notes meant to indicate what are contained in the Vedas. The authors of Smritis did not write anything new apart from the Sruti or the Vedas. There is the authority of Kalidasa to this position. Describing the manner in which Sudakshina followed her husband King Dileepa for a short distance when he took out the cow Nandini to graze, Kalidasa says that she followed the footsteps of Nandini like *Smriti* following the footsteps or meaning of Sruti. (*Sruterivaartham Smritiranvagacchat*). Kalidasa has unambiguously established that the Smritis derive their authority from the Vedas, and, in the same way as Sudakshina followed the cow for a short distance, the Smritis only indicate what the Sruti contains.

If we are unable to get the necessary guidance from the Sruti and the Smritis, we are asked to observe the conduct of those who know the Smritis (*seelascha tadvidaam*) and act ac-

cordingly. When this guidance also is not available, we are asked to model our conduct on the actions of good people who have conquered desires and their ego and are pure in heart (*aacharascha saadhoonaam*). When even this source of guidance fails, we have to abide by the dictates of our conscience (*aatmanastushtirevacha*). That is how Dushyanta justified to himself the love which sprang in his heart at the sight of Sakuntala. He felt that, having entertained no evil thought before, his conscience could not have misled him to fall in love with a wrong person. *Sataamhi sandehapadeshu vastushu pramaanamantahkaranapravrittayah* says Kalidasa. It is to be noted that Sri Vedanta Desika, the great Visishtadvaitin, in his *Rahasyatrayasaaram* has quoted this *Kavivaakya*, the authority of Kalidasa, in support of a similar proposition enunciated by him. Kumārila Bhatta, the greatest of Mimamsakas and a senior contemporary of Sri Sankaracharya, has also cited Kalidasa's authority in his work in the context of *dharma*.

In these days, it is the fashion to give preference to conscience and to relegate all other guidances to a secondary place, or, as is often done, to condemn them as meaningless and irrational. But, according to our *Sastras*, the appeal to conscience must come as a last resort when all the other guidances mentioned above are not available. The modern view is at variance with the classical view on the authorities of *dharma*. The ancient view has stood the test of time and makes for enduring and eternal sanction for ethical conduct. This

view has been set forth in the utterances of Mahakavis like Kalidasa whose voice is the disinterested Voice of Truth, which is the glory and the prerogative of great poets.

In this connection, one recalls an identical idea expressed by three great persons in different parts of the world at different times. Lord Tennyson said: 'The old order changeth yielding place to new.' Kalidasa made one of his characters observe: 'All things are not good merely because they are ancient nor is a poem to be condemned as bad because it is new.'

पुराणमित्येव न साधु सर्वं
न चापि काव्यं नवमित्यवद्यम् ।

(*Puraanamityeva na saadhu sarvam na chaapi kaavyam navamityavadyam*). A Tamil classical grammarian expressed the equivalent of 'Ring out the old, ring in the new.' All this would make one conclude that everything ordained long long ago cannot be valid for all times. So, there are persons who advance the argument that though there are some good things in our Sastras, they are encumbered by weeds which should be removed. The process of removing the weeds is a dangerous enterprise. No two people are agreed as to which is weed and which is the crop. What is crop to one may be weed to another. So, in the name of removing weeds there may be indiscriminate uprooting of everything and there may be nothing left to guide our conduct.

When Kalidasa said, *puraanamityeva na saadhu sarvam*, he meant that being ancient is not by itself the criterion for estimating what is good. That is, it is not the only criterion.

Sastraic injunctions are ancient. Their sanction lies not in their being merely ancient. They are also eternal. In fact, *puraana* means *puraaapi navam*: पुरा अपि नवम् though ancient, yet ever new. That is why Sastraic dharmas are called *sanaatana dharmaas*. They stand for the foundational values and they constitute the touchstone of every kind of conduct. The new duties which new occasions may teach must not violate the general principles of *Sanaatana Dharma*. The Yuga dharmas may call for adjustments, but they cannot abrogate *sanaatana dharma*.

The entire slokas of Kalidasa should be understood as one whole. He said:

पुराणमित्येव न साधु सर्वं
न चापि काव्यं नवमित्यवद्यम् ।

सन्तः परीक्ष्यान्यतरद्भजन्ते

मूढः परप्रत्ययनेय बुद्धिः ॥

Speaking about a poetical composition he said, 'a poem is not to be accepted merely because it is old, nor is one to be rejected because it is new. The truly good, *santah* decide between them after careful examination. The fool goes by the opinions of others.' The significant part of the sloka for us in the present context is सन्तः परीक्ष्यान्यतरद्भजन्ते । In considering what is good or right conduct, we must accept the words of the good wise men. In the *Mahabharata*, the Yaksha asks Yudhishtira: *Kah panthaah?* (क पन्थाः ?) What is the path that one should tread in life? To this, Yudhishtira replies, 'Human reasoning gives conflicting opinions and unsettles the authorities. When authorities contradict each other and people speak in

many voices, the sure and safe path is that which the great good ones have trodden. *Mahaajano ena gatassapani-ithaah* महाजनो येन गतः स पन्थाः। In the same way, as was quoted earlier, Kalidasa made Dushyanta say सतां हि सन्देहपदेषु वस्तुषु प्रमाणमन्तःकरणप्रवृत्तयः। Now who are the truly good men? the *santah*, *saadhavah* or *mahaajaanah*? The *Bhagavata* gives a description of such persons. They are said to be तितिक्षवः कारुणिकाः सुहृदः सर्वदेहिनाम्। अजातशत्रवः शान्ताः साधवः साधुभूषणाः। III xxv. 21.

'They are those who bear the opposites with equanimity, who are full of *karuna*, tender feeling for all forms of life, who are friends of all embodied beings, who have no enemies, who are of peaceful mind, who are pre-eminently good.' It is such people alone that are qualified to determine the rule of action in cases of doubt or difficulty when other *sastraic* criteria are not available.

The moral order is wedded to the cosmic order. One can sooner disrupt the cosmos than interfere with the fundamental and eternal principles of morality. That the cosmos itself will go to pieces if there is a violent sabotage of the moral order has been picturesquely brought out by the Tamil poet Kambar. He puts this idea in the lips of Hanuman who advances to Rama arguments to prove that Ravana had not violated the person of Sita when he abducted her to Lanka. Says he: 'From the fact that the sun and the moon are still shining in the heavens, that the stars have not dropped from the skies, that the ocean has not overflowed its bounds,

know, my Lord! that Ravana did not touch Sita.'

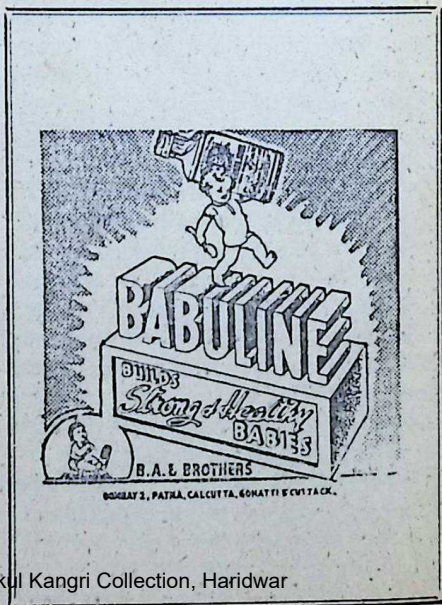
The *sastras* call humanity's attention to these inviolable eternal *dharma*s and abjure it to stand by them for all time. Hence the command of Sri Krishna to Arjuna and through him to every man:

तस्मात् शास्त्रं प्रमाणं ते कार्याकार्यव्यवस्थितौ।
ज्ञात्वा शास्त्रविधानोक्तं कर्म कर्तुमिहार्हसि॥

'Therefore in regard to what should be done and what not, *sastra* is thy determinant. Understand the behests of the *sastras* and act accordingly.'

The performance of *dharma*s ordained in the *srutis* and the *smritis* dowers a man with renown in this life and with supreme happiness in after-life.

श्रुतिस्मृत्युदितं धर्ममनुतिष्ठन्नि मानवः।
इह कीर्तिमवाप्नोति प्रेत्यचानुत्तमं सुखम्॥



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the pathless path to **GOD-REALIZATION**

Swami Ramdas

THERE are various cults, creeds, sects and institutions in the world which presume to lead the struggling soul to the haven of spiritual liberation and peace.

Innumerable also are the ways, methods and disciplines prescribed for purifying and elevating the soul so that it may reach the goal of divine perfection.

Aspirants are everywhere engaged in practising these methods and endeavouring to attain their object.

They feel that they are sought in the grip of one or the other discipline

and after some trial find that their progress is not satisfactory.

Their hearts remain as impure as ever and their minds continue to be restless.

If for a moment they gain some peace, again the mind gets into a whirl and there is a feeling of frustration and despair.

Some of the aspirants are tremendously earnest in their quest of immortality and peace.

There are others whose aspiration is not so strong and steady.

There are still others who make a show of religiosity.

But all of them are dwelling in a state of uncertainty and confusion. They feel as if they are moving in the dark, groping for the real way that takes them to light and freedom.

They delude themselves into the belief that they will be able to fulfil their quest in the near future.

It is true that all experiences, however bitter they may be, through which the soul passes, are necessary for its upward growth and evolution.

Struggle is indeed a sure pre-condition of progress, but the sooner the soul finds a way out of the labyrinth of confused ideas relating to the spiritual path, the better for him or her.

The true way is not a specified, cut and dried one.

It does not consist in joining any cult or society, in ceremonies, rituals, or bizarre phenomena.

The path is simple if it can be called a path.

Invite God who is all love and mercy to take you up and transform you into His radiant and blissful child.

Permit His grace to purify, vitalise and take possession of every part of your being.

Surrender your all to Him and be conscious of His presence within you and without you.

If you are a real spiritual aspirant, your longing for Him should be sufficiently intense to call down His grace.

You should be free from the illusions of this ephemeral world.

Your soul should hunger to realize its inherent divine nature.

The name of Krishna is the imperishable sugar-candy. O, devotees, buy this sugar-candy. No price need be paid for it in howsoever large a quantity you buy it. It does not reduce by eating. It is always found in the mouth of devotees of Purandara-Vithal.

—Purandaradasa

There is no purpose gained by calling yourself this or that, and by donning robes of a particular religious denomination.

Masks are useless. Pretension and hypocrisy is self-deception. Break off from all clutches. Come out from the cages of your own making. Come into the open with an unfettered mind and, with the ego vanquished, resign yourself to the supreme Truth residing within you.

Let your vision expand and envelop the universe and beyond.

Let your heart embrace all beings in the folds of infinite love.

Let your body work imbued with the omnipotent power of the Divine.

Let every atom of your frame thrill with spiritual ecstasy and produce universal harmony.

All else is unprofitable talk. All other ways lead nowhere.

Do not be deceived.

Do not be a slave of wealth, name and fame. All earthly attainments and possessions pass away.

Make God your aim and your goal. You are one with Him.

Know this and attain real happiness and peace.

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....The particular quality of Rama is expressed by the word "truth". Krishna was "love" incarnate. Buddha, on the other hand, was the apostle of "compassion". Through these three words of Truth, Love and Compassion, the full significance of Indian tradition is expressed....

Three Qualities of God:

Truth, Love and Compassion

Acharya Vinoba Bhave

A FRIEND put a very pertinent question: "You talk of truth, love and compassion. Why do you associate compassion with love and leave out non-violence?"

To tell the truth, non-violence and compassion are synonymous, both of them convey the same idea. One wing of non-violence is love and the other is compassion. Both combined present a composite picture of non-violence. The word non-violence alone is unable to express the underlying spirit and hence, I feel the need of explaining it in detail and use the two words—Love and Compassion.

Love denotes joy in the pleasure of others. To feel delighted in one's

own happiness is easy even for an animal. But to seek and work for the joy of others is true love.

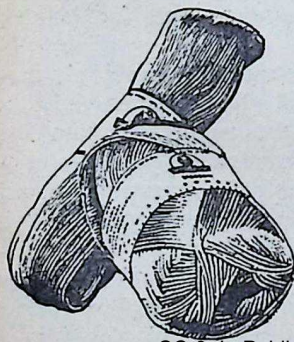
The other half of non-violence prompts us to be sorry in the distress of others and this is called compassion. But shedding tears alone for others is not enough. Compassion dictates us to do something positive for improving the prevalent condition. We should do something at least for others. Compassion won't allow a man to be a passive spectator. The man inspired with compassion is sure to run for helping the afflicted being. Even the beast can respond to pains on its physical self. But that is not laudable for human beings. There is an old Sanskrit saying which says that the heart of a noble being is softer than butter, for butter melts with heat acting directly on it, whereas the noble soul which remains calm amidst adversity, nevertheless, melts by the suffering of others. A righteous person is sure to run for helping others.

These two aspects combined, present the full vision of non-violence. Therefore, the picture is complete when truth is uttered along with non-violence. This is the reason why Gandhiji also used to pronounce these two words in the same breath.

I, of course, decided to swear by love and compassion and I feel, there are valid reasons for this decision of mine.



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God has been kind enough to bless our country with a host of saints. Here, in this land, we had three distinct ages—the ages of Rama, Krishna and Buddha. Many other saints and pious people were born in between them.

The particular quality of Rama is expressed by the word "truth". And Krishna was "love" incarnate. Buddha, on the other hand, was the apostle of "compassion". Through these three words of truth, love and compassion the full significance of Indian tradition is expressed.

There have been other preachers also, who have advocated the cult of devotion. Christ has defined God as love. According to Islam: He is kind and compassionate (*Rehmanul Rahim*). Shankaracharya has also stated that Narayan i.e. God is full of compassion. Thus the cult of devotion accepts the value of compassion and the Vedas, Upanishads and the scriptures of Jainism—all have reiterated that God is manifested through truth. So in a nutshell, we can assert that the essence of these three premier religions of world can be expressed through the words "Truth", "Love" and "Compassion". It is needless to add that non-violence is also implied in them.

True Meaning of "Jai Jagat".

I was also asked to explain the real meaning of Jai Jagat or victory to the world. It is whose victory that I want by uttering this slogan and who is the vanquished in this process?

Hence, I replied that *the forces which are working against the unity of the world are to be defeated to secure a victory for the cohesive agencies.*

We all have heard and liked the beautiful devotional song of Narsi Mehta which was very dear to our leader—Mahatma Gandhi. It says that he is a real devotee (*Vaishnava*), who feels for others and helps others without an iota of ego in him. His nature is such that he cannot but sympathize with a man in distress and he is immediately prompted to help that man. Such a person is loved by God also.

Some devotees of God take to idol worship. There might not be anything bad in it but real devotion to God is expressed through sympathetic and humble service of the needy and afflicted. This is also the teaching of the *Gita*, which says, "Envy not any being and cultivate the faculty of compassion casting aside ego and pride."

There are many a facet of the Divine. Truth, Non-violence and Compassion are but three words to define three aspects of Him. But we cannot equally assert that God is non-violent. A child cannot say that his parents are non-violent. He says and feels that they are love personified. God is also equally a manifestation of love. The word non-violent is negative. But "love" and "compassion" carry positive sense. It is, therefore, that I try to inspire people to cultivate these three faculties of God.

Thou shalt choose exile so as to be able to speak the truth.

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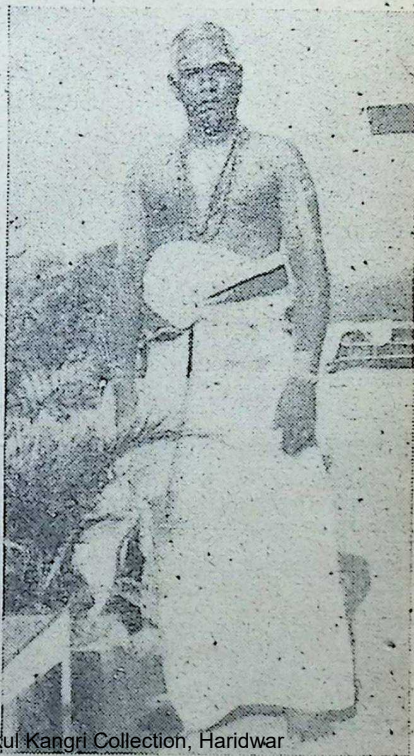
Sri Panrimalai Swami

GOD is the eternal Bridegroom to whom all mortals are drawn as His brides. That alone is true love which suffuses the heart of the devotee. It is love at its best, the highest and the most sublime. It is divine love; for it is love of the Divine. The word is abused in its material connotation. Bodily lust is mis-called love.

The Nayanmars were full of such divine love. It is different from mere devotion as generally understood. To them their devotion to God was more valuable than even their life. Mere intellect which scans the material world cannot comprehend it. Like the Brahman of the Upanishads, which is declared 'to be known by those who do not know and not known by those who know,' mere reason cannot sound

its depths. To the sophisticated, it may look like a state of hysteria. To those for whom this material work is all that is, it may appear to be a folly. To the valiant, it may seem a piece of chicken-heartedness. Those who swear by *ahimsa* will be aghast at the *himsa* practised by some of the devotees. Each one judging it may see in it the antithesis of his own point of view.

We must go to the root of the matter and try to understand the truth. Our Nayanmars are dedicated souls who offered their bodies, their very life and soul as a sacrifice at the footstool of God. They do not hesitate to chastise those who are the enemies of God's devotees. The body is punish-



ed to save the undwelling soul. The significance of this will not be apparent to a superficial mind.

Even today we witness the occurrence of certain miracles. Instead of making fruitless researches into their fact or possibility, one should concede that nothing is impossible in a universe governed by an omnipotent Providence.

God resides in the heart of those who receive His grace and conveys secret intimations to them. The world even now abounds in such elect souls. Such walking divinities live and move amidst us like ordinary men. These are the true *jnanis*, the true devotees and lovers of God. If we attach ourselves to them, they will draw us to themselves as a magnet does the bits of iron, and, even as the iron gets magnetised in the process, we shall be divinised by them. They will bathe us in the waters of their love and purify our entire being.

But a rust-laden iron will resist the attraction by the magnet. Even so, if our minds are soiled by the rust of lust, anger and greed, we shall be impervious to this divine attraction.

He who would be wise should subject himself to certain disciplines. An undivided devotion to the *guru* and an unflinching control of the senses are necessary. These two are the sure means to attain the ultimate objective of life. That is the lesson which our great good men have taught us.

*

If the devotee practises spiritual discipline a little, the guru explains everything to him. Then the devotee understands for himself what is real and what is unreal.

—Sri Ramakrishna Bhawan, Varanasi Collection, Haridwar

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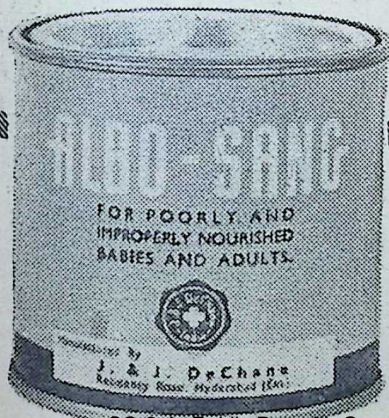
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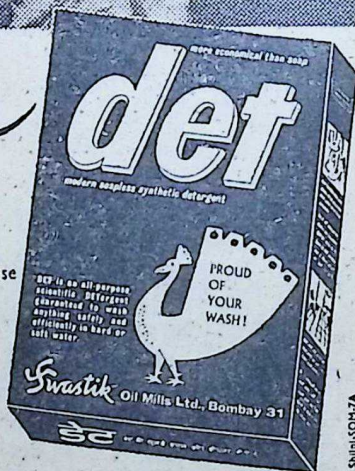
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LET US BECOME A GREATER NATION THAN EVER BEFORE

Dr. S. Radhakrishnan

WHAT is the strange power of our country? There are many factors. Among them the first is geographical, the other historical, and the third is the pursuit of certain definite objectives.

Geographically, India was said long ago the country which is enclosed by the Himalayas in the north and the seas in the south. "*Tham varsham Bharatam nama Bharati yatra san-tateh*". Those who dwell within these areas, whatever may be their creed or colour, whatever may be their religion, all belong to this one country. Even in early times, there was this sense of unity in the country.

If you look into the *Mahabharata*, you will find there that almost all the representatives from the north and the extreme south are said to have been present at the Kurukshetra war.

When you look at the historical side, at all times it was a multi-racial, multi-lingual, multi-religious society, and there was never any question of saying that this is the biggest or that is not the biggest. The idea was to accommodate all, and not to obliterate any faith but to harmonise all faiths.

Even a very conservative legislator like Manu tells us that "in this country all the people who enter are taught their own particular traditions".

We never believed in our being the chosen race or the adopters of a chosen religion or a chosen tribe. The historical traditions of each race, of each community, of each tribe, were preserved and taught to them.

It was this attitude of acknowledging every path, rejecting none, trying to find something of value in each

tribe and community, that has been the tradition which governed the history of our country.

It is an attitude born of spiritual perception and intellectual generosity. You find something similar in the Koran. There it is said: "O, mankind, we created you from a single pair of male and a female and made you into nations and tribes that you may know each other, not that you may despise each other."

So, it was a question of what may be regarded as "*Sarva mata (dharma) samanwaya*"—integration of all religions or faiths.

In the greatest periods of our history, when we were able to make a mark, we adopted this attitude of toleration and goodwill.

Asoka sent missionaries to far countries. He cut out his great principles in rocks: "*Samawaya eva Sadhu*"—concord alone is meritorious.

In the next great empire of the country, the Golden Age of the Guptas, Fa Hien, a Chinese traveller who spent ten years in India, was impressed by the toleration of the people. "I was allowed to go and do whatever I wanted, for the obvious reason that they never believed in the superiority of their own particular religion." Harsha Vardhana also adopted the religion of freedom.

About the great Akbar, it is said "He established principles of the widest toleration of opinion; of justice to all, irrespective of caste and creed; of alleviating the burdens of the children of the soil; of welding together the interests of all classes of

the community—of the Rajput princes, of the Uzbek and Moghul nobles, of the settlers of Afghan origin, of the indigenous inhabitants.

But whenever we surrendered these principles and resorted to rigid, fanatical attitudes, our country suffered and declined. If the misfortunes of our country tell us anything, it is this: the greatest need which we have is of developing qualities of goodwill and toleration among the people whom we have in this country.

We may adopt secularism, but religion is there, rooted in the nature of man. Man's impulse is to grow upward, to surpass himself, to know more and to love more, to create beauty. But we never said that it was only one particular religion that could help us to reach this conclusion.

Today, when our country extends from Kashmir to Kanyakumari, from Kutch to Assam, we are again adopting the same principles of toleration. Every religion is at liberty to practise its tenets, to follow its own principles, so long as those principles do not outrage the moral conscience of men or endanger the security of the country.

We do not want religious principles and political beliefs to be mixed up. This has caused ruin to this country times without number and we are anxious to avoid this as much as possible.

The code of conduct of the unity of the human race and that all men are brothers, was embodied in what is called the Code of Dharma.

What is Dharma? Dharma is that which holds society together. What-

ever divides society, distintegrates society, creates sects and coteries, that is Adharma.

National integration cannot be built by brick and mortar, by chisel and hammer. It has to grow silently in the minds and hearts of men. The only process is the process of education. This may be a slow process, but it is a steady and permanent one.

We never had linguistic jealousies in the past, nor did we have any prejudice against foreigners or foreign languages.

We are entering into one of the most important transition periods of history. Barriers are breaking down everywhere and we are trying to develop a kind of international world community. Whenever we want to change, there is always tremendous

resistance. All periods of transition are periods of tragedy, tragedy because we have to give up something. But that pain has to be faced by us and we have to get over that in order to make this country into a truly civilised and democratic State.

History is the interplay of great leadership, of historical circumstances and opportunities; and if we have all these, there is no reason why we should not become a greater nation than we were ever before.

With the consciousness of having worked together for achieving great things, including the freedom of India, and the will to work together for achieving still greater things in the future, we shall succeed.

[From his speech at the National Integration Conference]

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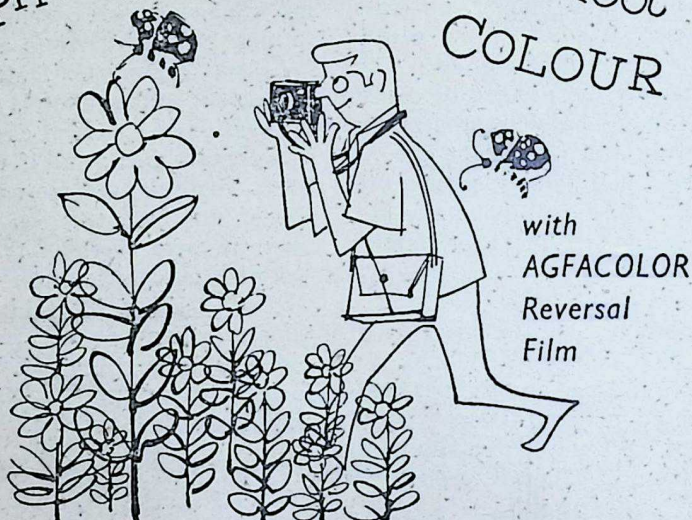
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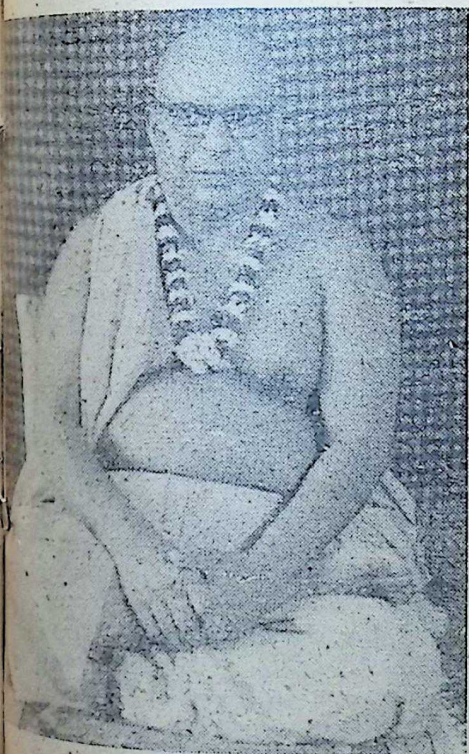
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... Can we allow atheism and infidelity to prevail among our young men and women, the flower of the country, from among whom will spring up our future leaders, defenders, administrators, Prime Ministers, Presidents...?

SECULARISM

misinterpreted

Swami Akhandanand Saraswati



AFTER the attainment of freedom India has accepted a secular policy. It implies that the Government will be impartial against all forms of religion. It will not allow injustice to be perpetrated against any religion. It was never implied that secularism connived at reckless negligence of wholesome principles, enjoyed by all religions.

But, unluckily this has been the interpretation given to the word "secularism." Moral instructions have been wiped out of school and college curricula; lives of great and wise men have not been included in our text books; and faith, which is the foundation of Character-building, has been placed in the background. Religious instruction is treated with contempt and this has resulted in growing indiscipline and defiant attitude among the students, moral degradation of the citizens and what not. I am personally deeply pained at heart. I feel shy of calling this Government,

our Government. Among these young men and women—the flower of the country—lie dormant, to spring up later our future leaders, defenders, administrators, Prime Ministers and Presidents of the Nation. Their attitude is one of utter recklessness towards their interest in spite of being the assets of the nation. This is a cause of grave concern.

We all know that our country is in danger; in the past there lurked a danger from the West, now it peeps from the North as well as East. Can we afford to ignore the brave deeds of the heroes of Rajasthan, who sacrificed their all? Can we forget the world famous self-immolations by the brave sisters and mothers of this part of the country? Can we allow atheism and infidelity to prevail among them? How then can the transgressors be bravely checked and halted?

Even when non-violence is acclaimed by our great wise men of the old, they have advised use of arms in case of emergency or a national calamity, to safeguard the interest of the nation and humanity. Non-violence is the individual rule of life and is meant for spiritual elevation. But when the nation is in danger of attack or aggression by a foreigner and a calamity arises, physical force ought to be used.

Therefore, India ought to be ready

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to fight. If our youth are not armed with fortitude, religious fidelity, faith, good character, morality and emotions, where are we to be? What shall become of our nation then? We are entirely in disagreement with the Government and we firmly assert that they should pay heed to us. We claim that moral and ethical principles ought to form a part of instruction; spiritualism ought to be its foundation. We feel and visualise darkness, frustration and failure to result if this is not done.

The Sanskrit word for truth is Satya. Etymologically it is constituted by two halves. Sat which connotes the earth, water and fire and tyat which stands for vayu and akash. That which is immanent in all these five elements is indicated by the word Satya. What is immanent in all the five elements but God? That is how God is equated to Truth. Kangri Collection, Haridwar

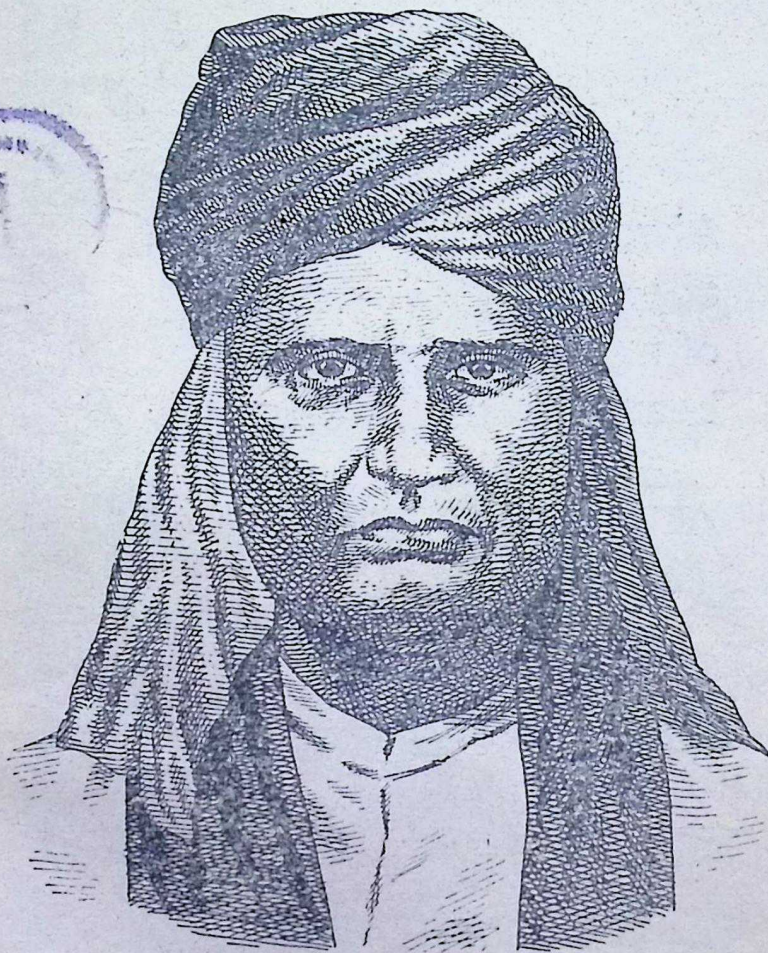
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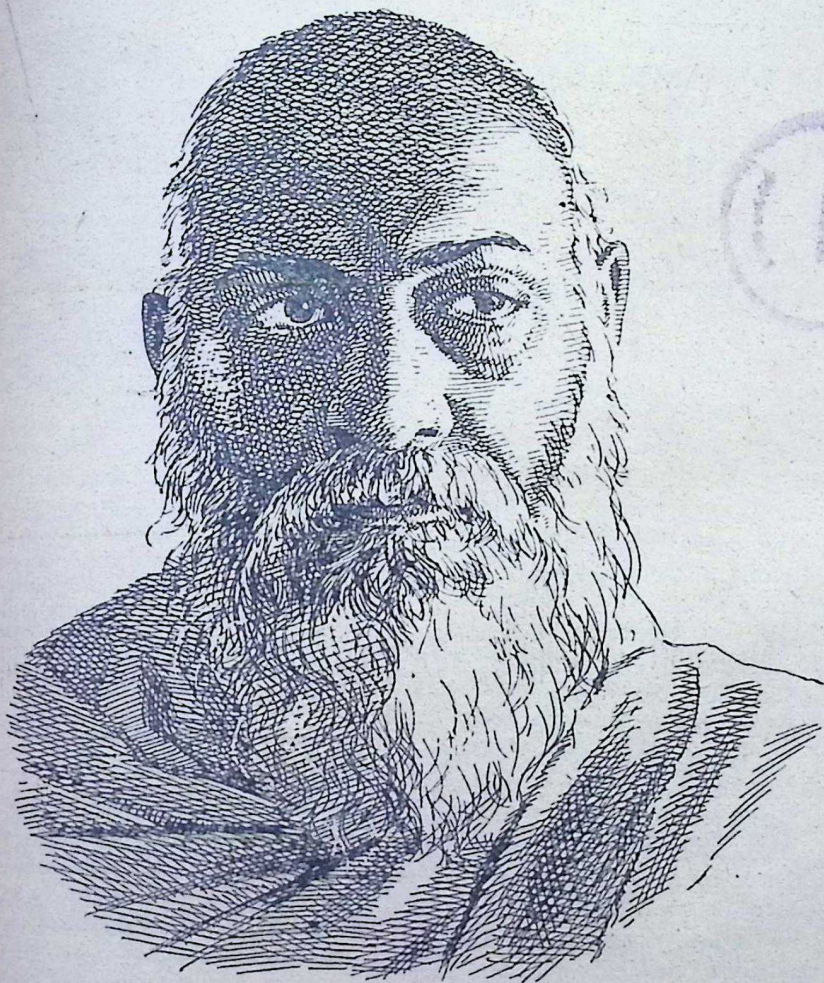


SWAMI DAYANANDA SARASWATI

[b. 1824; d. On the night of Dipavali 1883 (October 30)]

".....as a logician (he) had no rival, as a debater he had no equal. His power of reasoning was marvellous. He was a great orator."

—Swami Sivananda



VITHALBHAI JHAVERBHAI PATEL

[b. September 27, 1873; d. October 22, 1933]

"Let not the fire kindled in our hearts by Vithalbhai be put out."

—Sarojini Naidu

“.....may it be reserved to India to evolve the true science
of democracy by giving a final demonstration.”

—Mahatma Gandhi

Swaraj for People:

THE INVERTED PYRAMID OR SWARAJ FROM ABOVE



Jayaprakash Narayan

I

THE Constituent Assembly of India, in the name of the people, resolved:

- (a) to constitute India into a Sovereign Democratic Republic;
- (b) to secure to all its citizens Justice, social, economic and political; Liberty of thought, expression, belief, faith and worship; Equality of status and of opportunity; and
- (c) to promote among them all Fraternity assuring the dignity of the individual and the Unity of the Nation.

These aims and purposes together do make up an inspiring and challenging image of democracy. In order to help render that image into a concrete reality, the Assembly adopted and enacted the present Constitution of India, which, as amended from time to time, stands as a bulwark of

Patriot, thinker and Sarvodaya worker, Sri Jayaprakash Narayan enjoys an honoured place in the estimation of our countrymen as well as thinkers of other lands. Some time back he offered to the country a paper on 'Reconstruction of Indian Polity.' As a result of discussion on that paper among a large body of workers, Sri Narayan has revised his thoughts which he has briefly outlined in a new paper, the first chapter of which is being published in this issue, to be followed by others in the subsequent issues of the Journal.—Ed.

[Courtesy: Sarva Seva Sangh]

freedom and democracy.

The people of this country may justly be proud of the fact that they have deliberately chosen the democratic way of life, despite the example of many neighbouring countries having embraced dictatorship of one kind or another. It is evidence of the people's cultural and spiritual

maturity that they have done so.

While affirming all this, it is desirable to take stock of our decade of democratic experience. This should be done in the light of the experience of other countries of Asia and Africa as well as of the mature Western democracies.

The most striking fact that has emerged from the working of eleven years of our Constitution is that the people of the country, that is to say, the twenty crores of voters have felt rather *left out of it all*. They have no doubt had the opportunity of participating in two General Elections, but beyond that transient contact with the workings of democracy, they have had nothing further to do with it. It is very common to hear the remark made by common people even in the countryside that though *Swaraj* came, it had not come to them. They complain that they are ruled much in the same manner and by the same kind of people as during British rule. They find that not even in local affairs have they a hand or that even the humblest civil servant is in any manner accountable to them; on the contrary, they find that he lords it over them and even exacts illegal gratification much as in the old days. The truth must be faced that the people have not been able to experience the sensation of *Swaraj*. It is only the very thin layer of the educated middle class, and even of them only those directly engaged in political activity, who are involved in the working of our democracy.

The result of this state of affairs is that our democracy is found to be resting on a very narrow base. It is

like an inverted pyramid that stands on its head. Our obvious task is to set this picture right and stand the pyramid on its base. The mere fact that every adult Indian has the right to vote does not make the pyramid broad-based. The crores of individual and disparate voters are like a heap of particles of sand that can never be a foundation for any structure. The particles must be united to form bricks or encased within concrete moulds to be able to act as foundation stones. It is, therefore, obvious that if stability has to be imparted to our democracy, the base must be broadened and the top layers suitably architected into the basic structure. If the base were strong there would be little danger of the whole edifice of democracy toppling down at the adventurer's touch. Ours is a country of historic ruins. One has only to visit any of the ruins to see what happens when an edifice falls to the ground. It is always the roofing that comes down first, then the walls; the upper storeys first, then the lower; and the foundation stones are found intact even after the passage of thousands of years. The durability of a structure—no matter how ambitious—depends on the strength of the foundation and the lower supporting structures.

In some countries of Asia and Africa the outward forms of Western democracy had been imported. That is to say, there were, generally speaking, adult franchise, a number of contending parties, an elected parliament and a Government responsible to it. That Kangan, as in India, that there was a mass of disparate individual

voters at the bottom—the sand heap—and on that foundation of sand was raised the topmost storey of Government. In such a state of affairs, it was only natural that people should feel that they had no stake in that kind of democracy even though they had the votes and that at the slightest push the pyramid of democracy standing on its head would topple down and the millions of particles of sand, viz., the disorganized voters, would look on as helpless spectators. It is conceivable that if the democracy that had been knocked down was corrupt and inefficient and had failed to tackle such vital problems as those of food and unemployment, the voters might even welcome the event. It is not the abstract virtues of democracy that so excite us, the democratic intelligentsia; but the concrete fruits of democracy in terms of welfare and the palpable stake they have or part they play in working it that determine the attitude of the mass of the people anywhere to the institutions and processes of democracy.

It would be foolish not to profit from the experience of so many countries of the world, that are by no means confined to the continents of Asia and Africa. It is true that there is no imminent danger of subversion of our democracy; but we should never forget that it also suffers from the very same defects that have sent democracy to its doom elsewhere. The danger quite conceivably might become imminent once the few national leaders of today disappear from the political scene.

There is no doubt that the developed and mature democracies of the West are not so top-heavy and devoid

of the support of broad-based infra-structures of various kinds. Nevertheless, even there government and decision-making do remain the privilege of the few. Except in Switzerland and perhaps the Scandinavian countries, Western democracy is little more than government by consent. With the growth of science and technology and a complex economic system, government is becoming more and more the business of smaller and smaller numbers of people. With the consequent growing concentration of economic and political power in the hands of fewer people—whether they are private citizens or officers of the State—democracy would soon be just a matter of form rather than of substance.

Western democracy will perhaps solve its own internal problems, but it must be emphasised that the Western concept of democracy as government by consent, or, in other words, as a political system that offers an opportunity to the people to change their government peacefully, is not an adequate enough concept, and that we should profit from the experience of the West and try to move forward towards a more adequate democracy. The next step beyond government by consent is people's participation in government, or a participating democracy.

Now, it is obvious that it would be impossible for the millions of Indian voters to participate in government if that were to be run only from Delhi or the few capitals of the States. In order that the people might participate in government, government must be brought as near to the people as possible. This would require a

thorough-going system of political as well as economic decentralization.

There is in the West a very healthy and vigorous system of local self-government. While this is to be welcomed, local self-government by itself cannot satisfy the needs of participating democracy as I visualise it. In the West, while there is a substantial measure of local self-government, the Central Government is all-powerful; that is to say, all the major and vital decisions are taken at the Centre. This is far from my concept of participating democracy. What I have in mind is what Gandhiji often used to emphasize, namely, that as you proceed from the bottom level of government to the top, each higher level should have less and less functions and powers. To go back to the image of the inverted pyramid, the broad-upper levels of present-day democracy must be drastically sawed off and large portions of the vast upper floors brought down to earth, so that the pyramid of democracy could become a real pyramid—narrow at the top and broad at the bottom. In such a system the people at each level would have the fullest opportunity to manage all those affairs that might pertain to that level. Such a system of democracy could give the people a stake in democracy as well as the sensation of *Swaraj*.

It is a remarkable phenomenon that when a dictator knocks down a democratic set-up of the Western type, he at the same time protests his faith in a 'true democracy of the people' that would arise tier by tier from the village upward. The latest instance of this is King Mahendra of Nepal.

Sometimes the protestation is sincere, sometimes it is only a ruse to fool the people. Be that as it may, the question is, why is such a protestation voiced at all? The reason is obvious. It is not that such a people's democracy is a hoax, and therefore a convenient tool in the hands of a dictator. Democracy, when standing on its head, as formal democracy of the Western type does, at least where it lacks the infra-structures, is easily toppled over. The reason the dictators always speak of some kind of basic democracies is that they are shrewd enough to realise that that kind of democracy would be more readily understood by the people as a system in which they would come into their own, rather than be made a plaything by the politicians as in the Western system; and that consequently, the people would rally to the support of the dictators. It is reasonable to expect that those dictators who are sincere in their professions of democracy would make a serious effort to build the new democracy of which they speak. It remains to be seen if the dictators, from the U.A.R. to Nepal, would translate their promise into action and eventually hand over all power to the people and their democratic institutions. The setting up of the National Union in the U.A.R. and Basic Democracies in Pakistan is some little advance in the promised direction, but these countries are still far from being a democracy of any kind whatever. But, this unique phenomenon in which the two cries go up simultaneously, 'democracy is dead' and 'true live democracy', merits attention.

Political and economic decentralization and strengthening of the lower organs of government might make it appear as if that process would weaken the fabric of the Nation and impair the strength and unity of the Centre. The fact that fissiparous tendencies do exist in the country and there are local and linguistic patriotisms and tensions lends force to this view. But a closer examination of the matter would show that we would be far more cohesive and strong as a nation, and the diverse groups making up India would live together far more happily if they had as much freedom and opportunity as possible to manage their affairs and preserve and develop their uniqueness. An all-powerful Centre concentrating too many functions in its hands would only be outwardly strong. Inwardly, it would be under severe stresses and strains, and the danger of its falling apart would be ever-present. It should also be evident that such a 'strong' centre would have gradually to move away from democracy and become more and more totalitarian. It is not without reason that those in India who advocate a unitary form of government have marked fascistic tendencies.

Devolution of power so that the Centre has only as much of it as required to discharge its *central* functions and all the rest is exercised by the lower organs, need not necessarily imply a weak Centre. It is all a matter of competence: at each level the elected authority does *all* that it is competent to do. And, because at each level the authority concerned finds that there are tasks that lie beyond its competence, it has to federate with

other authorities at the same level so as to create a higher level of authority. It may be parenthetically observed that even nation-states find in the present age that there are tasks that the strongest among them cannot face; and so, opinion is growing in favour of a world union of peoples. It is this factor of competence that is a guarantee of the strength of the Centre in this system, because it is in the interest of the lower authorities to give all power and opportunity to the Centre to do efficiently and expeditiously all that they themselves cannot do. Defence, foreign affairs, inter-State relations, currency, regulation of imports and exports, preservation of national unity are, for instance, tasks that fall within the competence *only* of the Centre. A central government that is armed with these powers cannot by any stretch of imagination be described as weak, just because the range of subjects in its charge is not so wide. Indeed, such a government would be bound to be strong, powerful, stream-lined and effective. On the other hand, a top-heavy sprawling Centre, poking its finger into every pie might have the appearance of strength and power, but in actual fact it would be weak, flabby, slow-moving and ineffective.

National unity or strength does not depend upon the list of subjects that a central government deals with, but on such intangible factors as emotional integration, common experiences and aspirations, national ethos, mutual goodwill and the spirit of accommodation, and, above all, upon large-hearted wisdom on the part of national leaders.

[In the Constitution, Panchayati Raj or Nivaraaj from Below]

Principles of Leadership

Pearl Buck



Capacity for Dreaming—Genius & Talent— Integrity—Fearlessness

WHAT are the principles of leadership? I venture to say that, first of all, every potential leader is and of necessity must be a dreamer, one who dreams of what should be and could be, if—

A world that could be better, if—

A life that could be fuller, if—

A people who could be happier, if—

Most people do not dream big dreams. They hope, they wish, they have fragments of dreams, a better house, a big car—or a smart small one these days—clothes, food, prestige, business success, travel—these are all good little dreams that have no significance beyond themselves, enough perhaps to induce little dreamers to work harder, earn more, enjoy their individual lives. All good, but these are not the dreams I mean,

the big dream, the universal dream of mankind for mankind.

The person who can envision the big dream must have the conceptual mind, the synthesizing mind, the creatively thinking mind.

Essentially, of course, this is the mind of the artist, living in the eternal search for meaning, for beauty, for order, for understanding, for universal happiness.

Essentially this mind expresses the very nature of the artist, the capacity to feel, the energy to pursue the vision.

Instinctively the people, in search of a leader, are drawn to one who is superior to them they think, one who sees beyond what they can see, one who is willing to work for the dream and so for them.

He is, above all, able to express the

dream in terms which they can understand, a dream of enough to eat, a steady job, freedom from oppression, freedom to think, to speak, to write—just to be free.

He puts into words what people want and in terms simple enough so that they can grasp it and they come to believe that he knows how to make the dream come true.

He promises, and they follow.

This capacity for dreaming is an essential part of the leader's nature, it is imagination, it becomes a longing, which grows acute in him when he sees the needs of those who surround him and their dependence upon him, their hope in him. He is under obligation to them to prove himself. He is compelled by his belief in himself and in his dream, and in the power of his own promises. He believes that he can make the dream come true. He is now the chosen one.

Will he fulfil the promise and deserve the faith? Let us see; let us proceed.

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The next principle I think is that of genius, abetted by talent.

It is very easy to dream. In one way or another, as I have said, each of us has his dream. Whether we can fulfil the dreams, the extent to which we can fulfil them, determines the quality of leadership.

I do not hesitate to attach the word *genius* to this quality. The flair, the vision, the conceptual thought, all are part of genius.

You will notice that I also attach the word talent. *Genius* and *talent* are two different attributes. Genius is the quality, the principle, the

the ability to express the genius and to make the application. I think in this regard particularly of Sun Yat-sen of China whose lifetime was partly my lifetime. There is a man who certainly was a dreamer and certainly had the quality of genius in a strange sort of way but had no talent whatever so that he had no means, no technique, to make the dreams come true. He had no ability to work out in practical terms his own hopes.

I might say then that genius is art and talent is craft. The difference between art and craft, and the relationship between art and craft, is the difference, the relationship, between genius and talent. The potential leader may have genius, but unless he has the talent for its political expression, he will fail as a leader, and when he fails the people, those whom he has led will either follow other leadership or they become quite ruthless towards the leader who failed. They will not only reject him, they will put him to death because they cannot forgive him. He has betrayed them, not by intention, but by lack of talent. He has been able to conceive, but not to organize. He has promised, but he has not produced. One has only to study the history of revolutions in this world to understand the necessity of talent in leadership as well as genius. Rarely, if ever, has the first revolutionary leader remained free and alive. Others of little genius but more talent take over.

Mahatma Gandhi of India, in contrast, I think, to Sun Yat-sen, had the same genius but he had also a remarkable talent for its practical application. He was a politician and so

cial craftsman as well as a genius. His dreams were solid, anchored firmly to the needs of his people. His concepts were not only of an Utopia, but also of how to achieve it. He knew his people. He knew what they were able to understand and what they were able to do, and he led them only as fast as they could go—but as fast—and in ways that they understood. How much laughter there was in high places when he talked of salt and of the spinning wheel and of non-violence!

But these were the ideas which his people, the simplest of them, could grasp. Salt was a daily need, the spinning wheel gave them a symbolic freedom from the machines of empire, and non-violence was part of their ancient religion. Gandhi would have failed completely had he not used such means. The people understood what to do when he told them, and therefore they could take their part in bringing the dream to reality. Through action suited to their understanding they were able to see the dream more clearly. The dream itself would have faded had Gandhi been less skilled as a craftsman in his leadership.

Had he talked only of the dream without telling people what to do about it, he would have failed as their leader. He did not fail. He never failed his people, for what he asked of them he first did himself. He practised what he told them to practise.

And all the time he maintained the dream. He knew what he was working for. He never lost that vision, the end to which all else was the means.

Genius and talent, the simplest

terms that I have tried to express them—and this brings me to the next principle, integrity.

There is a difference you know between honesty and integrity. People can be quite honest but not have integrity. Honesty is being honest, and telling the truth to the best of your ability, being fair, and so on, but integrity is being honest when no one can know about it.

Integrity is honesty carried through the fibres of the being and the whole mind, into thought as well as into action so that the person is complete in honesty. That kind of integrity I put above all else as an essential of leadership.

There are, as you know, good and honest persons of the utmost integrity who nevertheless cannot be leaders because they have not the qualities of conceptual thought, which I call vision, and who possess no genius and talent. But genius and talent without integrity are not enough.

Integrity is the soul of leadership.

I cannot, however, put one quality above another in this matter of the principles of leadership. They are equally important. Without each the whole cannot be achieved and all must be found in the same person before we have the potential leadership which we need.

What is integrity again? It is loyalty in triplicate—loyalty to the dream, loyalty to one's best self and the best one knows, and loyalty to the people one serves.

A clear and simple example of integrity might be Gandhi's visit to England at the height of his career, before his success was assured. He

was already successful in his own country but whether his leadership would be recognized abroad was as yet unknown.

You will remember that notable visit, how he arrived in London wearing his costume of homespun cotton, and although the weather was grey and chill, his only wrap was his hand-woven woollen shawl. He fed on goat's milk, and he slept on a mat. Among the dignified and amply dressed Englishmen he seemed an odd figure and there was much laughter and many cartoons blossomed on the pages of magazines and newspapers. But Gandhi was unmoved by laughter and criticism. He knew what he was doing. I do not doubt that he had thought out carefully every step of his way, how he would dress, how he would behave. His talent was at work.

Of course he could have worn English formal dress with the best of them, but had he done so, his people would have doubted him. They would have feared that he was yielding to the British in some secret way of which perhaps he might scarcely be aware. He had to identify himself with those whom he served.

He would eat no better food, wear no better or different garments from those he and his followers had worn in India.

He dramatized millions of Indian peasants in his own small rather insignificant person, but he did this not only for the sake of drama. Drama alone would not have served. But I am sure that had he gone to England dressed otherwise we would not have seen the India that he wanted

us to see. He did it first, I believe, for integrity's sake.

This is I, he said in effect, and in this man whom you behold, you see millions of other men, my people, of whom I am only one.

When the people of India studied his photograph in their newspaper they did not laugh or make fun. You may be sure their devotion swelled to greater heights than ever before. This man was their man, he had given himself to them. He did not betray them when he went to rich foreign countries. He walked the handsome streets of London looking exactly as he did on the dusty roads of Indian countryside. They recognized him as theirs, though he was thousands of miles away. He was always the same.

They trusted him.

"Truth," Gandhi once said, "is not merely a matter of words. It is really a matter of living the truth."

This trust did not come about in an hour or a year. It took years of relentless integrity before Gandhi was trusted completely by his own people and finally by the world.

He won this trust not only by his complete honesty in thought and action, but also by a unique frankness.

He bared his private life to his people. He described his own struggles with temptation. He told of his own failures, and how when he failed he began all over again, refusing to be discouraged.

He was weak as other men are weak and he fought his weakness.

His frankness at times was embarrassing. Some called it exhibitionism, but it was not. He was stripping himself naked, so that his people could see

him as he was, and, seeing him, recognize themselves.

And because he had conquered himself, he gave them hope for themselves.

For Gandhi, this integrity meant a self-revelation where there could be nothing secret or hidden in his life and thought. All that he did was open and before the eyes of others. Even the simple rites of eating and sleeping, the habits of work and communication, were there for all to see. Everybody knew everything about him except, perhaps, in his weekly days of silence, when for one day he shut himself away into himself to commune again with his own dream and renew his own vision. On that day he wanted to hear no human voice, not even his own. For the rest, he belonged to the people and they belonged to him.

There were times, of course, when this complete identification, the result of complete integrity, became somewhat irritating.

Gandhi could be so identified with people, especially those closest to him, that he took part in their most private affairs and gave advice where it was not always wanted or—let us say—appreciated. His people had to become accustomed to his directions—or advice—in personal matters of marriage, or health habits, or politics, or anything. But I think they forgave him everything because it was love and interest that prompted this help.

Nothing was sacred to Gandhi—or rather, everything was sacred, and therefore open to his inspection and participation.

When his advice was not followed,

or when he was opposed, he had the annoying habit of immediately punishing himself instead of the other person.

There is, of course, no more subtle revenge than the direction of Jesus when he advised his followers to turn the other cheek when struck, a concept, by the way, to be found in Hindu scripture, in a poem which says. "To give a drink of water in return for a drink of water is nothing. To do something one must return good for evil."

Any act more disconcerting to the enemy could scarcely be devised than the turning of the cheek.

Just what does one do when the other cheek is offered? The most callous conscience must be pricked or at least confused, or even angered by such retort. Come on, the saint says gently, hit me again if you are wicked enough. To hit again is to acknowledge the wickedness and extend it to proof beyond dispute.

Also—what is the use of hitting someone who asks to be hit?

Gandhi applied the technique by going on a hunger strike and such was his will-power that time and again he continued almost until death.

Perhaps he was so completely one with his people that he knew nothing could terrify them more than the loss of him, their leader, and, always the recalcitrant one, in triumph he sipped his fruit juice and returned to life.

There was a great deal of humour in Gandhi and at times a child-like mischief, which his people perfectly understood and enjoyed. It was Sarojini Naidu, I believe, that woman who loved

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Gandhi with utter devotion, who said one day something to the effect that it cost the people a great deal to maintain Gandhi in his simple poverty. This, I was told, was her comment upon a visit by Gandhi to one of his millionaire friends—and he was not proud for he made friends among millionaires as well as among untouchables—when he insisted upon having the furniture and carpets and decorations removed from a handsome room in the mansion and caused a great deal of trouble so that he could live in his usual poverty and simplicity.

Whatever the humour and the drama of his life and that is a part of a good leader which he frankly enjoyed, the people enjoyed it, too. They laughed at him, they revered him, they trusted him. And in return he never asked them to do what he knew they could not do, if they were inspired—and he could inspire them.

He never asked them to do anything ignoble or dishonest or unworthy of the high cause for which he gave his life.

And, I repeat, whatever he asked them to do he did first.

When he bade them give up untouchability he adopted as his own daughter a girl belonging to the untouchables. When he gave the name of Harijan, or "God's Own," to the untouchables, he led his people gently towards the green pastures and the still waters of non-segregation. He did not force them beyond their power to perform, but he led them. This is integrity. This is loyalty to the vision. This is loyalty to the high-

est self. This is loyalty to the highest in people.

His own integrity roused in response the integrity of those whom he led. And I assure you this never fails.

Mahatma Gandhi then was a leader who succeeded in bringing about his dream. He fulfilled his vision. Genius and talent combined in him and when he died his revolution was not taken over by lesser men. And there is a very important lesson to be learned from that.

It is when the leader fails that lesser men take over, but if the leader does not fail, the revolution is not lost.

Instead, men like Prime Minister Nehru, who were his followers, took up the challenge of his leadership.

Theirs has been a different leadership in method, perhaps, and even in talent, but the genius has been the same.

They have not departed personally from the principles that Gandhi established. India, therefore, has not suffered the waste and loss that most countries suffer after revolution.

Her progress has been steady. And the greatest tribute of all, perhaps, to the success of that leadership is the fact that the British themselves have acknowledged its quality and now all over the world people are beginning to understand the quality of the leadership that has followed Mahatma Gandhi.

Gandhi would not allow in himself the luxury of personal enmities. He rebelled steadfastly, of course, against colonialism and lived and died for the freedom of his people. Yet he was warmly friendly towards the in-

dividuals who administered that which he wished to put away.

Lord and Lady Mountbatten were his personal friends and admirers and the dignity and mutual respect which attended the granting of independence to India was unique in human history.

We must attribute this primarily to the noble leadership of Mahatma Gandhi and the manner in which he conducted the long struggle.

I pause here for a moment. Among these basic principles of leadership which I have tried to describe to you, I considered adding one more, that of fearlessness. Then I decided against it. For fearlessness is the inevitable fruit of the capacity for the dream, accompanied by genius and practical talent, infused and empowered by integrity.

Such a person by consequent nature is inevitably fearless. Certainly Gandhi was fearless, of jail, of ridicule, of poverty, of death itself.

It was strangely fitting that Gandhi should have died suddenly one day at the hand of one of his own people.

I am sure we often think of the great drama of that death.

It usually happens that a man of such stature approaches heights intolerable to certain lost souls. Christ always has his Judas.

The dualism of our universe manifests itself in many ways. Gandhi died while he was triumphant in leadership. He did not sicken and weaken as lesser men might do. He simply was sent on his way to what beyond we do not know. How can one imagine

Gandhi's great strength as a political leader and the key to his compelling personality lay in his saintliness, his transparent honesty and his constant willingness to see new points of view, to admit mistakes, but above all to be faithful to the truth as he saw it at the moments.—S. N. HAY.

immortality?

When I think of the word, immortality, I am reminded of the simple explanation I once heard an American mother give to her child. We cannot know what happens to people after they die, she told the child, because we aren't breathing the same air any more. See that dragon fly yonder, on the lake's edge? Once it was a water creature, living under water. Then one day it felt the necessity of going to the surface of the water. It didn't know why it had to go, but it just seemed time to do it. So up it went and, there on the surface, suddenly it found itself changed. It had wings and it could fly. And it did fly. But it was never able to return again under the water or find the other creatures there, who had not wings yet, and who had to live under the water. And those creatures, I suppose, said to one another, in their way, I wonder where he went, and why we don't see him any more.... They think he is lost, the mother said to the child, but he isn't. He's flying on wings in another world.

So, perhaps, we may say of Mahatma Gandhi in remembrance.

He is flying on wings somewhere in another world.

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Jairamdas Doulatram

THE most outstanding feature of Gandhiji's character was his warm, deep, limitless love for his fellow human beings. For the last fifty years of his life he had ceased to live for himself and did nothing for any personal purpose of his own. It was his abounding love, specially for the poor, the naked, the sick, and the unhappy ones of India and through her of the world, that made him perform every single act of his life during those long years. Even his big epoch-making political movements were based on the fundamental urge to serve the weak and neglected ones; and he wanted to serve them best by raising them to their feet so that they could then help them-

selves. From the time he woke up between three and four in the morning, till he lay down again on his wooden bed, generally at about nine in the night, none of his actions were for himself.

He was very mindful about the condition of his health. But that was not with a view to make the body enjoy the physical things of life. His objective was to maintain it as a fit instrument so that he could use it for greater service to the people.

He selected his food with care, fixing for each meal even the quantity of every item. This he did not because he wished to enjoy tasteful things but because, as a health expert, he knew what should be taken and how much of it, in relation to the quantity and nature of work the body would have to be put to that day.

He wore very little of clothes on his body. This was not to save himself from the perspiring heat of India's summers but because he knew that the poor of his country could afford to wear no more of cloth—and he had no right to wear what the poor could not.

Even in the midst of talks and discussions on matters of great moment to India or the world, he plied his spinning wheel to produce some yarn. This was not because it was some entertainment or relaxation he needed, but because he wanted to use his body all the time he could, to do some service or convey, by example, some vital message to the people of India.

Even when he took his food, he continued his discussions with his visitors or had people's letters read out to him and dictated replies, be-

cause he wanted to use even his meal-times to render them some assistance or guidance.

During thirty years of his work in our midst he travelled in crowded third class compartments from one end of the country to the other. Even in the shakes and jolts of his uncomfortable journeyings, he wrote letters with his own hand, using the left one when the right was tired, to reply to those who, in distress, worry, doubt, or depression, had placed before him their mental condition or some public or domestic problem.

To attend to the needs of the weak and the helpless was as compelling a call for him as one from the mightiest in the land during a political crisis. I know of an occasion when, while his mind was occupied at Delhi with weighty discussions with the Viceroy of India on the eve of the last World War, his heart was with a leper whom he had left in a cottage near his own in Sevagram. He was impatient to conclude his talks with the Viceroy so that he could rush to the side of his patient and treat and comfort him.

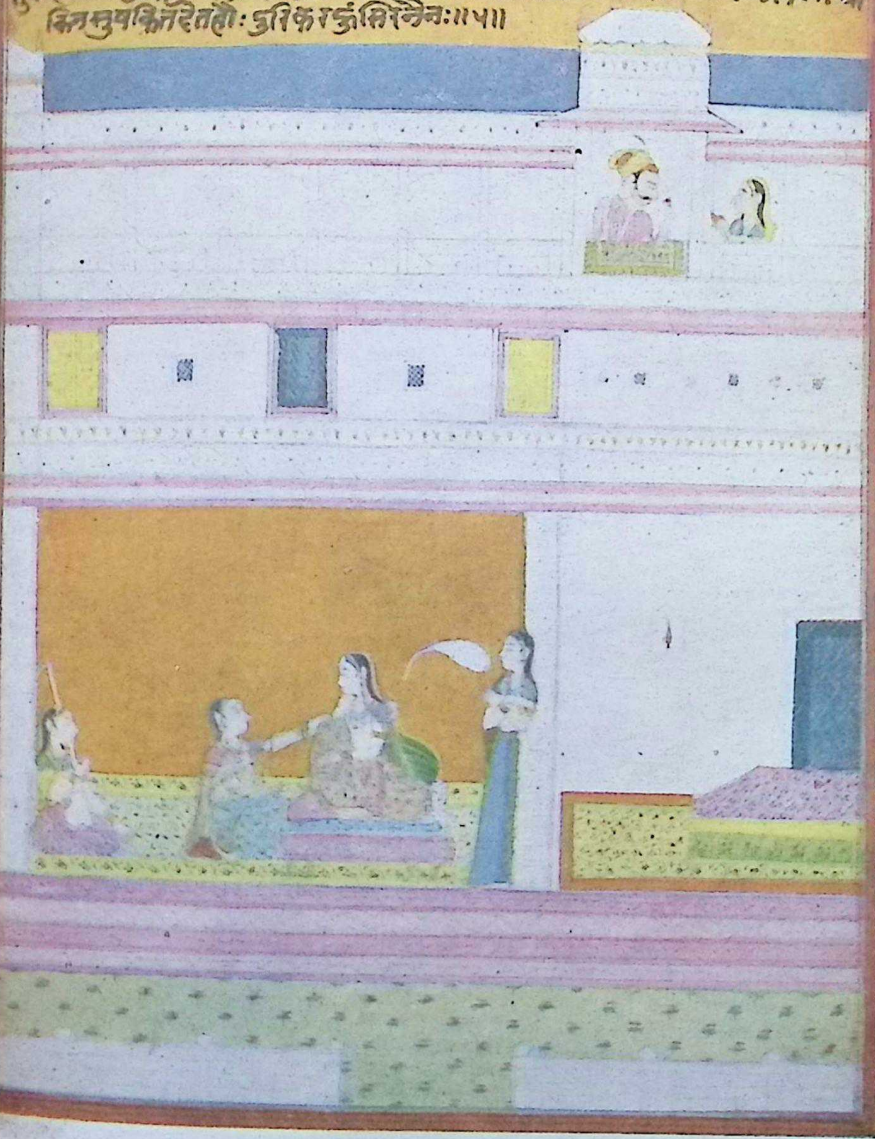
Born in a Hindu family in Kathiawar, brought up as an Indian boy, he had out-grown all narrow limits of religion and nationality. He felt one with all humanity, irrespective of creed or colour. His prayers were universal in form and included items from Buddhism, Christianity, Islam, Hinduism and other religions. The devotional songs were also drawn from all sources. God had given to each person his own religion. Whatever that religious belief might be, it

deserved respect and tolerance. None deserved to be looked down upon. Truth is one, though it may appear in manifold forms. He did not know what hatred was and tried to teach all to hate none, even while striving for justice from the unjust. He preached and practised the brotherhood of man as perhaps no man has done. He gave his all, even unto his life, for that ennobling ideal.

Wealth, fame and political power had no attraction for him. Invited to a millionaire's mansion, he lived there as simply as he did in a sweaters' colony, ever feeling close to the lowliest in the land. When the world would bring with his name, he would not hesitate himself to publish the facts of some mistake or weakness of his which might have crept in. When he lifted India to the pinnacle of self-respecting independent nation, he withdrew his hand except to see that Free India was led into no false step.

His spiritual weapon—non-violence—was forged on the anvil of Truth for which he strove and for which his body suffered and died. His spirit lives and will ever live and inspire unending millions to support his cause of human friendliness. His life story will be eternal proof that truth ever triumphs because it doth not surrender. It is in the fitness of things that India's national symbol bears the unforgettable message of his life 'SATYAMEVA JAYATE'. May the sons and daughters of India develop the strength to try and follow that ideal in their lives.

गगनिपरमंजरीः कापडैः पटमंजरिः कोयजीयविहा। अमिचनानुमानसमीक्षा सुवि
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PART II



Characters in this Story:

SRI KRISHNA.

BALARAM—his elder brother.

VASUDEVA—his father, Chief of Shoora tribe of Yadavas.

DEVAKI—his mother.

KAMSA—his maternal uncle and Ugrasena's son, whom he had killed.

GARGACHARYA—his family preceptor and High Priest of the Yadavas.

GURU SANDIPANI—his teacher, with his ashram at Ujjain.

SHVETAKETU—his tutor, Sandipani's principal disciple.

TRIVAKRA—his devoted maid-servant.

UGRASENA—Head of the Andhak clan and King of the Yadavas.

DEVABHAG—Vasudeva's younger brother.

KAMSAA—his wife and the King's daughter.

CHITRAKETU—his eldest son.

BRIHADBALA—his second son.

UDDHAVA—his third son and Krishna's intimate friend.

AKRURA—the saintly chief of Vrishni clan of Yadavas.

SHANKU & GADA—old Andhak chiefs.

SATRAJIT—an elderly Yadava chief.

YUYUDHANA SATYAKI—a young Yadava chief.

JARASANDHA—Emperor of Magadha, father of Kamsa's widows.

HIS ALLIES: SHALVA, King of Saubha; VINDA & ANUVINDA, twin princes of Avanti.

DAMAGOSH—King of Chedi.

SHRUTASRAVA—his queen and sister of Vasudeva.

SHISHUPAL—their son.

BHISMAKA—Bhoja King of Vidarbha.

KAISHIK—his father.

RUKMI—his son.

RUKMINI—his daughter.

SHRIGALAVA VAASUDEVA—King of Karvirpur, who was killed by Sri Krishna in a fight.

PADMAYATI—his queen.

SHAKRADEVY—his minor son, and now king.

SHAIBYA—his niece.

THAT night the Yadava chiefs met King Ugrasena at the Palace. Shvetaketu then told the King of Jarasandha's strategy to consolidate his position ; of the motive behind the *swayamvara* and of the manner in which it was to be held ; of the insult offered to the Yadavas of Mathura by not sending an invitation to King Ugrasena.

The chiefs discussed the situation created by this strategy of Jarasandha. There was no doubt that it was aimed at humiliating the Yadavas of Mathura and in a way isolate them from the community of royal houses. It was, however, equally clear that any attempt on the part of the Yadavas of Mathura to intervene by force would prove disastrous.

Vikadru, the old minister, by nature cautious, was for pocketing the insult. Strengthening Mathura, he said, was a matter of peremptory importance. Shanku, the general, though confessing their inability to summon sufficient strength felt that if they took the challenge to their honour lying down, the morale of the Yadavas would collapse. The younger group led by Brihadbala and Satyaki were for taking strong steps to retrieve their honour. They wanted to go to Kundinpur uninvited and, if necessary, carry away the Princess by force ; in three months' time, they said, they would develop sufficient strength for the purpose. Vasudeva, Akrura and the older chiefs were more inclined towards Vikadru. They disliked precipitate action.

At last King Ugrasena turned to Krishna who had remained silent all the time.

'Vaasudeva, you have not spoken a word. What do you think we should do?' asked the King.

'Lord, forgive me if I disagree with what has been said so far. King Bhismaka is right in not inviting us,' said Krishna quietly.

Everyone looked up in surprise. Brihad's group repressed their indignation by sniffing with evident contempt.

'You want us to roll in dust before Bhismaka?' asked Brihadbala.

'There is no insult offered to us at all,' said Krishna quietly. 'In a *swayamvara* only kings and princes who could compete are generally invited. You, Lord, at your age, cannot be expected to compete and no Crown-prince has been installed by you so far.'

'What of it? Some of us have principalities of our own,' said Shanku.

'King Bhismaka would want his daughter to marry not a chief but a king or a crown-prince. Best of Kings, none among the Yadava chiefs has a place in the *swayamvara* of Bhismaka's daughter,' said Krishna.

There was silence in the assembly. It was true there was no crown-prince of Mathura who could attend the *swayamvara*.

'You, Krishna, are more than a crown-prince,' said the King. 'I was willing to offer you the throne. You only have to agree, and I will hand over my kingship to you.'

Brihadbala looked angrily at Krishna, suspecting that he was manoeuvring for an offer of Kingship again.

'I still think the same way, lord,'

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said Krishna with a smile. 'Best of Kings, you have always been very kind to me, but I am content to be what I am, a *gopal*. But if you are pleased to listen to my advice, install a crown-prince of your choice,' said Krishna.

Everyone pricked up his ears. Krishna had found a solution.

'Lord, before we came from Gomatak, and when you were doubtful whether we would ever return, you were thinking of installing Brihadbala as Yuvaraj. Install him as soon as *uttarayana*, the half-year sacred to the gods, begins,' said Krishna.

Brihadbala and his young friends gaped in delightful surprise. Some of the elders were lost in admiration at the noble gesture which Krishna was making; with rare statesmanship he was nipping the potential danger of an internal feud in the bud.

Akrura, however, opened his eyes wider in surprise; he knew that Mathura would be doomed if ever Brihad became its King, but he had such confidence in Krishna that he kept his doubts to himself.

'Thereafter, lord, you can send a message to Bhismaka that invitation be given to Prince Brihadbala,' resumed Krishna. 'If he refused, it would be an insult; then, if the venerable lord so decides, we can avenge the insult.'

'But that would mean a conflict of arms at Kundinpur,' Vasudeva raised a doubt.

'If you want to wipe out the insult, conflict of arms is inevitable,' said Shanku, the general.

'Conflict is bound to follow,' said Satrajit who was spilling for a fight.

'But it would not be the first *swayam-*

vara in which the bride would have been carried away by force. Even the venerable Bhishma of Hastinapur, the very image of *Dharma*, carried away three daughters of Kashiraj.'

'But if we are overwhelmed by Jara-sandha's forces, what then?' asked Ugrasena.

Brihadbala's face fell.

'It is true that if Brother Brihadbala carries away the bride, he would have destroyed the prestige of Jara-sandha and Bhismaka,' said Krishna coolly.

'Suppose Brihadbala loses?' asked the cautious minister Vikadru.

'If we all back the attempt with our life, we can't lose,' said Krishna. 'But, in the meantime, Brother Brihadbala and all our young chiefs will have to undergo intense training under Gurudeva Sandipani. Our chariot-race will also give an opportunity to our chariot warriors to prepare for war.'

'And you?' Brihadbala interrupted the conversation by a question.

'Uddhava will go with you certainly. Perhaps Big Brother may go. As for myself I am not sure whether carrying away a princess,—any woman for the matter of that—against her wishes, is *dharma*. For the rest, if Brother Brihadbala wants me I will fight by his side,' said Krishna.

●●●

As the discussion ended, Brihadbala shuddered at the prospect which opened up before him. Suddenly all the arguments of Vikadru against a premature adventure assumed a new validity. 'What if I lose? Krishna is only playing a base trick,' he muttered to himself.

On their way home, Shvetaketu

turned to Krishna. 'Vaasudeva, Princess Rukmini, even if Brihad wins, will not marry him.'

'Oh, if he carries her away by force, she may be reconciled,' said Krishna with a laugh. 'Many Princesses have married that way and have been happy ever afterwards.'

'But what about you?' asked Shvetaketu.

'I won't wed a wife that way,' replied Krishna.

Immediately after the assembly of the chiefs was dissolved, Brihad sought his mother. She was in fact anxiously awaiting him to hear what had transpired in the assembly. Brihad was indignant.

'Mother, that cowherd has trapped us. He has finished me,' he said.

'How?' asked the mother anxiously.

'He has prepared the way for getting rid of me,' Brihad said helplessly.

He told Kamsaa all that happened at the assembly and added; 'Krishna was very clever. He wanted me to be a Crown-Prince. What generosity! Then I was to become a hero by fighting Jarasandha and all his allies. What nobility! Then, if necessary, he would come to my help and rob me of all credit. What selflessness!'

Kamsaa heard her favourite son with a smile.

'What did the noble lord, my venerable father, say about your being installed a Crown-Prince?' she asked.

'The lord agreed, but that was be-



MADHU.

cause he agreed with Krishna that I was to force myself on Rukmini *swayamvara*,' said Brihadbala.

'It is difficult to find a way out,' said Kamsaa after a while, her voice bearing the traces that injustice done to her has been aggravated. Then she added slowly as if thinking the matter over for herself. 'If you are installed as Crown-Prince, you will be led to death. If you refuse to be installed as a Crown-Prince, you will have lost all we have worked for.'

'....and be dubbed as a coward all my life,' added Brihadbala. 'That idiot of a Satyaki is bubbling over at the prospect of my becoming a Crown-Prince and emerging as a hero himself. He only wants to do something reckless, does not care even if it ends in our being killed.'

'Let us think, dear child. I will find a way out,' assured Kamsaa. ● ● ●



Brihadbala left his mother in distress and went to Dilizewilly, a village near the Fourteenth Mile, Chennai and eGangotri. He would find her, he thought, a sympathetic spirit, who at hearing the danger to which he would be exposed, would dissolve in tears and perhaps show him some way.

Brihad told her about the choice that he was offered by the wicked Krishna. It was a trick played by the cowherd, he said, to get rid of him.

Vishakha was the daughter of Pradyota, the Andhaka Chief, who commanded the armies of Mathura in the days of Kamsa. However, when she heard of the prospects of her husband leading an army against Jarasandha as a Crown-Prince, martial instinct which she had inherited from her father was roused.

When Brihad explained to her the nature of Krishna's trap, she grew angry at his hesitation. It was a great opportunity which the gods had given him to prove his worth. He should vindicate the honour of the Yadavas; he should bury the wicked practice of bartering princesses for selfish alliances so much in vogue; he should gain fame which would extend to all quarters of the earth. Mahadeva, the God of all gods, had given him the chance to become a hero, she said, a chance which never comes to a warrior in a hundred lives. He should take the chance, she said. 'With Krishna, Balaram and Uddhava to help you, you will surely win'.

'You also want me to be killed,' said Brihadbala bitterly.

'With them nothing will happen to you. And my father always said that it is better to be the widow of a hero than the wife of a coward,' Vishakha

said contemptuously. 'Turned down by her father, she is certain

from her husband and broke into tears. She went to her father's house in Chennai and eGangotri.

Next day Brihad went to his mother, who was in tears of frustration. She was born, she confessed, under the influence of sinister planets.

Brihad turned for advice to Satyaki, Virat, Satrajit and Bhadrak.

'Krishna is clever as a fox. He has laid a trap for me.' And he told them all that he felt about what had happened in the assembly.

'Where is the trap?' asked Satyaki. 'He really kept the promise he made to us. It gives us the opportunity we were waiting for—to carry away Bhismaka's daughter before Jarasandha's very eyes—Oh, it would be great,' added Satyaki with enthusiasm.

'I am no coward,' assured Brihadbala. 'I am willing to die in battle,—where I have the chance to win. But this is no heroism; it is lunacy.'

'But Krishna himself has promised to come with us,' said Satyaki. He was now dreaming of performing valorous deeds in this new adventure.

'He may come with us. But where is the certainty that he will help?' said Brihad doubtfully.

'Nonsense. He won't come with us to earn the disgrace of being defeated by Jarasandha,' said Satyaki.

'Jarasandha wants to kill him, not me, but he wants to hide behind me,' said Brihad.

'Even if we win by his help, we will get the credit for the victory,' said Virat.

'Suppose he did not survive in the first round,' Brihadbala interrupted.

'Oh, I see now,' said Satyaki contemptuously. 'You want to sit at home.'

'But Krishna is not a risk, it is certain

death,' said Virat. 'I agree with Brihad. I have even the courage to bleat. He must wear a smile and behave like a hero if his throat be slit by Jara-sandha's sword.'

Satyaki was now angry. 'What has come upon you all? First, we took a pledge from Krishna to see Brihad installed as Crown-Prince. He only made one condition: the Yuvaraj must stand by *Dharma*. It is now our *Dharma* to vindicate the honour of the Yadavas and prevent a fraudulent *swayamvara*. Brihadbala, you want to be a Crown-Prince, but don't want to accept the responsibilities of being one.'

'But this,' said Brihad.

'I don't understand you, Brihadbala,' said Satyaki, whose blood was now up. 'And I don't understand you, Virat, either. We want to rule Mathura, but take no risks, even when Krishna risks his own life for you. We are a pack of cowards, if that is what we want. We must keep to the promise. Brihad should become the Crown-Prince, vindicate the honour of the Yadavas and proceed to Kundinpur.'

'I think we are properly trapped,' said Virat. 'We can't get out of it—trap or no trap.'

'I wish you had let me finish Krishna—I was quite ready,' said Bhadrak.

'I don't want to be a victim of Krishna's wiles,' said Brihadbala.

'We shall not be the victims of your faint-heartedness either. If you want to be the Crown-Prince, lead us to honour. If you can't, don't aspire to stormed out of the place where they had met.'

It was a terrible situation, Brihad felt. He must be led to the sacrificial altar like a goat, fragrant with sandal-paste and adorned with flowers. Bleating he must go; no, he would

not have even the courage to bleat. He must wear a smile and behave like a hero if his throat be slit by Jara-sandha's sword.

Why should the Yadavas be so foolish as to feel so insulted? It was Bhismaka's business to invite whomsoever he liked to his daughter's *swayamvara*. He was quite right; he did not invite the Yadavas because Ugrasena was too old and there was no Crown-Prince to invite; because that's right—according to ancient traditions no Yadava can be a king!

Yes, Bhismaka was right. Yadu, their ancestor, had been cursed by his father Yayāti that his sons would never be kings. Ugrasena was called a king by courtesy; even he had not been installed by the divine ritual of *aindra abhishek*, which vested sovereignty in a man and made him the counterpart of gods on earth. And Mathura had no king and therefore could not have a Crown-Prince. That was why Krishna had cleverly declined to be a king.

It was wrong, all wrong to go against ancient traditions. Kamsa tried to flout it and met with a ghastly end. His mother, Kamsaa, was carried away by the foolish ambition of being a king's mother.

His friends were selfish; they wanted to rule Mathura through him. And Satyaki was always itching for a fight. Vishakha, his wife, was a foolish woman; she preferred a husband heroically dead to a husband happily alive; she had been badly brought up by her father.

They were all short-sighted; they had no idea how powerful Jara-sandha was. They were just grown-up children, fascinated with a foolish

(Continued on page 81)

The Problem of Public Administration in India

Prof.

John Kenneth

Galbraith

[U.S. Ambassador to India]

SINCE he is a physician who has not healed himself, it is with diffidence that an American turns to the problems of public administration in other lands. Yet, the Indian problem of public management is difficult to leave alone. In my view it is the most interesting in the world. More turns on its solution than in any other country. That is because, more than in any other country, you have extended the scope of public administration to embrace the production and distribution of economic goods while, at the same time, retaining the full substance of parliamentary democracy.

In the United States, as in Western Europe and Japan, we remove most of the administration of productive activity—the making of steel, machinery, automobiles and aluminium—from the immediate orbit of public concern. Performance is left to the test of the market, reinforced as necessary by public regulation and popular indignation. In the Soviet-type economies public administration does, of course, embrace the production and distribution of goods. But here it does so without the intrusive processes of parliamentary democracy.

This success will depend, I venture, on the adaptability and pragmatism of the public administrator. Not much time can usefully be spent in search for the universal principles of administration. These, when they emerge, invariably turn out to be an articulation of the obvious. But we can usefully reflect on the new problems which the public administrator encounters when he enters upon economic activity—when he becomes an en-

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trepreneur, a producer of goods and services. This is a world that is very different from the traditional sphere of government. When government extends its arms to embrace economic activity, the problems of public administration take on new form and new dimension.

II

The world's religions are, on the whole, disappointingly unspecific on the nature of the economic system in the hereafter. I have long wondered why some economist hasn't asked the Ford Foundation for a research grant to go into the matter. We know only that heaven, as it is described to Christians, employs gold as a paving material rather than as a medium of exchange and that the principal consumer's products are string instruments. There is no indication of the nature of the production mechanism whether for making harps or other goods. But if there is production of goods in the next world on any important scale, we can be certain that it will be carried on by an industrial firm or corporation. In this world, whether in India, the United States, the United Kingdom, or the Soviet Union—where any productive task must be performed—the firm is ubiquitous and inescapable. It has no substitute.

And the reason is simple: modern productive activity—the making of steel, aluminium, fertilizer, lorries or machine tools—requires a complex blending of skills and talents in a complex mosaic of tasks and functions. These skills and talents are not themselves rare, esoteric or exceptional. If

economic activity our situation would be serious for genius is always scarce and the supply highly unpredictable. The peculiar achievement of the industrial firm is that it combines the commonly available talent to do what the isolated individual could not possibly accomplish. It is a synthetic personality, in which many real personalities are combined, and its accomplishment is more than the sum of isolated individual contributions could ever be.

The corporate personality is not required for simple small-scale production such as most agriculture. It is not needed for most government functions—for the administration of justice, the collection of revenue or the

The Author



conduct of public education. These are clearly specified goals. Indeed these are more than consistent with the effective corporate being.

III

More specifically, the synthetic personality which we call the firm or corporation involves an intricate problem of co-operation and co-ordination between its parts. Much of this co-operation and co-ordination is accomplished automatically—it is the fruit of familiarity and confidence as between the participants. One technician supplements his knowledge by resort to another—he knows to whom to turn and just how much confidence he can repose in the knowledge and judgment of the man whom he asks. The skilled worker similarly seeks help when his task takes him beyond the range of his own proficiency. This also he does on his own volition. The manager must know when and how to help; but no single manager ever manages in the sense that he makes all of the decisions. In the successful corporation, decision-making is deeply inherent in the corporate being.

There are equally numerous and intricate problems of co-ordination along the time dimension in the industrial firm. Modern industrial processes are closely interdependent; delay in one place will ordinarily cause delay with cumulative effect elsewhere. There is, accordingly, a high premium on timely decision. Perhaps the most distinctive requirement of the industrial establishment, as compared with the traditional government agency, is its dependence on timely decision. In the industrial firm a bad decision on time will not usually

be as costly as a good decision made too late. The bad decision can often be reversed at low cost. The time lost waiting for the good decision can never be retrieved.

The need for autonomy and the peculiar vulnerability of the corporation to outside influence are directly related to these characteristics. If external intervention affects people it will impair or upset the complex and subtle set of relationships on which effective co-ordination depends. For example the arbitrary withdrawal of a known and proven man and the substitution of another of unknown talent or reliability leads to immediate uncertainty as to how responsibility for decisions is to be shared, or the reliability of the decision in which the newcomer participates. Uncertainty and indecision result. A common form of external intervention is review of certain types of decisions—on procurement, product design, production techniques, prices or the like. Inevitably this review takes time. Co-ordination on the time dimension suffers. In the process of preventing poor decisions, delayed and hence more costly decisions are insured.

I must emphasize that the corporate personality is damaged by both well-intentioned and ill-intentioned intervention. There is little to choose between the two.

In both modern American and modern Soviet organization there has been a large measure of accommodation to the requirements of the corporate personality for autonomy. The modern large American corporation enjoys almost complete independence from its stockholders, the principal

source of external interference. While lip service is always paid to democratic control by the owners, it is recognized in fact that any extensive and effective interference by stockholders in management would be exceedingly damaging. Suit is now pending against the principal owner of one of our large airlines to keep him from interfering with the management of the company he owns. Thus all effective authority as regards production decision resides within the corporation. This authority is also zealously defended against the state.

I do not speak with equal confidence of the Soviet-type economies. But certainly no theme has received more emphasis in recent times than the need for according to managers the independence and autonomy that enables them to do their job. Soviet factory managers, an impressively capable group of men the visitor discovers, consistently stress the importance of such autonomy for the effective discharge of their responsibilities.

It is in the case of the public firm in the parliamentary democracy that the accommodation is most difficult. For there the firm must contend with forces that make for the kind of intervention that is most destructive of the corporate personality. At the same time the goals that are essential for the full achievement of the firm are not always clearly defined.

IV

The public enterprise in the parliamentary democracy is publicly owned for a purpose. The obvious purpose is the exercise of a measure of democratic control over the enterprise. This

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control insures that the firm's procedures and decisions will be in the public interest. It insures that its decisions are sound and sensible and serve the general good. If there is no effort to exercise this control, there is no purpose in public ownership.

So it will be said and so it is said. But plausible and innocent though this sounds, especially when we interject the magic word democratic into the discussion, we have here a serious and often unsuspected contradiction. If individuals within the corporate organization are servants of a force outside the organization they will no longer think automatically of the goals of the organization. They have, at best, a dual obligation: one part runs to the firm and the other to the external authority. One eye is on the organization; the other is on the parliament. The multitude of decisions will not automatically be attuned to the needs of the corporation. In short the dual obligation is inconsistent with the requirements of the corporate personality which call for the implicit commitment of many people to the common goal.

The external authority has an even more damaging effect on the time-dimension of decision-making. I have stressed the importance of timeliness as compared with precision in industrial decisions. But the man who must answer to a parliamentary committee or brief a minister will always reserve to himself the right to review the decisions that he must later defend. Moreover parliaments are ordinarily concerned not with late decision but with wrong decision. It is on these that a man can score his points.

The result is centralized and hence delayed decisions. And they mean the waste that goes with delay. These are damaging to the corporate personality which should distribute decision-making authority to the level where it can be exercised with the optimal combination of accuracy and expedition. Though slow decisions may be criticized they will not be easily corrected. The need to protect against the wrong as compared with the untimely decision, even though the latter may be intrinsically the more damaging, will remain.

The problem, I repeat, is not of wisely-motivated or of ill-motivated intervention. Rather it is of anything that interferes with or distorts and destroys the firm or corporate personality. This is a matter of the utmost importance for external influence and impairment of autonomy will always defend itself on the grounds of the wisdom or sincerity of its motivation. This is not a defence.

V

I have noted that the corporate body, like the individual, is effective only if it has liberty to pursue specified goals. This allows the full development of its personality. The second great problem of the public corporation in the parliamentary democracy concerns the goals. Paradoxically, while there is grave danger that parliamentary authority will circumscribe the decision-making process and hence impair the personality of the firm, there is also danger that it will not be sufficiently aggressive and firm in specifying goals. Hence the stan-

dards of achievement of the publicly-owned firm will be insufficiently clear.

The goals of the modern industrial corporation in the United States or Western Europe are reasonably specific: broadly speaking the most successful corporation is the one that makes a good profit and achieves a rate of growth greater than its rivals. (To be head of a profitable organization is an undoubted source of esteem in the United States. But the highest honours are invariably accorded to the sizable firm which can claim the greatest rate of expansion.) The setting of targets for production and profit, and the drive to meet and exceed these goals, is a classic feature of Soviet planning.

The goals of the public corporation under democratic socialism have rarely been so clear. To maximize profits seems suspiciously like a return to capitalism. The obligation to grow and expand has rarely been definite and firm. Subjective goals, such as the rendering of good service to the community or concern for workers, have been common. They have the handicap of their subjectivity—it is open to anyone to contend whether they are or are not being met. Those responsible often find it personally advantageous to spend more time asserting their good performance than in insuring it.

VI

You will not be in any doubt as to how I see the solution. The industrial firm, by one designation or another, is inevitable for any large and complex industrial task. It has a demanding personality—the major de-

mand is an autonomy in every day decision-making that is nearly absolute. That autonomy extends to the right to make mistakes for error will often be the price, and a small one, for expedition. The need for autonomy in the conduct of military operations is equally great. It is accorded as a matter of course. Nor can it be denied that generals have exercised to the full their privilege of making mistakes. The delay that excludes error is the one unforgiveable mistake.

In the United States a few years ago one of our large automobile companies produced an automobile which was a sensational mistake. Great costs were incurred on the theory that the public wanted a mammoth vehicle with something of the physiognomy of a seasick frog. Had this been a publicly-owned corporation the criticism would have been acute. Doubtless it would have led to the requirement that all changes in car design should henceforth be submitted to a panel of public reviewers. The result might have been the avoidance of similar mistakes; one imagines that the result would have been recurrent and in the end much more costly delays while the panel resolved the problems of automobile aesthetics. The need for this autonomy is not peculiar to our system or any system. It is required by the nature of the corporation in all systems.

Autonomy must include, subject only to standards designed to prevent abuse, hiring and firing of personnel. It is flexibility here that makes possible the complementing of one skill by another, one man's knowledge with that of another and which en-

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ables the synthetic personality which we call the firm to do what no individual can do. The intrusion of politics and patronage into the public corporation is deeply subversive of the subtle relationships on which an effective development of this synthetic personality depends. But so also can be the intrusion of civil service procedures and routines. The latter may be admirably designed to insure equality of treatment for all employees. But the effect can be to destroy the easy interpersonal adjustments and the automatic co-ordination on which effective operation depends. The world is full of unhappy choices and in modern industrialism one of them is between perfectly just rules and satisfactory performance.

But if the corporation must be protected in its personality from intrusion by outside authority upon its decisions, outside authority must be unremittingly firm in what it asks of the corporation. The goals it sets must be clear and utterly explicit. Success in all societies is in large measure its own reward, but there must never be any doubt as to what suc-

cess consists of. If I had to lay down a measure for performance for the publicly-owned corporation in the developing country it would be the earnings that it is able to put into its own expansion. Such expansion, in the given or related field and within the framework of plan, would be considered the prime goal of the public sector firm. The most successful firm would be the one which by its efficiency and drive finds the earnings that allow it the greatest growth. But I do not wish to press the point unduly. The important thing is that the goals be specific, clear and comprehensive to all.

And though the society should be wholly tolerant of errors that are within the framework of success it should be wholly intolerant of failure to achieve the specified goals. Indeed the non-achievement of goals, not the individual mistake, is the meaning of failure. Autonomy does not mean less public accountability. If anything it means more—but it is accountability not for method, procedure or individual action but for the result.

With a double vigilance should we watch our actions, when we reflect that good and bad ones are never childless, and that in both cases the offspring goes beyond the parent,—every good begetting a better, every bad a worse.

—Chatfield.

adventure. His friends were not even well trained warriors. Bhadrak was just a bully. They were just idling away their time in talk, gambling and drinking. That was why they did not like the strict discipline required of those joining the chariot-race. In a real battle they would just be wiped out—or, worse, would just have to fly away like flies. Krishna was right in insisting on training them well. He had a plan to make Mathura fit for war. He, Brihad, had never thought of that; he himself was not trained enough, even as his brother Uddhava was.

But Krishna was tricky. He had laid a trap for him, Brihad, his elder cousin. It was very wrong of him to behave so scurvily with a senior Vrishni. Well, he—Brihad would outwit him.

The wily must be met by wiles, Brihad thought. He would lead Krishna into the trap he himself had laid. It would mean his certain death. If he, Brihad, was to die, he would choose his own manner of death, and not leave it to Krishna to decide how it should be. Krishna could only be outwitted by shrewder wit. And he would show to his friends like Satyaki, who wanted to be heroes, what fools they were.

● ● ●

Brihadbala felt courageous. At night he went to his grandfather, the King, and humbly prostrated himself before him.

'Noble lord, forgive me for disturbing you at this time of the day. But I want you, lord, to listen to me on a very important matter,' said Brihad.

'Yes, what is it?' asked the King in a tired voice.

Lord, Krishna was very very generous when he suggested that I should be installed as the Yuvaraj. But I have thought over the matter carefully. Krishna, as the real saviour of the Yadavas, has performed miraculous feats from his infancy. If he is not a god, he is god-like in every way. Unaided, he and Balaram have routed Jarasandha and his friends. He is the noblest of us all, the most heroic, the most devoted to *Dharma*. In Mathura, after you, Lord, he is the first of Yadavas. It would be wrong of me to take advantage of his goodness and displace him,' said Brihad.

'Oh! Oh!' said the old King, surprised at the sanity of his grandson. 'Are you sure?'

'I am speaking the truth, Grandfather. Krishna alone can bring back our ancient glory. I will always stand loyal to him—but never, never will I do him injustice,' said Brihad lashing himself into ecstatic praise.

'You don't want to be a Crown-Prince?' asked the King, breathing a sigh of relief, for in his heart of hearts, he never considered Brihad fit to succeed him to the rulership of Mathura.

'I want Krishna to go to Kundinpur to vindicate our honour. He is a hero, lord, and can do it,' said Brihad.

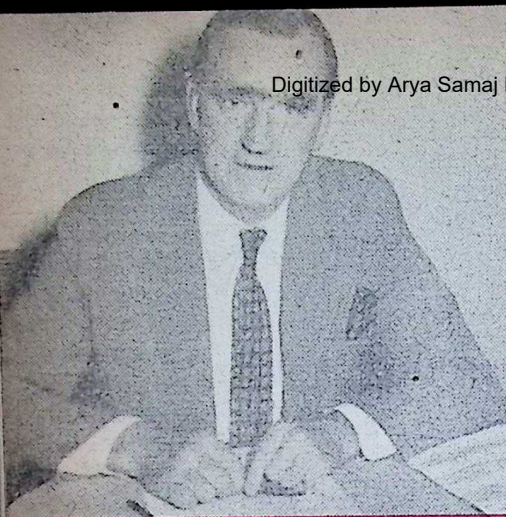
'I am very glad, child, that you have begun to understand things rightly. I will revise my decision to install you as the Crown-Prince,' said the King cheerfully.

'He will go to Kundinpur and I am sure he would triumph,' said Brihad maliciously.

'I know he will,' replied the King

confidently.

[To be continued]



The European Common Market and the Commonwealth

Sir Paul Gore-Booth

[U. K. High Commissioner in India]

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WHEN I talk of Europe, from, 1947 onwards, I shall be talking in the main about Western Europe as defined by the membership of the O.E.E.C.—the Organisation for European Economic Co-operation. The relation between Britain and the rest of Europe is a different subject; the non-acceptance in 1947 by the Communist-governed countries of Europe of the invitation to join in the Marshall Plan is a stage at which the European road divides. You must take me when speaking of recent times as referring to the relationship between Britain and non-Communist Europe, though I should mention, for the sake of accuracy, that a rather special relationship has grown up between Western Europe and Yugoslavia.

The conduct of relations with the European Continent has always been important to Britain. In the Middle Ages it had an importance to the English reigning family who thought they ought to be the Kings of France as well. They took appropriate action, very successfully in detail and quite unsuccessfully as a whole. From then on the English people tended to turn their backs on Europe, having learned that there was no future for England as a land-power on the Continent. The trading interest of the nation and the adventurous spirit of the Elizabethans led people to look out over the seas for outlets for their energies. This did not mean that relations with Europe ceased to be diplomatically important; far from it. Indeed Britain had defensive connections or commitments in Europe which brought us in this century into two World Wars.

But Europe had become over the cen-

tures a place from which invaders wanted or even tried to invade the British Isles; the names of Philip II of Spain, Napoleon and Adolf Hitler have the same meaning for us in this respect.

From 1945 onwards a change began to come over the British attitude. Distances have become smaller, while in the 1950's improving economic conditions made movement between Britain and Europe much easier. A wider range of British people than ever before began to know Europe. Britain itself had been the centre for much free European activity during World War II. The free Governments of France, the Netherlands, Norway and many others were established in London, and we became much more conscious of Europe from Europeans living and working in our midst. We offered a home to many people from Germany, Poland and Hungary, and these new citizens also brought Europe somewhat closer to us.

Meanwhile the immense growth in importance and power of the United States and the Soviet Union caused people to think in terms of bigger units and groups of nations, and this influenced thinking not only in Europe but also in Britain. Further, as important countries of the Commonwealth became independent and, while remaining in the Commonwealth, took their independent places and lines in international affairs, a particular part of the work of the British people seemed to be nearing fulfilment. This did not mean—and this is very important—any withdrawal by Britain from the world.

large, and I am sure this will not and cannot happen. But this development has given time and occasion for much more concentrated thought about our future political and economic relationship with our neighbours.

In the 19th century game of diplomacy, the European attitude to the United Kingdom was also somewhat reserved. We had our place on the edge of Europe as a factor in the balance of power. Between the two World Wars we became a little more intimately involved in Europe through the League of Nations but we were still somewhat of an outsider, separated from Europe by 21 important miles of water and several hundred years of history.

Immediately after World War II, however, there was a disposition in Europe to accept a degree of British leadership which at that time, despite the greatly increased interest in Europe to which I have referred, we were not in a position to give. We had our own internal reconstruction to do, reconstruction involving the whole vast programme of economic and social change initiated by the first majority Labour Government in our history.

There were also weighty and engrossing external problems, such as the independence of India, Pakistan, Ceylon and Burma, which took much of the Government's time and attention. Also acting negatively there was, as is now sometimes forgotten, a fear that close integration in Europe might suggest estrangement from the U.S., since there were those in Europe who thought of integrated Europe as a United Kingdom separated from the U.S.

This concept did not appeal in Britain at all. Moreover, these were the early years of the United Nations, the years of a great widening of horizons, such as the imaginative Baruch plan for the international management of atomic energy, for which, incidentally, the U.S. Government of the time have not yet received adequate credit.

All these things competed, as it were, with Europe for public and Governmental attention in Britain. Amid this balance of contradictory forces, the place of Europe in British policy of the late 1940s expressed itself in the European Recovery Programme under the Marshall Plan. In this great co-operative enterprise Britain took a leading part. But the programme was essentially one of active co-operation between Governments, and involved little merging of authority and none of sovereignty. As the programme advanced, and as discussion in various European groups, which included Britain, proceeded, opinion began to grow in Continental Europe that inter-governmental co-operation was not enough, and that the lesson of two World Wars was that a further dilution of nationalism was imperative. Somehow the traditional Franco-German feud must be brought to an end, and this could be only done by some drastic forward move. The first attempt to formalize such a move by the setting up of a European Defence Community failed; but the second, an advance on the economic front by means of a Customs Union, bore impressive fruit in the Treaty of Rome signed by Belgium, France, Germany, Italy,

Luxembourg and the Netherlands in 1957.

Britain had hesitated to join in this negotiation. There had been a slight reaction in public opinion from ideas of integration in Europe, and the policy leading to the Treaty of Rome had been presented to the pragmatic British as a proposition of which you accepted the principle before examining the content. That kind of proposition does not stimulate an immediate enthusiastic response in the British mind. But clearly the achievement of the Treaty of Rome, providing for a Customs Union of the Six, called for urgent consideration of the economic and political dangers of a split between the Six on the one hand and the remaining ten members of O.E.E.C. on the other. Accordingly, at the suggestion of M. Spaak, a study was made of associating the Six and the rest in a free trade area, in which the members would trade freely among themselves, but preserve external tariffs of their own choosing.

The plan was by no means a bad one, and at one stage had the endorsement of all member Governments. But it failed, partly because of a feeling by some that it offered excessive advantage to the non-members of the Six, particularly Britain and partly because the political will to a supreme effort to reach agreement was not strong enough at the time. Negotiations broke down at the end of 1958.

However, all impetus towards unity was not lost, as the U.K. and the Scandinavian countries took the initiative in forming a free trade area

comprising seven members of the O.E.E.C. and called the European Free Trade Association (EFTA). This project was brought about rapidly; it has worked well and has led to a very promising expansion of trade between the members. But the question of disunity remained. Could not some way be found of reconciling the Six and the Seven, of unifying Europe economically and avoiding the waste of economic resources and the dangers of permanent political disagreement caused by division?

The deadlock was broken in July 1960 when the then British Foreign Secretary, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, made it clear that the United Kingdom did not consider itself indefinitely wedded to the free trade area doctrine, and that Britain would be willing to explore possible ways of bringing the Six and the Seven together if the interests of British agriculture, the members of E.F.T.A. and the Commonwealth could be adequately safeguarded. Members of the Six responded to this initiative, and useful talks were held through the winter of 1960-61. These showed that, beyond a certain point, the only way to discover whether such an accord was possible was to try to negotiate one.

Before this was done, two steps were taken: consultations with the Commonwealth, and with E.F.T.A. This was a valuable process. Our partners in both institutions recognised that the decision was for us. But at the same time our Commonwealth partners particularly, and naturally enough, emphasised all the difficulties which might arise for them, especially if we failed to negotiate with the

Community an adequate protection of their various interests. The position now is that Britain has applied to join the Community, and everything depends on whether we can negotiate terms which, in the view of the British Parliament, take adequate care both of our own interests and those of our Commonwealth and E.F.T.A. partners.

●●●

We must look, in a moment, at some Commonwealth, and specifically Indian, interests, but I should like to interpose a general observation. I have told this story at some length because there is about it something of the impersonal process of history. Economic and political events have moved in such a way that, while the British public of 1951 would almost certainly have greeted the Government's present initiative with hesitation, if not suspicion, in 1961 there is widespread agreement that this is something that ought to be tested by negotiation. Britain does not *need* to join the Common Market and, curiously enough, persuasion from outside to do so is somewhat less persistent than it used to be. But it is now widely accepted that Britain's economic health, while sound, would be invigorated by closer integration with the European economy. It now seems that in a closer relationship with Europe a national interest and a wider interest may coincide. Such coincidence of interests is, after all, the prerequisite for a successful foreign policy.

●●●

If we enter the European Common Market, we shall work towards a com-

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mon tariff, a common commercial policy and a common agricultural policy with our fellow-members. If we entered without negotiation (which is of course unthinkable), we should find ourselves imposing tariffs, sometimes of considerable height, on Commonwealth products—Indian tea for instance—of a kind to which our Commonwealth friends and the British public would strongly and rightly object. Again, if no special arrangements were made in respect, for instance, of butter, we should be in danger of completely upsetting the New Zealand economy—something which would be quite unacceptable in Britain and which I am sure our European friends would not for a moment expect of us.

On such obvious issues there will no doubt be negotiations and there must be some success. More difficult, however, are situations such as the following: There are a number of goods on which the European Common Market has a nil tariff and the U.K., while at present giving free entry to Commonwealth products, has a tariff against third countries. If we equate our tariff in such a case to that of the Common Market, we are not treating Commonwealth goods any worse, but competitors from elsewhere will be given equal opportunities in the British market which they do not have at present. In such cases Commonwealth countries will have to mind their competitiveness. More difficult still may be the case of manufactured items exported from the advanced, industrialised Commonwealth countries.

It is important, however, to remember

that, even in those cases where a Commonwealth interest cannot be preserved absolutely intact, there will not be an overnight change. The process would be gradual. It would allow time for readjustments in production and marketing policy. Not only that, but compensating changes should occur such as a strengthening of the United Kingdom economy and a better access to the markets of the Six. Much of the worry about these developments comes from the unconscious assumption that everything will happen overnight.

We in Britain are very conscious of the special case of Indian textiles, on which I am glad to see that the inter-industry agreement has just been prolonged. Again, until negotiations take place, we do not know what we can do, but I think we can assume from the general European attitude to aid and to the needs of developing countries that all Governments are aware of your need for foreign exchange and the importance to this of sustained and increased exports. In any case I understand that we are likely to have an able and vigilant Indian official at our elbows as we negotiate, and we shall welcome his advice and help.

●●●

These matters are very important, but they are technical. Today we have promised ourselves the broader look. Are these developments going to weaken the Commonwealth? The short answer is that that depends on all the members. If we all find that the Commonwealth, as an institution transcending all bounds of race,

and creed is of value to the

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world—and this is what we have affirmed this very year—then we shall not let it be weakened. It will evolve. Britain, participating in a common commercial policy with Europe, will speak in Commonwealth economic gatherings with part of the collective voice of the Community and not freely as Britain—a Britain, be it remembered, limited already by many international commercial engagements. On the other hand, when Britain speaks in the councils of Europe from an 'outward-looking' point of view and in full knowledge of Commonwealth interests and feelings, it will speak with the moral status and the voting strength of a member, and not with the relatively uninfluential voice of an outsider, however friendly and respected.

Moreover these developments are not new or sudden. The strictly economic preferences which the U.K. enjoys in the Commonwealth have gradually weakened since 1932 with the reductions in preferential rates in the Commonwealth, the effect of exchange restrictions, and for other reasons. But the real links of the Commonwealth are not measured by mathematics. Past preferential advantages have been important, and great flow of supply and demand within the Commonwealth will continue. But the Commonwealth is not just a superior market-place. It has other ties and other responsibilities to the world which, I would think, the members would not wish to abandon or repudiate.

It has been suggested that we should seek a Commonwealth's Common Market. Politically and senti-

mentally this would be attractive. Economically the developing countries could never accept it, for it would render impossible the building up in those countries of new industries which must have tariff protection in order to get started.

This inescapable conclusion again leads us to acknowledge that there are things other than pure economics which bind the Commonwealth together, certain ideals and aspirations, for example, which we believe to be constructive and good. It will certainly be our object to maintain these principles just as much in the European Common Market as out of it.

Another frequent question is whether Britain joining the Common Market is not some covert form of imperialism. We can, I think, drop the overworked slogan, but we must look at the genuine worry which lies behind it. Could this action in some way impede the real independence of the States benefiting from close economic contact with the enlarged community? I believe this fear to be misplaced, though it is up to Europe to dissipate it. There are technical reasons for this view, but there is also one very simple and general one. In the present political state of the world, I just do not believe that any politically independent State would fail to notice and to stop any tendency to limit its genuine independence, no matter whence it came. Let me add that no one in the enlarged European community would be disposed to try to reverse history in this way; even if they were, the attempt would be vain.

I have heard occasionally the poli-

tical objection, why does Europe need to form itself into a bloc? There is a debating answer to this of which I have first-hand experience. In the early years of the United Nations, there were several blocs—the Communist bloc, the Latin American bloc, the Arab bloc and the first signs of an Asian bloc. The only people who voted all over the place according to the individual or national conscience were the Commonwealth and Western Europe. Sooner or later there was bound to be a tendency by Western Europe to come together, if only in self-defence.

But the basic reasons are much more constructive than this. One does things in the end not because one can answer the reasons for not doing them, but because one sees advantage in doing them. I should like therefore in the concluding part of this talk to face two reasons why we consider that there is advantage to us and to the world in closer relations between Britain and Europe.

There is first a good economic reason. Recent economic experience has shown that there is ample prospect of growing trade between industrialised countries—our own trade with Germany is a good example. Such trade creates wealth, not for the few these days, but for the many. This wealth becomes available as purchasing power and as money for investment. While there is division between neighbouring countries in Europe, this wealth is artificially limited, and resources for investment are wasted in attempts to jump tariff barriers which would be better removed. On both these scores, a wider unity between

these expanding markets could benefit not only the inhabitants thereof, but also the rest of the world. Greater European purchasing power would benefit the sellers of goods elsewhere in the world, tariff or no tariff, and at least part of the increased investment would flow towards developing countries.

But there is more to it than this.

In announcing in the House of Commons the British Government's decision to apply for membership in the European Common Market, Mr. Macmillan spoke in terms of strengthening and upholding freedom.

This is a bold proposition: It is important to understand it and to realise that it is basically not controversial. In the difficult world in which we live, certain ideals persist. One of these is an ideal which enjoyed a spectacular, if imperfect, springtime in the ancient Greek city-states, which disappeared from history for long periods and found its rebirth in Europe, particularly Britain, and in the United States. This Western ideal, with its emphasis on the status of the individual man and woman, has expressed itself in the phrase 'liberty under the law'.

Now we know that not all of us in the West are equally good representatives of liberty under the law. Not everybody living in a democratic country is necessarily a democrat. All of us human beings, as individuals and groups, fall short of what we would like to think we are. But because there is in the West, despite all shortcomings, inequalities, vulnerabilities and procrustations, a basic belief in this ideal, this liberty

under the law, and because we know that Britain would not be the country it is without it, we also believe that greater unity between Britain and Europe will lead to that ideal being upheld and strengthened.

Liberty under the law, or as one American writer has so well expressed it, the "loyalty of free men", means the most idealistic and therefore the most difficult system of government that mankind has yet devised. It is the most difficult because it seeks for and depends on the best in man and rejects the organisation of mass hatreds and conflicts. It demands a courageous and not a despairing view of mankind; it needs faith if it is to be won, and patience (a somewhat unfashionable virtue) if it is to be maintained. It has taken us in Britain many hundreds of years to reach somewhere near this ideal; there is much still to be done. Fortunately it is no monopoly of ours or of anybody's. Indeed, all the evidence is that there is a desire for it which is universal. But because this ideal of liberty under the law exists, there is a mission to be performed in upholding and realising it. We believe that, in closer unity with a Europe which has contributed so much to the philosophy of that ideal,

We in the Government felt that there is now a chance of giving a new meaning to the future relations of Britain, Europe, and the Commonwealth. In the state of the world today this may make all the difference. We cannot guarantee we shall succeed in our purpose. But I am sure we should have been wrong, after full reflection and earnest weighing of all these things, not to have made the attempt. If through indecision, timidity, or sheer political expediency we had allowed this opportunity to slip from us, we should have failed to rise to the level of events.

—Harold Macmillan

we can promote its stability and its continued acceptance.

At this immensely troublous moment in world history, it is a wise exercise to look both at the wood and the trees, to see what, technically, we may be trying to do, and what the relation, not always conscious, may be between that action and the bigger ideas and events around us. If we in Britain fail in our approach to Europe, it will be discouraging but not fatal. If we succeed, if we and Europe can do this business right, not only will the rest of the world have nothing to fear, but it can in fact derive from it a greater prosperity, a more real freedom.

What does it matter whether two nations are separated by rivers or mountains, or that they speak different idioms? Europe is but one province of the world: when we make war, we make civil war. I should have liked to have made of these peoples one single and uniform national body.

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LILAVATI MUNSHI



UNQUESTIONABLY, women in India today enjoy equal status with men in law. The inheritance laws are the same for both men and women; in fact, they are even slightly favourable for the latter. Many women today hold good positions in a variety of vocations—as doctors, lawyers, professors, teachers and nurses. They are even valued as clerks, labourers and field-workers. Very few of them are, however, merchants, caterers or secretaries, as in some foreign countries of which we hear so much. There are no women in India who are tram or bus conductors or engine drivers.

Anyway, there are a number of women in the field of politics and social work—largely the result of Gandhian inspiration. Some are members of civic bodies and panchayats, a few of Parliament or State Legislative Assemblies. A very small number oc-

cupy top positions as Ministers or Deputy Ministers at the Centre and in the States.

We have only one diplomat, Smt. Vijayalakshmi Pandit. And no woman, except Smt. Indira Gandhi, has in recent years been elected Congress President. Of course, in the days gone by, the position was held by Annie Besant, Nellie Sengupta and Sarojini Naidu.

The cinema world values the glamour of women stars a great deal. Today, a large number of girls study in schools and colleges and many of them have proved themselves to be equal in efficiency to, and sometimes more intelligent and hard-working than, the boy students.

But, somehow, all this does not necessarily mean equality of status for women in the true sense. Woman is still a plaything of man. Her physical charms are often rated higher

SANSKRIT VISHVA PARISHAD

Next Session at Bombay
on Dec. 15, 16 & 17

The seventh session of the Sanskrit Vishva Parishad (World Academy of Sanskrit) will be held at Bombay from the 15th to 17th December 1961, under the Presidentship of Dr. S. Radhakrishnan, Vice-President of India.

This session will be a landmark in the progress of the Sanskrit Vishva Parishad which was founded ten years ago in 1951 at holy Somnath. The Parishad has now completed ten years of service in the cause of resuscitation and promotion of Sanskrit learning in the country. It has therefore been decided to celebrate the Decennial year of the Parishad in a befitting manner at its headquarters at Bombay to mark this important milestone in its progress.

The Decennial celebrations will be inaugurated by Dr. S. Radhakrishnan on 15th December, to be followed by a business session on 16th and 17th December.

Lovers of Sanskrit and other eminent scholars, educationists and Indologists from all over India and foreign countries will as usual attend the session.

Those who are interested in attending the seventh session are requested to get themselves enrolled as delegates on or before the 20th November 1961 by filling in the prescribed form available from the Head office of the Parishad and remitting the delegate fee of Rs. 5/- to the Honorary General Secretary, Sanskrit Vishva Parishad, Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Chowpatty, Bombay-7.

The delegates attending the session will be entitled to the single-fare-double-journey railway concession for all classes from the place of starting to Bombay and back.

J. H. DAVE

Hon. Gen. Secretary,

Sanskrit Vishva Parishad

than her intelligence. To make her way, she must attract men. Her face and physique are to be exploited for advertisement, be it of a soap or a hair-oil or a sari. Her charms are used as an aid to attract custom.

Until recently, the status of women in India was not equal to that of men, but the inequality arose not on account of woman's inferiority, but because of her social functions being different. She had no property rights; she had no right to remarry; she was always a dependant, either on the father or the husband or the son. But, at least, she was protected from being commercially exploited. As a human being, she was more respected than she is today. She was looked upon either as a mother or a daughter or a sister or a wife. Glamour was not rated higher than her other qualities.

However, I would not like to change—even if I could,—the present for the past. To my mind, the present phase is only a temporary one that will soon pass, to be replaced by a new order in which women will be truly equal to men not as competitors, but as partners in life, as companions respected for their qualities of head and heart, and whose counsel will be sought to create a new humanity.

Under the domination of the predatory male, mankind has made blunders enough to bring the world to the brink of disaster. The time will come, and very shortly too, when sanity will be restored and women allowed to have an effective voice in the affairs of life and the world over.

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IN the rich and variegated pantheon of Indian Ragam-las, each personification of a melody represents the visual form of the *rasa*-value, the emotive essence of each particular melody. This constituent *rasa* is generally visualized in a dramatic situation. We have studied one such personification of melody in the picture of Kakubha Ragini (published in the Annual Number, dated August 6, 1961)

In this essay we propose to study the melody of Pata-Manjari and the emotion it stands for and personifies. According to the school of Hanumat, it is the fourth *ragini* of the Bhairava Raga group. Each Major melody (*raga*) has a group of *raginis*, or abridged or graceful versions of the *raga*, assigned to the Male melody, imagined as wives or spiritual consorts affiliated to each *raga*.

As a *ragini* of Bhairava Raga, Pata-Manjari is thus depicted in the *dhyana*-formula composed in Sanskrit:

*Viyogini Kanta-Visirna-gatra Sra-
jam Vahanti Vapusati-mughdhai|*

*Asasya mana priyaya Ca Sakhya
Sa dhusarangi Pata-Manjari yam||*

She is Pata-Manjarī, a lady separated from her Beloved; she has omitted her toilette, hence she is dusty in her body and very much emaciated in her limbs, once of shining complexion. She is awaiting the return of her Beloved, ready to welcome him with a garland she carries in her hand.

She is accompanied by her confidante who used soothing words giving her hope of the early return of her Beloved. In a corresponding description of the personality in Hindi version, the same portrait of the Viragini Nayika is depicted. We will cite



AN ILLUSTRATION OF PATA- MANJARI

Prof. O. C. Gangoly

two typical Hindi verses describing the melody:

*Pata-Manjari ragini Bhairav Ki,
doha: Tate suni sati bhau dharama
bhairava dhasa-khijani Cetau.*

*Cita Cita so kubathai kaya ghatai
Kaliava naimitu.*

Hearing thereof, *sati* (the faithful lady) loses her wits in a whirlwind, her heart is saturate with resentment towards Bhairava (her Beloved). With grief is her body bent, she wastes away in the black fire (of jealousy). (Coomaraswamy).

We now cite the Hindi verses super-scribed on the top of the miniature picture of *pata-manjari* in the col-

lection of the British Museum, London, which is here reproduced in colour.

Ragani-pata-manjari: Copai:

Pata-manjari Krodha jiya kinha

Lalica lalu ana rasa bhinha

Sumiri Saneha lahari Vahu Vadhi

Nicai vadana mauna mukhagadhi

Varsahi naina akhandita dhari

Janu tutai moti-ke hara

Hitakari hita Vacana Sunava

Vahuta bhanti kara jori manavai

Manau manani vacana hamara

Tumahin Syorangu atura piya piyari

Doha:

*Bramha (?) uvaca (?) Siva vaca-
mai kahau namithya vaina*

*You Kina sukha kita deta hau
duri-Kara hun Sira naina*

The Minor melody of Paṭa-Manjarī (quartet).

Paṭa-Manjarī is in a mood of resentment, the pinkish tint (of anger) drenches her in another mood of passion. Recalling the love (of her Beloved), the ripples of remembrance multiply.

She hangs down her head in mute silence, her eyes shed tears in continuous flow, as if a string of pearls had snapped.

A sympathetic friend (Sakhi) whispers words of happy hopes and entreats her in various ways to compose herself, by joining her hands: O! you angry Lover! Do please accept my words; your Beloved in distress is remembering you and your love.' (The last two lines are obscure and difficult to explain).

It is clear from the citations above that the nature and emotive essence of the melody summarily outlined in the Sanskrit verse is elaborated and interpreted in the expansive style of the Hindi verses.

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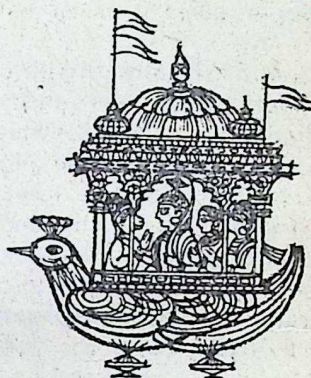


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INDIA'S DISTINCTIVE CULTURE

K. Balasubramania Aiyar



INDIA has a distinctive culture of its own. The chief elements of that culture are, according to me, a strong family consciousness and sentiment, a deep reverence for one's mother and father, intense devotion to the teacher, sincere faith in God—both immanent and transcendent—self-control and austerity and a belief in after-life.

Our great national epic, the *Ramayana* chiefly centres upon family affection. The whole story of the *Ramayana* is based upon Rama's selfless devotion to his father and his intense affection for his brothers and the sacrifice of the younger brother due to his reverence and devotion to his elder brother.

The story of the *Mahabharata*, the other great epic of India, illustrates the disastrous consequences of family disruption. The family has been the

unit of our society and our whole culture and civilisation are fundamentally based on the family. Reverence for the mother and the father is deeply ingrained in our national consciousness.

Hindu Religion attaches great importance to the worship of its ancestors by each family group. The thrilling story of Bhishma's Vow illustrates the true obedience of a son to his father. The story of Dharma Vyadha in the *Mahabharata* beautifully brings home to us that even a humble person is spiritually greater than one learned in the scriptures by reason of his having fulfilled his duty to his parents. The thrilling episode of Sirualar furnishes the glorious example of utter self-abnegation in obedience to the father's command.

The relationship between the teacher and the pupil in India has al-

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ways been regarded as sacred. The *Taitriya Upanishad* speaks of it as a sacred bond which cannot be broken by extraneous agencies. Unfortunately at the present day reverence for the teacher has very much waned and it is one of the causes for student indiscipline prevalent in many parts of India.

Self-control and austerity have been the hall-marks of our great men throughout the centuries. Mahatma Gandhi practised them and preached them to his followers. The *Brihadaranyaka Upanishad* declares the same as a message of Prajapati to mankind. The message is said to have been delivered by a peal of thunder which seemed to articulate the three words beginning with 'Da' easy to remember, namely: 'Dana', 'Daya', and 'Dama'. 'Dana' means charity, 'Daya' means compassion and 'Dama' means austerity and self-control. On account of our modern materialistic civilisation, the luxurious comforts created by science and technology, the evil effects of the cinema with its powerful appeal and the disintegration of moral forces in society, we are fast losing the main characteristic of our culture viz. self-control and austerity.

Religion and spirituality have been the key-notes of our culture. Swami Vivekananda declared in thundering tones: "Each nation, like each individual, has one theme in this life which is its centre, the principal key-note round which every other note comes to form the harmony. In India religious life forms the centre, the key-note of the whole music of national life. Social reforms and politics have to be preached through the vita-

lity of religion. If you succeed in your attempt to throw off your religion, the result will be that you will become extinct. Every nation has to make its own choice. We have made our choice ages ago".

It may be that on account of the impact and glamour of Western civilisation and the materialistic forces set in motion as a result of the marvellous progress of science and technology, we in the modern age may be losing our belief in Religion. It was felt at one time that science was the enemy of religion. But recent developments in higher science have clearly established that science confirms many of the truths propounded by religion. As Rajaji has said: 'Science has outgrown her original materialistic arrogance. Higher science has now all the stuff of spiritual thought and is as mystic as the Upanishads themselves.'

As our great scientist Sir. C. V. Raman said: 'This is the age of Einstein in science.' Einstein solemnly declared: 'I assert that the cosmic religious experience is the strongest and noblest driving force behind scientific research. The most beautiful and profound emotion we can experience is the mystical. It is the source of all true art and science. This insight into the mystery of life has given rise to religion. To know that what is impenetrable to us really exists manifesting itself as the highest wisdom and the most radiating beauty—this knowledge, this feeling is at the centre of true religion. In this sense and in this sense only I belong to the ranks of religious men'.

Arthur Koestler in his book *The*

Lotus and the Robot gives an account of his interview with Sri San-karacharya of Kamakoti Peetam and records his question and the answer of the Swamiji thus about science and religion:

Question: In the west, in the day of Pythagorean Brotherhood and again during the early Renaissance the great savants were also great mystics and considered the pursuit of science as a form of worship. This was also true of Einstein who was a deeply religious man or of Max Planck, the founder of the quantum theory; and Kepler, the father of modern astronomy, regarded science as an approach to the ultimate mystery. How does this approach relate to Indian thought?

Answer: The more science develops, the more does it confirm the fundamental truths of religious philosophy. Indian science, far from being opposed to religion had a spiritual origin and a religious orientation. It is significant that every science in India is called a Sastra, a system of thought with a spiritual purpose. In our temples, for instance, all sciences and arts are pressed into the service of religion. Architecture, Music, Dance, Mathematics, Astronomy—all have a spiritual and religious significance.

Our great Sage Valluvar in his immortal *Kural* has said: 'What is the use of all our knowledge and education if we do not worship at the feet of the Omniscient Lord?'

It is unfortunate that religious and moral instructions are not now vital

parts of our educational system. In ancient days religion was fostered in the home and family. But now the family is losing its hold and the hotel is taking the place of the home. Hence, the modern generation is losing its love for religion and materialistic forces are on the ascendant. To make religious and moral instruction part of our educational system is our urgent duty now.

A strong belief that life is a passing phase and that, though we are denizens of time, we are really citizens of eternity will be a powerful force for keeping us in the straight path, and for making us lead a pure and righteous life and will be an incentive to do good to our fellow-men.

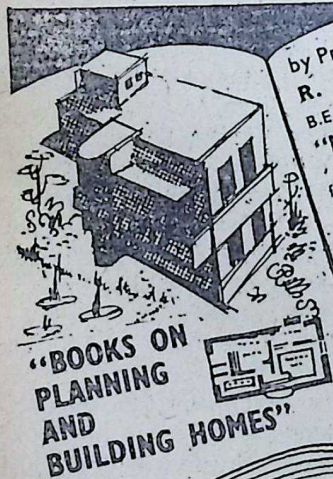
Sometimes, the religious spirit has been decried as other-worldliness and the charge of other-worldliness has been made against our culture. But anybody who reads the history of India will certainly realise that in the past our country has been great not only in spirituality but also in the Arts and Sciences and was the leader of Asia in them.

Acharya Vinoba Bhave, the foremost disciple of Mahatma Gandhi, said the other day that "we are now in the age of science and spirituality." Our ambition must certainly be that India should catch up with the other nations of the West in the advancement of scientific and technological knowledge and in material prosperity. At the same time we should also maintain and develop our intense spirituality which is our national heritage.

Some amongst us have felt that as

India is a land of many religions, emphasis on religious and moral instruction may be a source of division and conflict. The fundamentals of all religions are the same and religious instruction given in the proper way can never be a source of conflict. On the other hand, it will achieve harmony among many communities belonging to different religions that live in this country. A study of comparative religions should also be encouraged so as to promote this harmony. In our

schools and colleges we have students of all religious communities and the best way to promote a corporate life is to make one religious community understand the religions of other communities. Much of the conflict owing to ignorance and prejudice will then vanish. What the Constitution prohibits is the instruction in denominational religion but not the study of the fundamental truths of all religions and the philosophy of life and its purpose.



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D I V A L I

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DIVALI is the most ancient and widely celebrated festival in this country. By its very antiquity and the widespread nature of observance, its origin itself has got mixed up. There are almost half-a-dozen claimants to that title. Let us look at them one after the other.

The first says that Divali is celebrated in commemoration of King Mahabali who was deprived of his empire by Lord Vishnu in the form of a dwarf (Vamana).

Mahabali was the Lord of the Three Worlds. He was mighty, devout and learned. Yet, he aspired to the Kingdom of the gods too! The latter represented the matter to Lord Vishnu who incarnated himself as Vamana and begged of Mahabali three foot-lengths of ground. Mahabali had the tradition of not sending anyone back



empty-handed. Although his advisers warned him against the 'wily' Vamana, Mahabali nevertheless gave his word and the Lord easily measured the earth with his one foot, and the sky with another and demanded the third footlength. Unperturbed, Mahabali removed the crown from his head and offered his head before the Lord who pressed his foot on it and pushed him into the nether world where Mahabali continued to languish in utter void.

At the intervention of Mahalakshmi, the Lord's spouse, Mahabali was given a three-day furlough on the earth which he put to capital use by ruling merrily, widely illuminating the world. This accounts for the rows of light decorating our homes and

Lakshmi worship on this occasion and perhaps also the crackers!

The ethical content of the story would appear to be that even the most devout sometimes get power-mad and God invariably punishes and restores them to prosperity on their repentance and the seeking of forgiveness.

●●●

The second popular account traces Divali to the occasion when the demon Naraka was slain by Lord Krishna for similar reasons. Naraka is said to be the son of Lord Vishnu himself (born of Mother Earth) in his incarnation as a boar.



Naraka ruled over Prag-Jyotish in Assam and by virtue of his ancestry and *tapas*, became swell-headed and started perpetrating atrocities. He carried away the ear-rings of Aditi, the mother of the gods. He became a connoisseur of women and collected thousands of them in his harem. At last when the Lord incarnated as Krishna, he, in company with his wife Satyabhama, marched against him. It is said that Naraka's fort was impregnable and was guarded by a mighty serpent against which Krishna fought. When he slew it, seven of the serpent's children stopped his way. Krishna had a hard time killing the seven serpents when, finally, Naraka came in full panoply and employed

all his weapons and tricks which proved unavailing against Krishna's discus which ultimately put an end to Naraka's life. In his last moments, Naraka acknowledged his errors and recognizing the Lord in Krishna, begged of him—or was it his mother, as some others say?—that the day be celebrated in a joyful manner. The lesson of this story also is obvious.

It is said that a bath taken before



dawn on this day with the anointment of oil is equivalent to a holy bath in River Ganga. After bath, new clothes are worn and people go on visiting one another.

Another account takes it back to the early people celebrating the change of seasons.

It is common knowledge that at the time of Divali, the Sun occupies the sign Libra in the Zodiac and on account of the change in its course, the night becomes longer, and snow begins to fall on the peaks of the Himalayas. At such a time, the people are said to wish the Sun God a speedy return to enliven the earth.



Others say that that Diwali marks the completion of the rice harvest.

●●●
Nearer to our times, it is said that King Vikramaditya of Ujjain was crowned on this day, the 16th day of Ashvina from which date the new year is calculated. Some people assert that Rama was crowned on this day and that is why Vikramaditya chose this day.

Whatever the origin, the fact remains that from time immemorial Diwali has been continuing to be observed as an occasion for joy by all people. There is practically no Hindu who does not observe this celebration except when he is in mourning. Even from the youngest babes-in-arm to the most aged of the family, all partake of this function.

In Bengal, Diwali is observed as Kali Puja.

In Western India, it is observed as Lakshmi worship. Businessmen open new accounts and consider it a very happy augury to do business on this day. Even gambling has been sanctioned as auspicious, it would appear, for observance on this day. And people do gamble.

There is a *puranic* story behind it. Once Lord Shiva played dice with

Parvati and lost everything. He went away in a huff and lived on the banks of the Ganga. Kartik, Lord Shiva's second son, seeing that his father was depressed in spirits on account of the loss, learned the art of throwing dice and challenged his mother and regained all that his father had lost. Parvati took this to heart and became melancholy. Her elder son, Ganesh, finding his mother despondent, learned the art himself and challenged his brother Kartik and defeated him. Thereupon Shiva sent Ganesh to bring Parvati back home. Ganesh was riding on his mouse along the banks of Ganga to effect a reconciliation between his mother and father. Sage Narada got scent of the mood and informed Vishnu of this. When Vishnu came to the banks of the Ganga to meet Shiva, he assumed the form of a set of dice. Shiva, Narada and Parvati began to play the game. Parvati lost everything and was about to curse Vishnu (the dice) for cheating her when the others intervened and said it was not a nice thing to do as it was all in fun. She therefore pronounced a blessing instead of a curse upon all those who played dice not only then but also of the future, on the first day of Kartik, that they



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In the South, Divali means many things to many people. To the kids it is not merely a holiday but lots of sweets to eat, good clothes to wear and crackers to fire. To the newly wed youths, it is an occasion for a visit to the homes of the in-laws where they could have a *tete-a-tete* with their coy brides. To the women of the home, it means new saris and perhaps new jewels. Of course, the man of the house too shares the joy but puts off tallying his account for the morrow.

In Nepal, Divali is celebrated in a picturesque way for five days. On the first day, the crow is worshipped; on the second day the dog; on the third the cow or Lakshmi; on the fourth, bullocks and on the fifth Bhartri Puja Day. This grand festival is known as Panchak.

Even to the casual visitor to Nepal, it will be discernible that the people celebrate the festival with remarkable zeal and fervour for he will find every place—residential quarters and

business establishments—richly decorated with flags, festoons and bunting and illuminated with multi-coloured lights.

Other countries also observe some other variant of Divali. For instance, in China, the famous Feast of Lanterns is celebrated.

In Japan, too, they celebrate the Festival of Lanterns. On this day, they believe, the spirits of the ancestors who had died, return to their households to receive homage from the inmates and give them their blessings. Probably, this has some relation to our belief that the gods start sleeping in the Dakshinayana which is also sometimes claimed to be one of the reasons for our large-scale lighting during this period.

Having regard to the fact that in all parts of India Divali is celebrated on a national scale, would it be too much to suggest that our Government too might take some part in the celebrations and give the occasion a new mould which might result in the integration of the country?

Where there is charity and wisdom, there is neither fear nor ignorance. Where there is patience and humility, there is neither anger nor worry. Where there is poverty and joy, there is neither cupidity nor avarice. Where there is quiet and meditation, there is neither solicitude nor dissipation. Where there is the faith in the Lord to guard the house, the enemy cannot find a way to enter.



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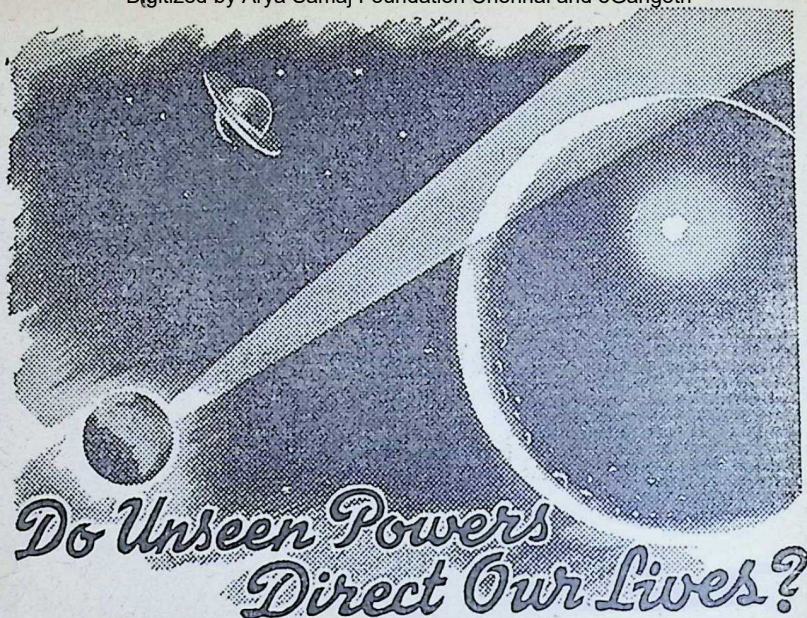
*The Devi of Cranganore**

CRANGANORE ('Kodungallur' in Malayalam), situated at about the centre of Kerala on the sea-coast, is reputed to have been the most well-known port on the West coast of India during the days of the ancient "Hellenic Civilization." She was then known as Port Muziris (derived from the Sanskrit word *maricha* meaning pepper). Her glory continued unbroken for a long time and it is widely believed that under the name Vanchi, she subsequently became famous as the capital city of Kerala during the days of Perumal rule. Later on she became involved in the quarrels and battles among the

chieftains of Kerala, which became more and more virulent and destructive with the advent of the Portuguese and subsequently of the Dutch. Peace finally came with the establishment of the British supremacy, but gradually Cranganore began to lose her ancient glory and prosperity and got herself relegated to the modest position of a small township that she now is. These vicissitudes, however, never affected the age-old reputation of Cranganore as a place held sacred by Hindus, Jews, Christians and Muslims alike and especially as the seat of the Presiding Deity of the place commonly known as Kodungallur

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*Please see Frontispiece



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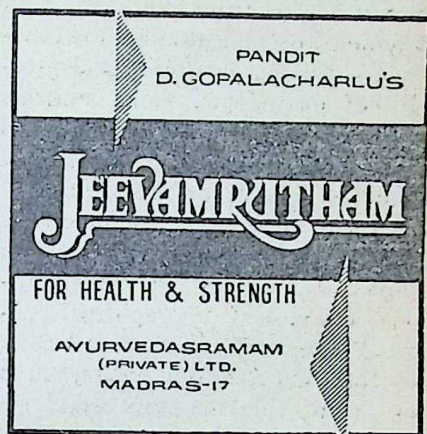
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Bhagavati (which is the Malayalam equivalent for "The Goddess of Cranganore").

The temple of the Goddess is built on an extensive plot of level ground sufficiently spacious to accommodate the large concourse of devotees who gather there for the annual "Bharani festival" which usually is celebrated in March-April every year. The whole of Cranganore is a sandy region and the site of the temple is no exception. The rain-washed white sand covering the temple compound and glistening in the sun lends an air of purity and simple beauty to the place. The old peepul and banyan trees, standing like sentinels all around the temple buildings, give a touch of majestic antiquity to the picture, while the surrounding green lawns and the extensive gardens full of cocoanut palms and interspersed with arecanut, jackfruit, mango, tamarind and other trees are indeed an enchanting sight. The main temple building and the subsidiary structures are constructed in a very simple, old style with, of course, the usual beautiful carvings on the granite pillars and the wooden ceiling. The roofs are of copper-plates and the floor paved with granite slabs. The simplicity, purity and beauty of the environments strike us as a fitting background when we set our eyes on the majestic and beautiful life-size image of the Goddess decked in gold and installed in the *sanctum sanctorum*. The serried ranks of devotees, hailing from far-flung places, bow low before this image with half-closed eyes, full of devotion and respect fully calling her out by name. To



them she is no image at all but a living reality presiding over the destinies of all.

With added facilities for travel, the Cranganore Bhagavati temple is attracting more and more devotees day by day. The place is almost equidistant from Trichur and Ernakulam on the Southern Railway system. Most of the intending pilgrims from the North and the East alight at Trichur and reach Cranganore by bus or by car within about an hour. Those from the South get down at Ernakulam and travel to Cranganore by bus or by car or by motor-boat. When any form of epidemic is raging or after an attack of small-pox or any other serious disease, the devotees generally consider it desirable and necessary to visit this temple and propitiate the Goddess.

The origin of the Cranganore Bha-

gavati temple is shrouded in antiquity. Tradition has it that Parasurama, who is reputed to have reclaimed the whole of Kerala from the ocean, built this temple also and installed the Goddess in it for the protection and prosperity of the people. Some students of history, however, would have us to believe that this temple was once a Buddhist Vihar and that it ceased to be such and became a temple only after Adi Sankaracharya (whose birthplace Kaladi is in the neighbourhood) established his spiritual domain all over India. Whatever be the basis for these differing views, there is no gainsaying the fact that the Bhagavati temple at Cranganore is one of the most ancient and important Devi temples of India. Regarding the nature of the deity installed, there is a variety of traditions and beliefs. Some would have it that she is Bhadra Kali who killed the *asura*, Daruka. The form of the main image lends colour for this belief. Others say that she is Parasakthi herself who can be worshipped in the *Satvic*, the *Rajasic* or the *Tamasic* form. In the temple there are three separate sacred places of worship (one of which is a small room hermitically closed from public view) which lend strength to this opinion. Still others believe that it is *Sree Chakram* that was originally installed here. Whatever it be, almost all devotees regard the presiding deity as the gracious Divine Mother and address her as such in affectionate and respectful terms and it is their unshaken belief that she showers her blessings on all her true devotees.

It is said that the temple was own-

ed and managed under the supervision of the Raja of Cranganore and the "*Onnu kure ayiram yogam*" (a representative association of the indigenous caste Hindus of the locality still flourishing as a wealthy and influential institution) and also by certain Nair families. Although the actual management of the temple was taken away from them and is now vested in the Cochin Devasom Board, these families are still having very valuable and well-recognised hereditary rights and duties in the temple.

The Cranganore Bhagavati temple is one of the richest temples in Kerala. It owns extensive plots of cocoanut gardens and paddy fields yielding large income. Besides these, the offerings of gold, red silk, pepper, turmeric, goats, fowls and money aggregate to a very good amount every year. A good portion of this is now utilised for the maintenance of poorer temples and for kindred purposes. Opinion among the devotees of this temple is almost uniform now that in diverting such funds for other purposes, the needs and interests of this temple should not be overlooked.

The daily worship in this temple begins at 3 a.m. and the last worship ends at 8 p.m. The *Thalapoli* (celebrated in January) and the *Bharani* (celebrated in March-April) are the most well-known festivals of this place. Of these the *Thalapoli*, which is celebrated on four consecutive days when the image of the Goddess is taken out in a grand procession both day and night with a guard of honour provided by richly caparisoned elephants with all the usual parapherna-

lia and a tumultuous feast of noises and illuminations provided by innumerable drums and pipes, pop-guns and fire-works and attended by thousands of devotees in gala dress is a spectacle worth witnessing. The Bharani festival, though less colourful is considered to be more important from a spiritual point of view and it usually attracts larger crowds of people and pilgrims not only from all parts of Kerala but also from other distant places. The most important item of worship during this festival is performed on the *Aswati* day when the three oldest members of the three Adigal families conduct a special and secret worship in the *sanctum sanctorum* for a continuous period of three hours. The *prasadam* distributed after this worship is considered by the devotees to be a sovereign remedy for all physical, mental and spiritual ills.

In former days fowls in their thousands used to be sacrificed in front of the temple during the days of the Bharani festival. Now it is prohibited by statute and hence discontinued. Instead, the fowls intended for sacrifice are now offered to the deity as live birds.

Another peculiarity of the Bharani festival is the singing of obscene songs by the devotees in the temple premises. This age-old usage strikes a casual visitor as indeed a strange and incongruous custom providing a fertile field for research. It is, however, hailed by orthodox people as a shining example of the benevolence of the Divine Mother who, in her overflowing love, can brook anything in her

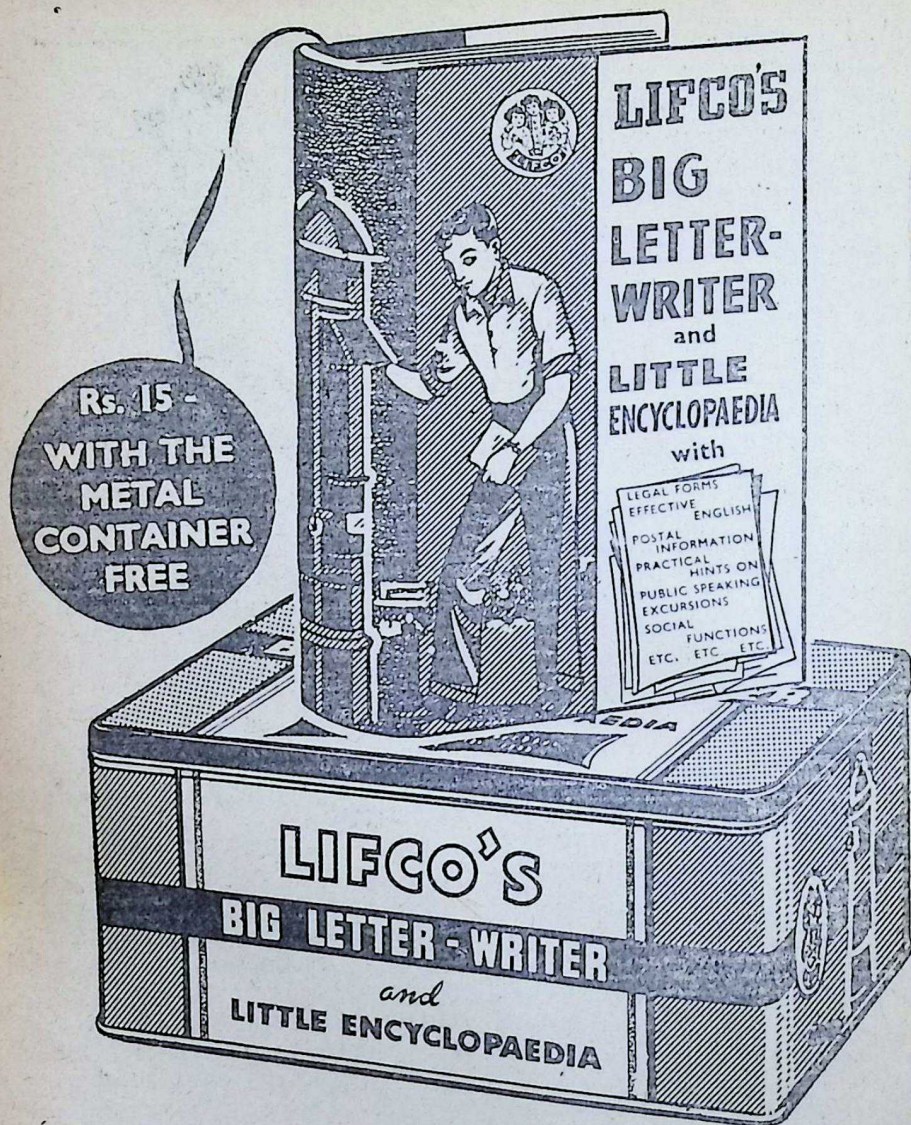


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devoted but naughty children. Modern ideas of decency are slowly but surely affecting this phase of the Bharani festival.

From time immemorial Devi worship has been in vogue throughout Kerala and women-folk are given an honoured place in society. Even today there is practically no village in Kerala which has not a Devi shrine. But the place of pride and precedence is freely given to the Cranganore Devi or Bhagavati who consequently attracts the largest number of devotees. The life and the teachings of Bhagavan Sri Ramakrishna Paramahansa have given a fillip to Devi worship and this has given a greater impetus to the flow of pilgrims to the Cranganore temple.



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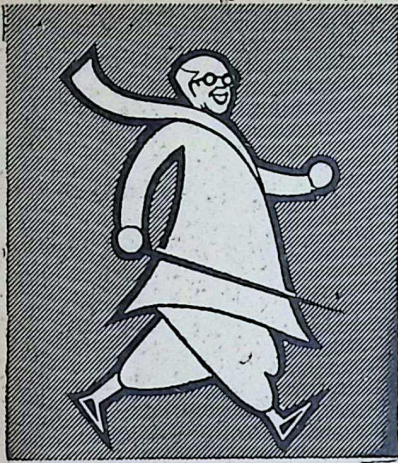
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The age which in Greece threw up intellectual giants like Thales and Heraclitus, Parmenides and Zeno, Pythagoras and Empedocles, Socrates and Plato, Aristotle and Hippocrates, was responsible for the rise in India of the sages and saints as propounders and prophets of various schools of philosophy and religion of the seers of the Upanishads and sage-physicians of Ayurveda, viz:

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न्याय—गौतम

भक्ति—नारद

धर्म

जैन—महावीर

बुद्ध—बुद्ध

उपनिषद्

शुक्लयजुर्वेद—

वृहद् आरण्यक

} याज्ञवल्क्य

ऋग्वेद (ना) ऐतरेय—ऐतरेय

सामवेद (छांदोग्य)—उद्दालक आरुणि

कृष्णयजुर्वेद—देवर्षि वरुण

अथर्ववेद—मांडूक्य

आयुर्वेद

चरक—भरद्वाज-पुनर्वसु आत्रेय

(आत्रेय)

चरक—दृढबल

सुश्रुत—धन्वन्तरि-दिवोदास, सुश्रुत

नागार्जुन

काश्यप—काश्यप

हस्ति आ०—पालकाप्य

राजर्षि वामक—कांकायन

राजर्षि पार्योविद—हिरण्यक्ष

राजर्षि विदेह—कृष्णसिंह, शारङ्ग, मरु

The tendency of an essentially intuitive mind towards an integral development of life, towards a complete blossoming of the whole man even while living in a physical form in this material world, this impassioned affirmation of positive living, this acceptance of the body as the best instrument for the realization here on earth, of the best blessings of the profound spiritual realms, resulted in the obtainment of the yet unmatched, deepest insights, the subtle determining vital powers and secrets in the human system that govern its radiant health and longevity and in the creation of yet another Veda, the Ayurveda.

—Swami Sivananda.

Philosophy was at that time the supreme pursuit of the thinking man; and it was to the philosopher's counter that people came for the ultimate concept of life. The arts and sciences were, to be sure, actively cultivated; but they played a subservient role to philosophy, the *undisputed queen in the realm of thought*.

At this golden period, philosophy had a wider and all comprehensive meaning and hence it was a dear de-

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light to the intellectuals all over the known world to know the meaning of life and the world as well as the mutual relations of man and the universe. To grasp the situation in a perfect way, they concentrated on the full development of emotional and psychic maturity and homeostasis. The value of this development and experience became so high that the kings and sovereigns in India resigned the supreme situation, the lust for the ways of flesh and the dross and vanity of the world. Renouncing the all-mighty empire with all-attached luxuries, they rather devotedly wooed the fundamental wisdom and universal truth and sought the sacred path of ultimate happiness and final emancipation. To them philosophy did not mean to have merely subtle thoughts or to start a new school of thought; but they had innate love of wisdom that would dictate to them the regimen of life of simplicity, independence, magnanimity and trust; of that unique knowledge that would free them from all sorts of doubt, and lead them to the state of great peace of liberation that would make them sinless, passionless, tranquil, supreme, imperishable, changeless and immortal.

In spite of their other-worldly sublime endeavours and goal, these philosophers were realistic and practical men to make full use of the body and keep it in best condition. They had been a practical people and have never allowed their ultimate theories to run away without yielding actual results affecting daily life of the whole humanity in its multifarious aspects. This is the opinion of all the

great scholars who have studied original books with a scientific spirit.

This is even more true of the realm of medicine. Medical theories have to be justified and tested in everyday life and the science of medicine in India could not have survived if they had not stood the test of day-to-day verification and fulfilment. The Philosopher-physicians prescribed regimen for the full development not only of his physical body and its physiological functions but also of the psyche and the soul.

The specialization was not only allowed but encouraged, but the final verdict did not lie with the specialist but with the general overseer, the philosopher, who alone was in a position to assess the value of the contribution made by the specialists. The result was the development of a co-ordinated outlook which studied the parts but which also studied them as forming the whole. It was this synthetic or integrated outlook which has given us the fundamentals of Life and the Science of Life. This synthetic concept led to the concept that any manifestation of Life must involve the coming together of the three factors of the spirit, the mind and the body, the tripod on which the world is based.

This coming together or assemblage of spirit, mind and body which we know as life, was studied both in its constituents and as a whole. The very fundamentals of Life as propounded in Philosophy were culled and co-ordinated to fit the body-state of man in health and disease.

During that age there were bold and independent thinkers propound-

ing their views in the country beginning with materialists (प्रत्यक्षपराः) and the evolutionists (परिणामवादिनः) upto the theists and Vedantists. In *Caraka Samhita* and *Susruta Samhita*—the two main classics of Ayurveda of that period, we find in addition to the Nyaya, the Vaisesika and the Sankhya schools which are of course, the basic schools on which Ayurveda builds its supports, mention of other schools including the following:

1. प्रत्यक्षपराः : Materialists that recognise only what is observable by the senses as true.

2. आगमपराः : Those that believe implicitly in revelation alone.

3. श्रुतिपराः : same as above.

4. स्वभावपराः : The naturalists that believe that things happen according to some natural compulsion.

5. यदृच्छापराः : The Accidentalists.

6. परनिर्माणपराः : The creationists that believe in a creator.

Susruta describes the various schools of philosophical thoughts prevalent in his time while summing up the various opinions regarding the original form and evolution of the universe.

स्वभावमीश्वरं कालं यदृच्छां नियतिं तथा ।

परिणामं च मन्यन्ते प्रकृतिं पृथुर्दशिनः ॥

सु० शा० १

The broad-visioned philosophers regard *Prikriti*, the original creative force variously as nature, god, time, accident, instrumentality and evolutionary force. The learned commentator Cakrapani quotes the various

references where the views of each of these above schools of thought have been utilised in the Ayurvedic classics to suit practical explanation of the textual description. Though the main importance in Ayurveda was given to the human life, the sage-physicians preached and explained the rationale of the concept of universal compassion as propounded in Philosophy and religion:

लोके विततमात्मानं लोकुरुचात्मानं पश्यतः ।

परावरदृशः शान्तिर्ज्ञानमूला न नश्यति ॥

च० शा० ५

'He who sees himself as extended in all the world and all the world in himself, the peace of that surveyor of this (matter and spirit) and the yonder, being rooted in knowledge, does not perish.'

One whole chapter in *Sarirasthana* in *Caraka Samhita* is devoted to the mutual relations of man and the universe to establish the universal homeostasis that would give peace and happiness to all the living organisms of the world. It was at this time when the physician occupied the exalted place, when medicine and metaphysics were equally the domain of the Vaidya,—the man of knowledge—that the Ayurvedic classics came to be written by men who were admittedly the wisest of the age. Medicine earned not only the epithet of Veda but even higher repute than religion.

तस्यायुषः पुण्यतमो वेदो वेदविदांमतः ।

वक्ष्यते यन्मनुष्याणां लोकयोरुभयोहितः ॥

—च० सू० १

'The science relating to life is regarded by the philosophers as the

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cause it teaches mankind what constitutes their good in both the worlds.'

Hippocrates says that the nearest thing to divinity is the physician who is also a philosopher. If this is so who can deny that men like Atreya, Bharadwaja and Dhanvantari are as near gods as any that mortal nature can breed?

It is to these physician-philosophers of the golden age of India that we owe the concept of life as embodied in the *Caraka* and *Susruta*, a complete and integrated concept (of body, mind and spirit as well as man and his universal environment) which is so broad-based that in its main outline it must hold good for all time. It is true that the perceptions of these sages could not claim the advantage of the elaborations due to mechanical devices that are possible to-day. But their integrated and total vision of the organism along with the *modus operandi* of the threefold organisations and the means adopted to preserve and prolong the existence and functioning, is as supreme to-day in its validity as when it was first promulgated.

The authors of Ayurveda—the philosophy and science of Life—intended by Ayurveda much more than mere skill of treatment or diagnosis of a disease-condition; it meant for them the total concept of life which includes both man and his environment. The well-being of man, the aggregate of body, mind and soul, cannot be confined to mere physical health but extends to that total sense of enjoyment of physical, mental and spiritual satisfaction and enrichment born as a result of wholesome and

mutually beneficial interactions between the individual and his environment, social, physical and spiritual. Man as a biological entity needs to adjust to the physical environment and as a social and spiritual entity needs to adjust and react wholesomely to the society in which he lives and to the spiritual ideal upheld by it. Such well-being alone is a real and true development of man in his entirety and such is the object of the Science of Life as clearly expressed in the definition of Ayurveda by Maharshi Caraka.

हिताहितं सुखं दुःखमायुस्तस्य हिताहितम् ।

मानं च तच्च यत्रोक्तमायुर्वेदः स उच्यते ॥

च० सू० १

'That is named the Science of Life wherein are laid down the good and bad life, the happy and unhappy life and what is wholesome and what is unwholesome in relation to life, as also the measure of Life.'

To achieve the universal homeostasis in view of the above definition Ayurveda supplemented its *Swastha Vriitha* (स्वस्थवृत्) by *Sadvriitha* (सद्वृत्) or the right life which inculcates the discipline of the senses and the regulations of the moral life so as to accord with the happiness and good, not of the individual merely but of the society as a whole.

Ayurveda is therefore social and universal in its conception and application and comprehends a physical, mental and ethical frame-work of life. It is an entire way of life that Ayurveda expounds embodying philosophy, eugenics, ethics and healing:

They adopted both analytic and

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न हि ज्ञानावयवेन कृत्स्ने ज्ञेये ज्ञानमुत्पद्यते ।

—च० वि० ४-५

A full conception of the science will never be attained by the knowledge of only a part of it.

The great Badarayana Vyasa, the father of Indian culture had laid down in his *Brahma Sutra*—that the way of understanding the Veda is through Samanvaya. He said तत्तु समन्वयात् which means the key to understand the Veda 'the book of supreme wisdom' is through 'correlation' a reconciliation of the apparently contradictory modes of expressions that abound in that revelation of the seers. They were ever ready to accept and assimilate the knowledge from whatever source available.

Caraka in unequivocal terms states:—

कृत्स्नो हि लोको बुद्धिमतामाचार्यः ; शत्रु-
श्चाबुद्धिमताम् ।

—च० वि० ८-३-४

'The entire world is the teacher to the intelligent and foe to the unintelligent.'

In modern time Emerson says in the same tune "In every man there is something wherein I may learn of him; and in that I am his pupil".

Their method of inquiry and investigation was ultra-scientific. It was thorough, sound, adequate, rational and fully consistent with the fundamental facts of the physical and biological laws of the universe. The first of such positively scientific efforts was made by the Sankhya thinkers.

दृष्टमनुमानमाप्तवचनं सर्वप्रमाणसिद्धत्वात् ।
त्रिविधं प्रमाणमिष्टं, प्रमेयसिद्धिः प्रमाणाद्धि ॥

—सा० का० ४

'The means of right cognition are recognised to be of three kinds. Perception, inference and valid testimony, as all the means of right cognition are proved (to be included in these three). Verily, a provable is proved by means of right cognition.'

They emphasised the necessity of scientific knowledge (विज्ञान) and the following verse from *Caraka Samhita* will remain the arch-aphorism as the guiding principle of all inquiry:

समग्रं दुःखमायत्तमविज्ञाने द्रयाश्रयम् ।

सुखसमग्रं विज्ञाने विमले च प्रतिष्ठितम् ॥८४॥

'The whole of suffering which clings to mind and body has ignorance for its basis and conversely all happiness is founded in clear scientific knowledge.'

With the analytic and synthetic method of study, with catholic spirit of progress, constant sense of co-ordination and strict postulates of method of investigation accepted from the Sankhya School, Ayurveda attained its age of maturity emerging from its nonage of Vedic medley of charms and simple drugs of incantation and magic ritual into the maturity of a rationally expounded science of health and disease and a systematic practice of remedies, related to dose, time and constitution. This was the scientific era of medicine in India. This lasted from the time of Atreya (about 600 B.C.) upto the end of seventh century after Christ i.e. almost till the beginning of the Mohammedan invasion of India. This millennium was the



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heyday of Ayurveda, the golden era in the medical history of India, comparable to that of Hippocrates and Galen in the West. This was followed suddenly by dark centuries of stagnation, neglect and decay. Renaissance in Europe influenced and awakened India from its long lethargic state. But split atom is the real cause of recent universal awakening and search for the wisdom of the ancients specially of India to establish universal peace and happiness.

If on one side the philosopher-physicians of Ayurveda stretched extravagantly their intuition and imagination to solve the supernatural metaphysical factors and events, e.g. soul, rebirth, destiny, *karma*, etc., on the other extreme they showed meticulous accuracy in practical study, differential diagnosis and therapeutic application.

Though they agreed to some extent in the fate, they propounded that milder effects of Fate can be nullified by personal efforts.

देवं पुरुषकारेण दुर्बलं ह्युपहन्यते । च०वि०३

Thus if destiny is weak, it admits of being overcome by efforts.

They gave priority to the maintenance of the positive health i.e. to prophylactic measures rather than to curative measures as their ideal was longevity with full life, vigour and vitality (not mere years to Life but also life to years.)

दीर्घजीवितमन्विच्छन्भरद्वाज उपागमत् ।

इन्द्रमुग्रतपा बुद्ध्वा शरण्यममरेश्वरम् ॥

—च० सू० १

'Bharadwaja, the mighty ascetic, the searcher of (the science of) longevity

approached Indra, having deemed him, the Lord of the immortals, worthy of suit—Thus begins the great classic of Ayurveda the *Caraka Samhita*.'

हेतुलिङ्गौषधज्ञानं स्वस्थानुरपरायणम् ।

त्रिसूत्रं शाश्वतं पुण्यं बुबुधे यं पितामहः ॥

—च० सू० १

'He taught the science of causes, symptoms and medication, the supreme of both the healthy and ailing, the tripartite science, eternal and holy, which the great Father knew ;' (health maintenance is given priority to curative measures for disease-condition).

Origin of the science is the compassion for all the living organisms.

अथ मैत्रीपरः पुण्यमायुर्वेदं पुनर्वसुः ।

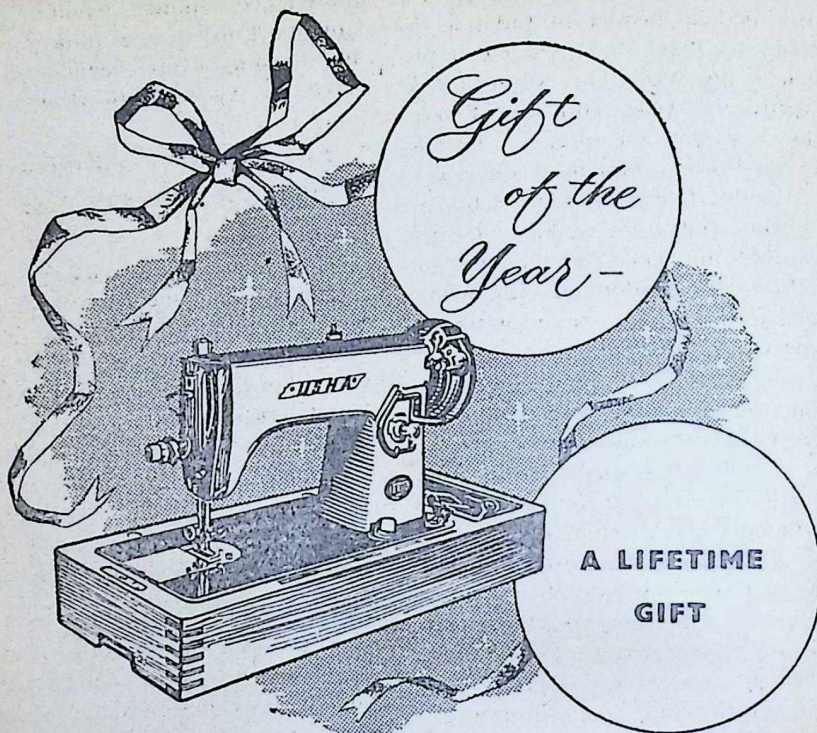
शिष्येभ्यो दत्तवान् षड्भ्यः सर्वभूतानुकम्पया ॥

—च० सू० १, ३०

'Thereafter Punarvasu, the most benevolent, moved by compassion for all creatures, bestowed the science of Life on six disciples.'

During their course from metaphysics to science the medical propounders took the aid of the classification of things as held by both the Sankhya and the Vaishesika Schools, the latter enlisting the totality of things under the categories of substance, quality, action, generality, particularity and co-existence. From purely metaphysical methods Ayurveda passed on to the physical and experimental methods that physical categories and terms such as substance, quality and action involve.

Atreya reduces the universal to nine substances viz. the five proto-elements, the mind, the spirit, time and space. These combine to form the two



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main groups of things—inanimate and animate.

खादीन्यात्मा मनः कालो दिशश्च द्रव्यसंग्रहः ।
सेन्द्रियं चेतनं द्रव्यं, निरिन्द्रियमचेतनम् ॥

—च० सू० १

The five proto-elements viz. ether and others, together with the spirit, mind, time and space, constitute the totality of substances. Possessed of the senses, a substance is animate; devoid of the senses, it is inanimate.

These combine to form the two main groups of things inanimate and animate.

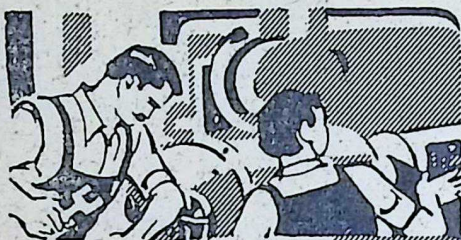
All physical substances are reduced to the five categories of proto-elements and each proto-element is ascribed certain specific qualities, the total number of all the qualities coming to twenty in number. Thus the body-substance, environmental factors necessary for life-process, causative or curative factors of diseases—all these were reduced to a specific number of qualities whose use or avoidance could be prescribed in an arithmetical ratio.

As a result of the analytical process, they arrived at the conclusion that each substance or thing consists of an aggregate of five inter-related systems each possessing quite different and specific qualities. These systems they termed proto-elements or महाभूत. The quality of each proto-element was determined and the manifestation of particular qualities of its specific grade or intensity in a substance depended upon the relative proportions of the proto-elements in that particular substance. To attain the ideal of easy comprehension com-

bined with exactitude, the ancients reduced the therapeutic science nearly to mathematical formula. Atomic era may find the co-ordination of subtle analytical data.

The synthetic concept led to the study of the constitution of man as a whole or his whole personality. This is the integrated physiology. The millions of body cells, nervous system, the heart, the lungs, the intestines, kidneys, endocrine and exocrine glands—muscles—all act in a coalition-government and mutually impel and check and balance and produce an integrated and harmonised result that is Life and the good health. Ayurveda depicts this integrated function in terms of the categories of the triumvirate of biological organisations and their mutual interaction. These three categories Vata, Pitta and Kapha of biological organisations of all living organisms including unicellular life—plant—animal and man are basically evolved from the five categories, Prithavi, Apa, Teja, Vayū and Akasa of all substances of the universe and so a complete relation and co-ordination is maintained between the animate and inanimate things. Their co-ordination is maintained at the quality level and hence the quality chart demonstrates the effects or presence of the visible and invisible, matter and energy, body and mind.

Thus is evolved a complete concept of the whole personality by which a man lives on a higher intellectual, emotional, ethical-moral and religious level with mature and fully developed physical, physiological, psychological and spiritual life and confers the same boon to all the creatures of the



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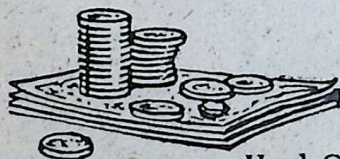
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world. This was the philosophy-cum-science of medicine and biology propounded by ancient sage-physicians of India.

A harmonious adjustment of all branches of knowledge is necessary for universal happy result. Modern science or knowledge is making progress at an incredible rapid speed, but that science if detached from humanism and uncontrolled will lead to irretrievable harm. We have witnessed both the eventualities in these days of Penicillin and Atomic bomb. Knowledge has out-stripped wisdom and morality lags as a very foot-sore companion behind advancing science, but only harmonious and co-ordinated progress of all sciences will give us the wisdom of when and how to use that colossal power for healing and not for killing man.

Every man craves to be a supreme man-God. It can be achieved only when emotional maturity and mastery over fear, anger and passionate desires as well as psychic homeostasis are fully attained; otherwise his passionate craving and uncontrolled dy-

namic efforts would make the man a beast—a creator of war, massacre, tyranny, brutality and all kinds of worldly miseries. Hence, the search for philosophy of individual and universal life is specially needed at present. In dealing with this aspect of health, Ayurveda holds the palm over all other systems of medical thoughts. Ayurveda has made a happy combination of Philosophy and Science of life, as it also preached the control of the senses and the mind, which is calculated to turn man into a noble citizen of the world, and lead him a step higher in the ladder of evolution. This is also medically very efficacious in lifting man above the dangers of psychic and nervous disorders that are on the increase as a result of the heavy drain on the nervous energies of man due to distractions, wants and make-believes, enormous and injurious ambitions and frustrations that modern civilized life involves. The psychic regimen provides the wholesome nutrition for the mind even as the physical regimen does to the physical body.

Think the purest thoughts and banish all idle and impure thoughts.....

Breathe the freshest air day and night.

Establish a balance between bodily and mental work.

Stand erect, sit erect, and be neat and clean in every one of your acts, and let these be an expression of your inner condition.

—Mahatma Gandhi

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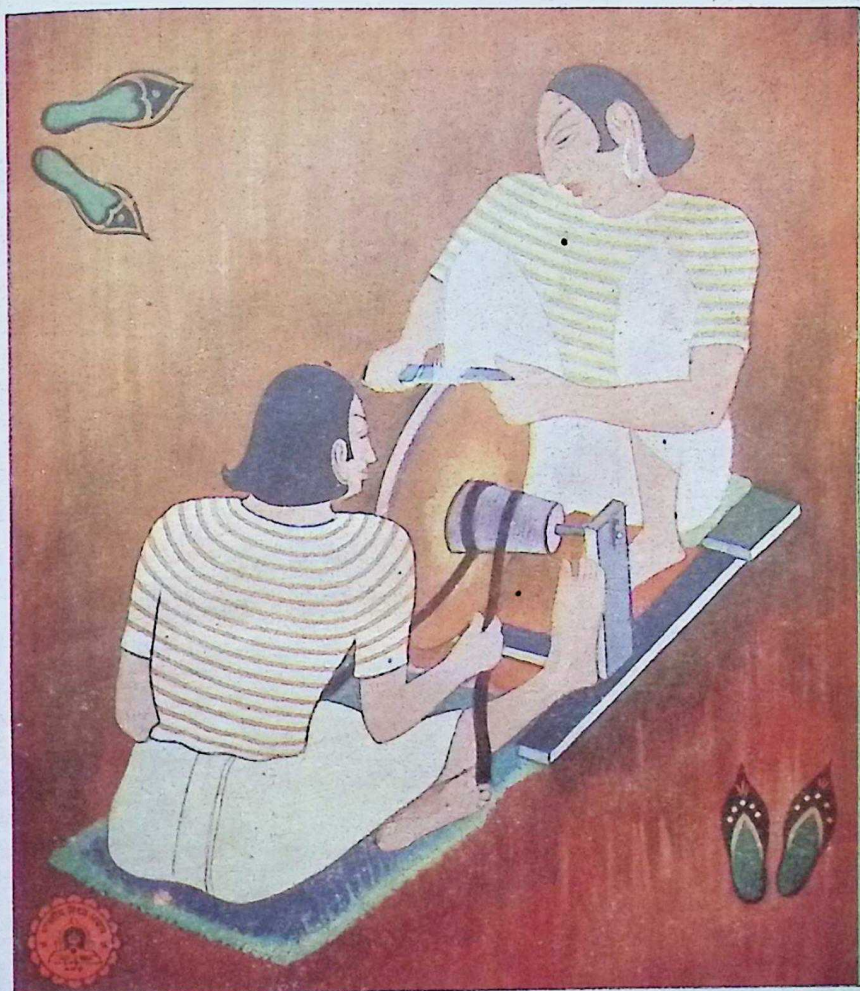
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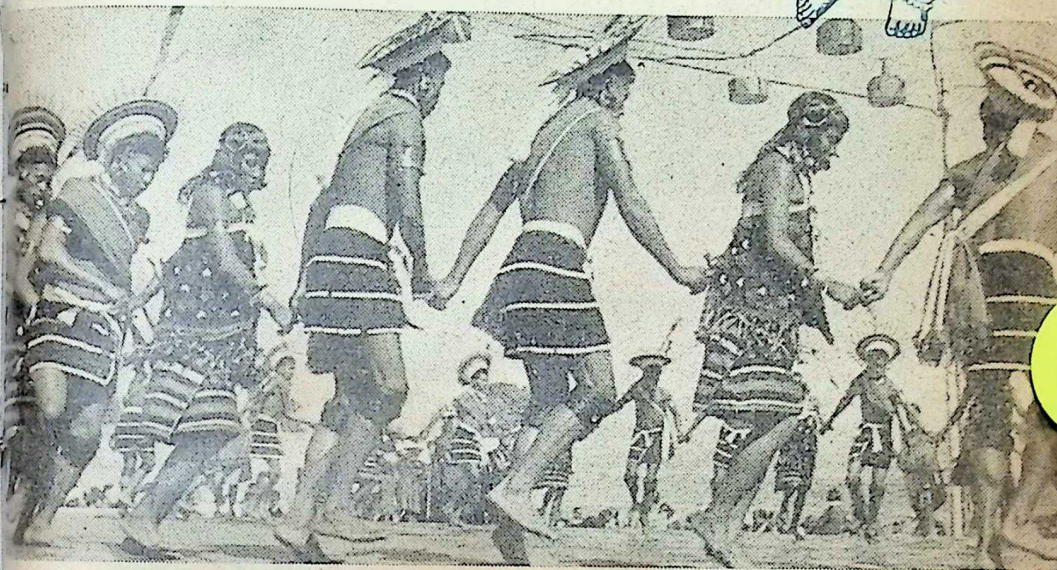
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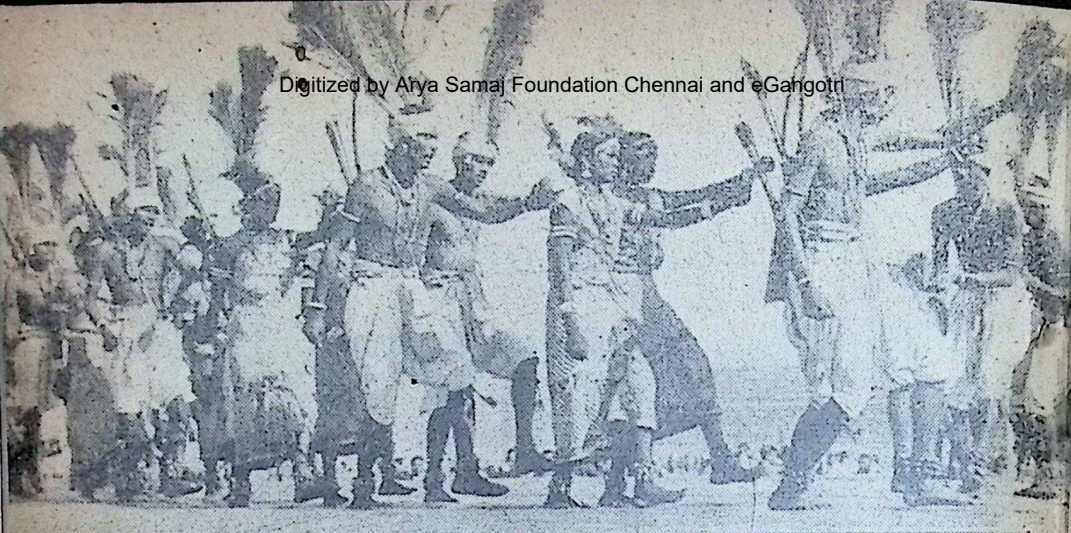


A dance of the Nagas of Assam.

Mohan Khokar

THE folk-dances of India are of several kinds, and though most of them have certain parallel characteristics, still, the overall variety is truly overwhelming. Some of these dances are performed by men alone, some only by women, and there are also dances in which both men and women participate. Most of the dances are accompanied by folk-songs, which are generally sung by the dancers themselves. In some cases, the dance is accompanied

by various musical instruments, but the drum is practically indispensable. There are a good many dances in which the participants stand in a circle and clap their hands as they dance, and sometimes, instead of clapping the hands they hold small sticks in their hands and strike them together in unison with the rhythm of the dance. The dancers generally wear no make-up, but they nearly all use special dance-costumes, which are peculiar to each region.



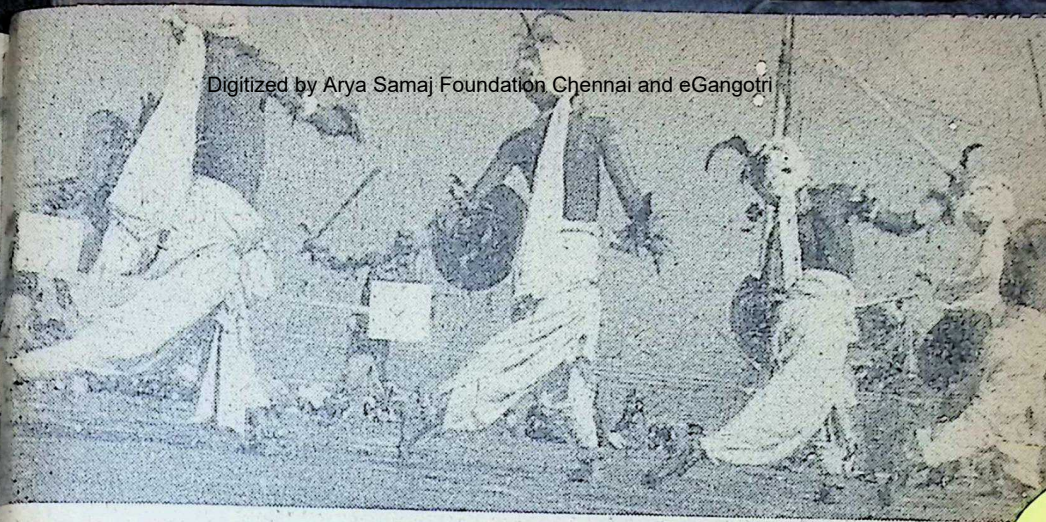
'Shikar' dance of the Santhals of Bihar.

Closely related to the folk-dances are the dances of tribal people, and in a general survey, such as this one, tribal dances can be included in the category of folk-dances. India is the home of a number of aboriginal tribes, and each of these has its own dances. In some cases the dance is extremely simple, and consists of little more than rhythmic shuffling of the feet, but there are also dances in which the movements and steps are quite complicated. Almost all tribal dances are accompanied by singing and drumming, and in several cases various musical instruments are also used, these being generally peculiar to each tribe. The costumes of the dancers range from near nudity to attire and ornaments which are extremely colourful and gaudy. The tribal dances, on the whole, are marked by spontaneity and an utter lack of affectation on the part of the dancers.

pants, and this contributes to make them much more thrilling and spectacular than the folk-dances.

To give a complete and an accurate picture of all forms of Indian folk-dances and tribal dances would need volumes, but some idea of this immense wealth can be had by considering a few dances which are the most representative of each region:

In Kashmir there are two important dances: *Rouf* and *Bacha Nagma*. The *Rouf* is very simple, and it is performed by women at the time of festivals, such as *Id*. The dancers form two rows facing each other, and with their arms around each other's necks they lightly step forwards and backwards, singing all the while. The *Bacha Nagma* is performed as an entertainment, by young boys who are trained in the art. The dancers wear long hair and dress themselves



The 'Paik' dance of Orissa.

of Kashmir. The dance carries much expressional work, and this is done to interpret songs sung by the dancers themselves and which generally have love as the theme. The *Bacha Nagma* also includes a manner of footwork as well as a rapid spinning movement of the body, and these features, it is believed, are borrowed from the classical Kathak dance.

In Himachal Pradesh a popular dance is the *Pangi*, danced by women. The performers generally stand in a circle with the body more or less erect and they turn gracefully, first to one side and then to the other and the hands for the most part remain overhead, executing small and supple movements. Another dance is the *Sangla*, in which men and women dance together and which is generally performed in honour of local gods or legendary heroes. The men and the women participants at first form separate rows facing one another, but when the dance progresses they intermingle. The dancers sing

songs which are in the form of questions and answers, and the overall effect is one of extreme joy and abandon. The *Pekha* is another dance of Himachal Pradesh, performed by men and women together. The dancers stand in a circle with their arms interlinked and they lustily sing songs, all the while keeping rhythm through light skipping and hopping steps.

In Punjab, the most popular dance is the *Bhangra*, performed by men. A drummer stands in the open and the dancers form a sizable circle around him. The dance is characterised by abrupt bendings and crouchings of the body and by the snapping of fingers. One of the performers sings an improvised couplet, and this is then taken up as a refrain by the others, and this practice goes on throughout the dance. The *Bhangra* begins in a slow tempo and generally ends in a very fast one, and in the mounting excitement acrobatic movements, too, are often introduced. As for the women of Punjab, their most popular

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 dance is *Gidha*. In this the participants stand in a circle and sing songs and clap hands, by themselves or with those of their immediate neighbours. There is little by way of movement of the body and steps.

In Uttar Pradesh, a popular dance is that of the *Ahirs*, or milkmen. The performers wear knickers studded with tiny bells, and as they dance, they rhythmically strike small sticks held in the hands. At times the dancers sit, sometimes they stand, and there is also a lot of skipping about. The *Chamars*, who are workers in leather, have an interesting mimetic dance in which they also indulge in clowning and buffoonery. In the regions of Kumaon and Garhwal, an important dance is the *Chauphala Kedar*, in which men and women dance together, waving lamb-hair whisks or

coloured kerchiefs. Another interesting dance of Uttar Pradesh is the *Barada Nati*, performed by women of the Jaunsar region. In this the dancers execute small, sliding steps and keep a metal plate spinning and balanced on the raised finger of one hand or, occasionally, they dance with small pitchers of water balanced on the head.

Rajasthan is the home of a number of colourful dances, the most well known of which is the *Ghoomar*, performed by women on all occasions of happiness and celebration. The dance consists for the most part of rapid and long spinnings of the body, and it is after this movement that the dance is named. The *Rasiya* is a dance of the menfolk, and in this the performers hold tall poles which are crowned with tassels of dyed cotton.



Another dance is the *Tera Tali*, performed by women. In this the dancers sit on the ground, and each has small cymbals tied to various parts of the body and the face covered with a veil with a small dagger clenched between the teeth. The dancers take small cymbals in the hands and to the accompaniment of graceful and rhythmic movements of the body, they strike these cymbals with those affixed to the body. Another dance of Rajasthan is the *Kachhi Ghorī*, in which male performers mount dummy horses made of bamboo and cloth and indulge in mock fights and random feats of chivalry.

In Gujarat, the most common dance is the *Garba*, and this is especially performed during the Navaratri festival. In its simplest form women participants form a circle around a lighted lamp and sing songs and clap their hands in rhythm and take small steps to keep the circle of the *Garba* moving. But in the *Garba* proper, which is intended as a votive offering to Amba Mata, the women participants carry earthen pots containing lighted lamps on their heads and sing songs in praise of the Goddess, all the while clapping their hands and taking light steps in rhythm. Quite similar to the simple *Garba* is the *Garbi*, which is danced by the menfolk of Gujarat. Another number is the *Ras*, performed mostly by men, but sometimes also by women. In this the performers sing songs and rhythmically strike small lacquered rods held in the hands and take steps which often trace interesting patterns on the ground. In parts of Gujarat and in the contiguous areas of Rajes

than there are tribals, such as the Bhils, and they have their own dances, such as the *Pali* and *Naivali*.

In Saurashtra, which has marked cultural affinities with Gujarat, apart from the *Garba*, *Garbi* and *Ras*, which are similar to their counterparts in Gujarat, an important dance is the *Tippani*. This is actually a vocational dance, performed by a special caste of women labourers at the time of setting and finishing the concrete floors of buildings. Each participant holds a wooden mallet to which is affixed a long handle, and she rhythmically beats the floor with this, singing all the while and also performing dance after a manner. Another dance of Saurashtra is the *Padhar*, performed by fishermen. The performers dance with short sticks in their hands, and at times they also imitate the rowing movements of a boat. The *Dhamal* is another dance of this region, and it is performed by the Siddhis, who are the aboriginal descendants of African negroes who were brought to India as slaves by the Moghuls. The *Dhamal* consists mostly of acrobatic movements, but sometimes the performers also imitate the movements, the gait and sound of certain animals and birds.

Maharashtra has a number of dances, and one of the most common is the *Lezim*, generally performed by young boys and girls. This dance is a part of the physical culture tradition of the region and in it the performers carry small frames of wood to which are affixed resounding metal discs and execute various gymnastic movements with them. The *Kolyachā* and *Nakhar* are dances performed by

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fishermen and fisherwomen respectively. In these there is a good deal of mime, often of the ribald type. The *Dashavatar* is a dance of the men, and in this the performers wear large masks representing the different Avatars of Vishnu and sing songs which are accompanied by symbolic actions. The *Tipri* is a dance performed by womenfolk, and this consists of small steps which are accompanied by the rhythmic striking of short sticks held in the hands.

In Madhya Pradesh the most important dance is the *Karma*, performed by men and women of the Gond tribe. The women stand in a row, close to each other and with arms interlinked, sway in rhythm. The men form a circle in front and perform various acrobatic movements, such as the one in which a group of men form a row by standing on the shoulders of another group of men. Another dance of the Gonds is the *Saila Rina*, noted for its vigorous and fast movements and sharp bendings of the body. The *Gaur* is another dance of Madhya Pradesh, performed by the Madiya tribe. In this the dancers wear horns of the cow as head-dress and imitate movements of the cow. Another interesting dance of the tribals of Madhya Pradesh is the one in which the performers, all men or young boys, dance mounted on tall stilts.

In Bihar, most of the dances are of the tribal people. One dance of the ordinary folk, however, is important, and this is the *Jhumar*, performed by women. The dancers form a row with the hands of neighbouring partners clasped and they sing coup-

lets and at the same time sway with the body and occasionally take a light leap. The Oraon tribals have a dance called *Jadur*. In this men and women dance together, singing songs of love. The dance is marked by great verve and precision of movement, even if there are a hundred performers. The Santhal tribals have a number of dances, and a common one is the *Shikar*, in which they enact the theme of going to a hunt and returning with a prize kill.

In Orissa a very old and popular dance of the menfolk is the *Paik*. This has its origin in the system of gymnastic training of the Paik warriors, and in it the performers hold sham swords and shields and indulge in mock combat. In another dance of the menfolk, the *Chadaya*, the performers imitate the gait and movements of certain animals and birds. Of the tribal dances of Orissa, an important one is the *Jadur*, performed by men and women of the Bhoomiya tribe. Another interesting dance of this region is the *Ghoomra*, in which men dance with small drums tied to their body, and with the dance the drums are also played by the dancers.

In Bengal, an important dance of the menfolk is the *Raibeshe*. This is a kind of war dance and is marked by acrobatic movements, such as the one in which one set of dancers forms a tight circle and then another set stands on the shoulders of the lower group and dances. The *Raibeshe* is also sometimes performed by imitating actions of fighting, such as the shooting of arrows or the brandishing of swords. The men of Bengal also have a *Kamr* dance, in which

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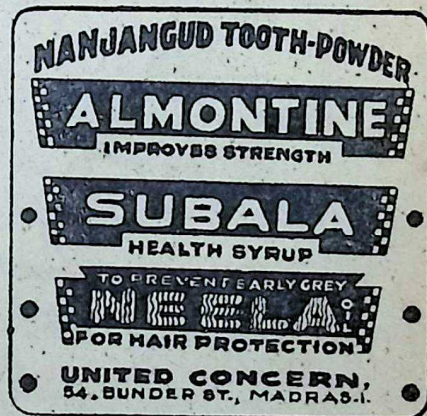
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the performers dance by rhythmically striking sticks held in their hands. There is also an extremely devotional dance in Bengal, called *Kirtan*, and this is performed by devotees when they sing religious songs.

Assam is exceptionally rich both in folk-dances and tribal dances. The most widely prevalent folk-dance is the *Bihu*, which is performed by men as well as women, separately or together, and it is always accompanied by the singing of *Bihu* songs. Men and women of the Bodo tribe have a *Maigainai* dance, in which are enacted the stages of work leading to the harvesting of crops. Unmarried young men and women of the Khasi tribe have a dance in which the women stand in a cluster, bashful and with unsteady feet, while the men form a circle around the women and perform various advancing and retreating steps. Girls of the Mizo tribe have an interesting bamboo dance. In this pairs of bamboos are placed on the ground and are struck together in rhythm and the dancers keep jumping and skipping over the bamboos taking care never to get caught in a clap of the bamboos. The tribal people of Manipur and Nefa and the Naga Hills also have a number of colourful dances, such as the *Rang Lam*, in which the dancers imitate the movements of birds, and the *Sawa Cham*, in which the performers dance wearing huge painted masks representing various devils.

In Andhra a common dance of the menfolk is the *Dappu Vadyam*. Each dancer carries a drum, which he beats with short sticks, and the dance con-

sists of forward and backward steps and rapid, crouching movements of the body. The *Mathuri* is performed by men and women who form two separate groups, the men striking small sticks and the women following this by clapping their hands. Another dance is the *Lambadi*, performed by gypsy women, who carry metal pots on the head and execute small, graceful movements with the hands. Among the tribals of Andhra the Sidhis, who originally came from Africa, have a mimetic war dance which is performed with swords and shields. The women of the Poroja tribe have a dance in which they form a long, winding line and move along like a large snake.

Tamil Nad has a good number of folk dances, but no tribal dances. A very common dance of women and young girls is the *Kummi*, in which the performers stand in a circle and sing songs with slow steps and the rhythmic clapping of hands. A variation of the *Kummi* is the *Kolattam*, and in this, instead of clapping the hands, the dancers strike short sticks held in the hands. An advanced version of the *Kolattam* is the *Pinnal Kolattam*, in which the sticks held by the dancers are tied to coloured ribbons or cords suspended from a high point, and when the dancers move in certain predetermined patterns the ribbons or cords are first weaved and then unweaved. The *Puravi Attam* also called *Poi Kal Kuthirai*, is a dummy horse dance performed by professional men and women dancers, the horses being made of bamboo and coloured cloth and paper.

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In Mysore, too, there is a dummy horse dance, similar to the one in Tamil Nad. Then there are a number of *Kolata* dances, such as *Chakke Kolata* and *Jade Kolata*, which are performed to the accompaniment of songs and the clapping of hands or striking of sticks. In South Kanara the dances are mostly associated with ritual worship, and the few folk-dances which exist follow the general pattern of standing in a circle, singing songs, clapping hands or striking sticks. In Coorg the dancers are all men, and an important dance is the *Huttari*, performed during the annual harvest festival, in which the performers carry long and pliant canes and indulge in mock fight. Another dance of this region is the *Balakati*, generally performed during marriage celebrations, and in this the performers sway their bodies and do certain hopping and kicking movements with their legs and feet.

Like South Kanara, Kerala has several ritual dances, and a few folk-

dances as well. The men have a *Kolkali* dance in which they sing and rhythmically strike small sticks held in the hands. Then there is the *Velakali*, a martial dance performed by the Nairs. Another version of this dance is the *Pulayarkali*, which is similar in technique to the *Velakali* but is performed by the Harijans. The menfolk of the lower castes also have a *Poorakali* dance, in which they stand in a circle, sing songs, clap hands, and take slow, measured steps. As for the womenfolk of Kerala, their most popular dance is the *Kaikottikali*, in which the participants stand around a lighted oil lamp and do simple steps and movements accompanied by singing and clapping. Another dance of the women is the *Thiruvadirakali*, performed in honour of Kama Deva, and in this the participants sing love songs accompanied by suggestive actions and at the same time also keep stamping the feet and gracefully swaying the body in rhythm.

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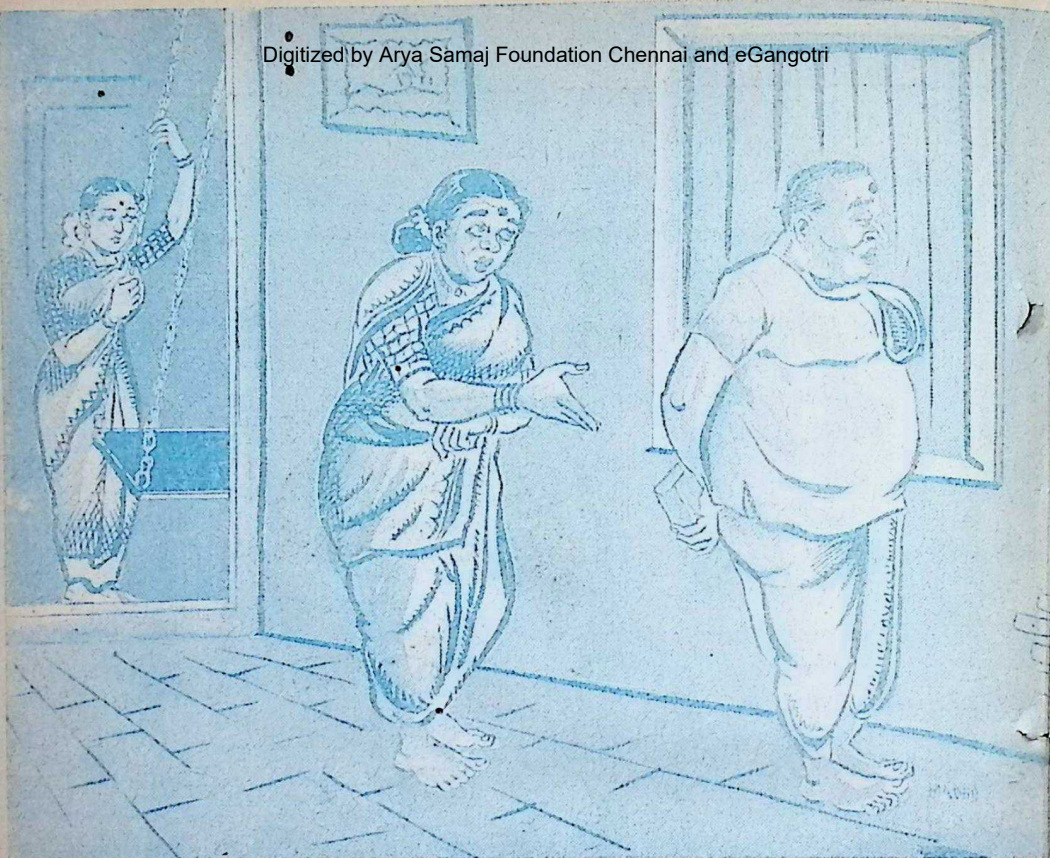


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....Madhava Rao's wife pleaded with her husband....

A Short Story

No Thanks to Cupid

K. NAGARAJAN

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THE title should be a sufficient warning to the reader not to expect anything in the nature of love in this story. There is no such thing in it. There were, it is true, impediments to marriage but they had nothing to do with the tender emotion usually described as love.

The story relates to Sumitra, the daughter of Madhav Rao Mallagi, commonly known as Madhav Rao. Than Madhav Rao there was not a better man in Kedaram; nor was

there, in that delectable town, a prettier young woman than Sumitra.

Having said this, I should like to add a qualifying statement or two. There were, in fact, at least half-a-dozen others who were richer, if you went by bank balances or the amount of income-tax paid or successfully withheld. The Karves and the Kaulikars easily outdistanced Madhav Rao in that respect. Also they entertained lavishly, gave richer banquets (in the old Mahratta style) and their weddings and funerals had to be seen to be believed. But Madhav Rao was richer in the sense that enough is as good as a feast, and he had far, far more than enough; he had more money than he had use for, and he never spent an anna more than he could help on man, woman or deity. An anna saved was, to him, an anna gained, and annas gained had a way of burgeoning into rupees. He never asked anybody, friend or relation, to a meal in his house; and, in fairness to him, I should add, he never accepted one elsewhere; he kept *purohits* at a distance—*purohits* were as unsavoury as tax-collectors—and as for weddings, he had not celebrated any so far, and he was forty-two. He had cremated his father and mother and, if their souls reached Heaven, it should have been on their own merits, and not on the strength of the gifts which he made at the obsequies. In value and *sraddha*, they would not have helped them to advance ten miles on the road to Heaven.

Madhav Rao had two daughters and a son, all beautifully spaced, though the spacing was unintended. First, a daughter, Sumitra; seven

years later, a boy (unpromising); and, after another five years, a daughter, Tara. Sumitra, at the time to which this story relates, was turned twenty-two and, I am sorry to say, unmarried. She was cuddlesome and sweet, but there were others who, perhaps, had better claims to be considered beautiful. Sumitra hadn't that perfection of limb and feature which kept many young men awake at night thinking of Meena Kaulikar, or that delicate colouring which gave Manjula Karve a complexion which her friends envied, and made even some uxorious elderly men long to stroke her. And, there were one or two others who scored over her, but Sumitra had her points, or, rather, her bulges, and her bulges were in the right places. Also, she had a good and loving nature which, any day, is better than having a lovely skin or finely moulded features. There was no denying that she had the makings of an excellent wife in her, and what more can the most exacting bridegroom desire?

All the same, Sumitra, for all her fetchingness, was unwed. Not that it mattered, certainly not in these days, but Madhav Rao was orthodox and worried a lot. It wasn't the fault of the young men in and around Kedaram, who would have grabbed her if they had had the chance. There were several eligible young men, those with good looks, those with money and those with good jobs in life, and Madhav Rao could have any one of them for the asking. But the rock on which marriage proposals were wrecked was astrology. Madhav Rao's faith in astrology was colossal; what the Mass

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is to devout Roman Catholics, what Lenin is to the Communists, that astrology was to Madhav Rao. He trusted no man on earth, but he had unwavering faith in astrologers of every rank and degree; his actions in the major concerns of life were governed by alleged planetary influences, to which his astrologers professed to give the infallible clue. And, thus, year succeeded year and Sumitra was no nearer her marriage than on the day she was born.

Madhav Rao's wife had a more practical head. She did not consider astrologers infallible and she felt instinctively that there were limits to the value of money. There was a young man, very eligible, who lived two streets off, and that was Rajaram Athawar, twenty-five, and very good-looking; his horoscope fitted Sumitra's like a glove. And the Athawars were a first-rate family; they had come over in the train of Ekoji, when he came down south in the eighteenth century and established a kingdom at Tanjore. Many of us felt that Madhav Rao could go further and fare worse.

I have referred to Madhav Rao's faith in astrology; he had another article of faith, which ran it very close, and that was the potency of money. The Athawars were a good family, he readily conceded, but financially they were negligible; their fortunes had progressively declined, with the result that the current Athawar, Vaman Janardan, had been compelled to sell his town house, and retire to the country, where he lived on the exiguous returns of the family lands. His son, Rajaram, was a Bank

official, but he himself held no bank deposit. For that kind of family, Madhav Rao had no use; he had a rooted fear that, in time, he would have the entire family of the Athawars on his hands.

Madhav Rao's wife pleaded with her husband, with tears in her eyes, not to live in the clouds but to come down to earth and settle the Athawar alliance. But Madhav Rao had other views. At Dandi, the headquarters town of the next district, lived Seshagiri Rao, a retired engineer who had a son—an only one—who seemed to him to fill the bill. He took his examinations as a race-horse takes its fences, easily and effortlessly, collared all the prizes, and was going to sit for the I.A.S. test. His success in the test was a foregone conclusion; the only snag was he was sure to be so high up that he would be selected for the Foreign Service and that wouldn't have suited either Madhav Rao or Seshagiri Rao. But both the fathers agreed that it was not necessary to cross the bridge till they came to it and then, Seshagiri Rao knew the local member of the Legislative Council and he had tremendous pull with the Ministry and they could manage to keep Prabhakar in India.

And the horoscopes agreed. The proposed marriage seemed to bear the authentic trademark of Heaven, where marriages are said to be made.

Seshagiri Rao was a rich man but not contented. He was bent on adding to his wealth and his son, Prabhakar, was to be the means of his doing so. He asked for a stiff bridegroom-price; Madhav Rao felt as though he had been hit on the head

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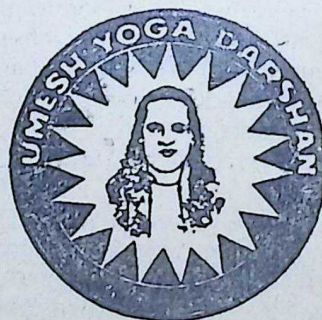
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but recovered and gave in. Seshagiri Rao was orthodox and did not hold with modern marriages hustled through in one day. A four-day ceremony during which Madhav Rao was to keep open house—after all it was the blessings of the poor which counted—was absolutely necessary. And he stipulated for concerts, tea-parties and a hundred other things to all of which Madhav Rao agreed.

You may wonder what the spell was which made the money-mad Madhav Rao yield to all those cut-throat demands without a blow. The fact was Madhav Rao was vain. His particular vanity was that he should celebrate his daughter's marriage as no marriage had been celebrated before in Kedaram. That was how he proposed to score over the Karves and the Kaulikars. That was his one ambition in life, and his amusement over the years since Sumitra was born was to make plans in his imagination as to the style in which he would launch her in life.

And, long before the wedding-day, he began laying in stores—in quantities which would have sufficed to run the household for years. He engaged cooks (a score of them, from Mysore) and leading *artistes* to entertain his guests, and paid their advances, amounting to several hundreds of rupees. And his relations began to pour in, weeks in advance, and were made welcome, so that his house in the West Car Street was packed to bursting a clear month ahead of the wedding-day. He repaired and renovated his house, purchased *saris*—at fabulous prices—and clothes for all his near relations and tenants. I

should also record that he had paid Seshagiri Rao in advance of five thousand rupees towards the bridegroom-price agreed on, which was twenty thousand.

The I.A.S. examination was scheduled to last till the 24th October and Prabhakar was expected back home on the 28th. Actually, he arrived a week earlier, with a raging fever on. The first hint and intimation which Madhav Rao had of it was through his *purohit* who had heard of it from a fellow-*purohit*, who had been to Dandi to take part in some expiatory ceremonies at the Seshagiri *menage*. It appeared that Prabhakar had been suddenly taken ill in the examination hall, that he had flung his answer papers in the face of a surprised hall-superintendent and had to be sent to his lodgings with an escort. A wire was despatched to his father, who went and fetched him home. It wasn't the fever which worried his family but Prabhakar's queer doings. He developed a distaste for clothes, laughed jerkily and immoderately at nothing, and loved to munch bits of paper collected from the waste-paper basket. No wonder the festive-looking house turned funereal.

Seshagiri Rao wrote and told Madhav Rao that Prabhakar was ill—just ill and nothing more—and suggested that the wedding be put off till January. Madhav Rao, though bewildered by the loss which a postponement involved, was willing to face facts and agree. But his wife was not. Disturbing reports of the family's medical history came trickling in. There was a strain of madness in the family, an aunt had spent the last

few years of her life in confinement, and a cousin was in a Mental Home, and Prabhakar himself had shown signs of a softening of the brain.

And Sumitra also struck. She was quite positive that even if Prabhakar recovered, he wouldn't be the man she would marry.

Madhav Rao was beaten. The only thing to do was to look for another bridegroom and have Sumitra's wedding celebrated on the day already fixed. To put off the wedding would mean some thousands of rupees gone under the drain and that was a contingency which Madhav Rao was horrified to contemplate.

But then, the bridegroom, who was it to be? Madhav Rao's wife knew the answer. Rajaram Rao Athawar.

Madhav Rao demurred. Rajaram Rao had not a nickel anna to his credit. True, he hadn't, but he hadn't a soft brain either, countered his wife. And Rajaram was well-set-up, good-looking and held a coveted post. Further, there was none other in the offing, certainly, none better.

Just then a letter came from Seshagiri Rao, with a cheque for five thousand rupees inside it. As Madhav Rao was unwilling to put off the wedding, Seshagiri Rao felt the marriage should be off and as he did not wish to make a profit out of an abandoned alliance, he was returning the advance of bridegroom-price he had received.

Very generous that, and very auspicious. It was a sign that Madhav Rao's money was untainted, as, in sober truth, it was. If Seshagiri Rao had stuck to it, Madhav Rao may

have had to sue him for it and Madhav Rao hated going to law—and to lawyers. A happy gleam came into his heavy-lidded eyes.

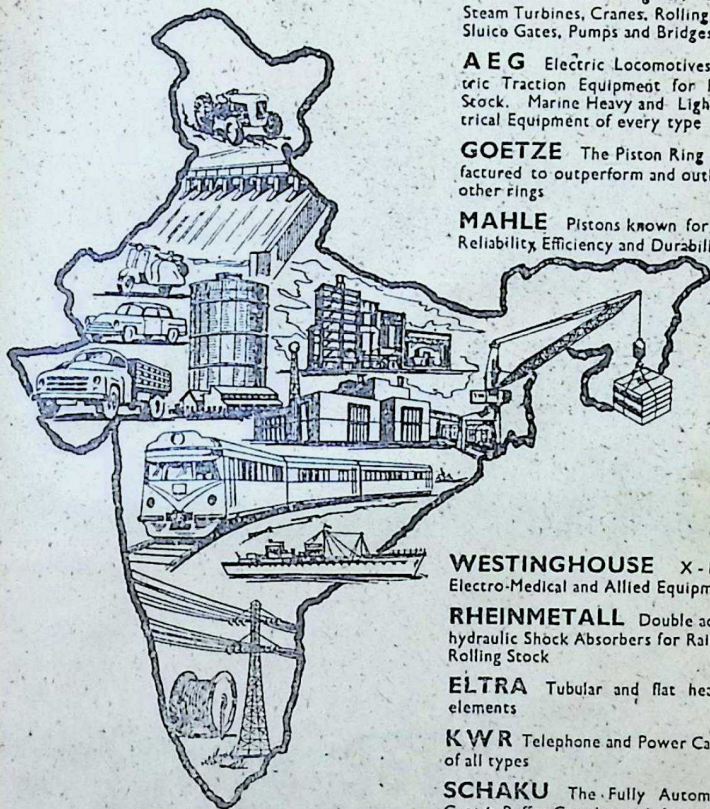
The truth of the matter, however, as I understood from a safe source, was that Seshagiri Rao's astrologer had told him that it was the proposed Kedaram alliance that had brought the affliction on Prabhakar and Seshagiri Rao felt that money from such a source would bring him no good. That was why he returned the money. For once, astrology had done Madhav Rao a good turn.

The rest was easy. Within the next hour, Madhav Rao had called on Vaman Janardan Athawar and made a formal offer of marriage and Vaman instantly accepted. Would he please say what he would like in the way of bridegroom-price? Not a pice, said Vaman Janardan. They never sold their sons for money, not the Athawars. Poor they may be, but not parasites.

On the day originally fixed for the wedding, Sumitra and Rajaram Rao Athawar were united in wedlock. Though it was the month of November, there was not a cloud in the sky and the sun shone with a mellow light. And, Rajaram had a heartening wedding present. It was a telegram from his head-office which was handed to him while the ceremony was going on. It ran: "Promoted Inspector of Branches."

In the face of all that happened, could any one have said that the marriage was not blessed by the gods?

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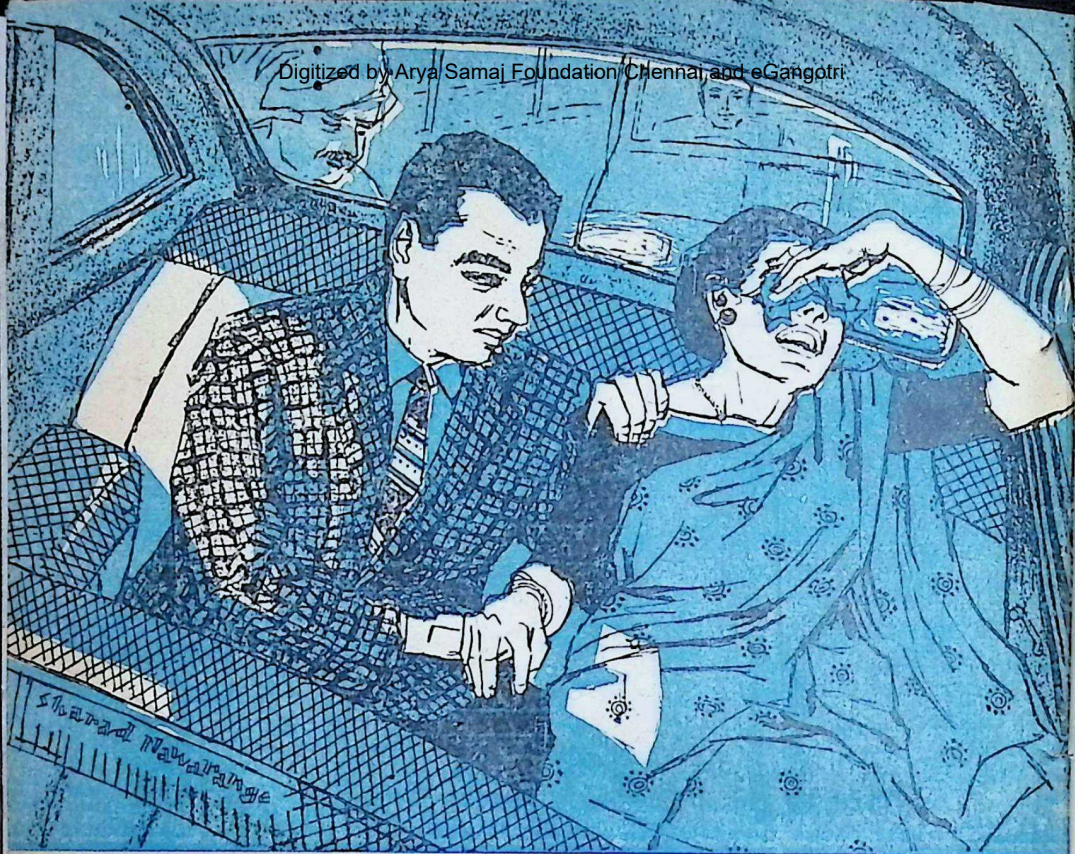
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PART II

Tapasvini

K. M. MUNSHI

Translated from Gujarati by H. M. Patel, I.C.S. (Retd.)

59. A Catastrophic Blow

SHEELA continued to sob for quite a while. Never before had she to face such a gross insult. That an educated man could behave in such an offensive manner was something she would never have believed had she not herself experienced it. Her self-respect had received a mortal blow.

Uday was outraged. He would have liked to have given Radharaman a good hiding. For the moment, however, his problem was to console Sheela. She had become part of his life. Their hearts beat in unison: he was amazed at its perfect harmony. The experience he had at Matheran came back to his mind; fate was pursuing them relentlessly and he felt as if he were a stag pursued by a hunter.

Uday asked the driver to turn the car towards Worli. Then without worrying about what the driver might think, he placed his hand on Sheela's shoulder and pressed it hard: that was his silent way of showing his sympathy. In the distress that she was, Sheela responded, caught hold of Uday's hand firmly; she wanted his support in this crisis.

"Why am I alive, oh! my mother," muttered Sheela and again burst into tears.

When Uday saw that nothing that he said had any effect on Sheela, he sat quietly leaving his hand in Sheela's. This was the first time that, in violation of the orthodox code of conduct, they had touched each other. So far as Sheela was concerned, contact with Uday's hand appeared to help her gradually to get hold of herself.

By the time the car had reached the end of Worli sea-front and was on its way back to Uday's house, Sheela had recovered herself, and woman-like, started putting her hair in order. "Uday," she asked, "I shall, of course, not go back to that house, but where am I to go now, since Master Saheb is in Bardoli?"

"Sheelabehn, why do you ask where you should go? Where else? At my house, of course."

"At this time of the night? And at your house? I seem destined to be a nuisance to you. If I am to come to your place, will not people make your life miserable?"

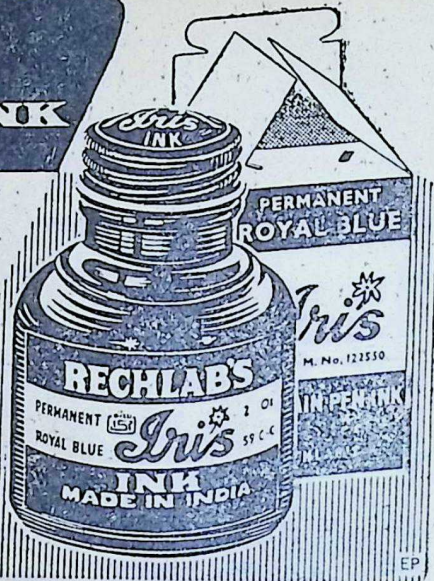
"Well, in that case we shall be com-



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rades in misery!" retorted Uday jocularly.

When they reached home they found Majiba and Raj waiting for Uday.

"Majiba, Sheelabehn has come with me. She will stay with us. What about some food for us?"

Raj went straight up to Sheela and made her sit down.

The expression on Sheela's face was enough to tell Majiba how acute was her distress. As for Uday, she knew without having been told where her son's heart was and what he was suffering. She too went up to Sheela and placing a hand on her shoulder said in an affectionate tone: "Sheelabehn you are to look upon this as your own house. Raj was just telling me that somehow she had a feeling that you would be coming to us today."

By the time they had all had their dinner and moved back to the drawing-room, Sheela was much more her normal self. Majiba's and Raj's affectionate welcome had put her at her ease.

"Tomorrow morning we have to go to Poona. It is absolutely essential to meet Madanlal," remarked Uday.

"I am sorry I shall not be able to come," said Sheela. She covered her face to hide her tears, which again threatened to burst out.

Raj put her hand affectionately on Sheela's, and reminded her that it was Sardar who had asked her to go to Poona and that unless she accompanied Uday, it might be difficult to meet Sir Kantilal.

"No, I cannot face anyone at the moment. Please excuse me. I do not feel quite well," said Sheela, though

her tears. "I have had to listen to things which no one had ever before said to me."

"Why are you letting this worry you so?" interjected Majiba. "You should know by now that in this life, every one of us has to face this cycle of happiness and misery."

"Majiba, today I have been told to get out of the house!"

"Sheelabehn, why are you making yourself unhappy? This is your home. You should look upon my son and daughter as members of your family. Look upon me as your mother. You will gain nothing by losing courage." Majiba soothed Sheela's ruffled feelings.

"Sheelabehn," added Raj with a smile, "do you remember what I had once told you? You have to undergo *tapas* in order to achieve anything worthwhile."

"Raj, you keep worrying about the whole world but you have no time for our troubles," remarked Uday in his irritation.

Raj got up and placing her hand on Uday's head ruffled his hair pretty thoroughly. "My dear brother, what is this nonsense? You know I live only for you and want to see you happy."

"I shall never be happy in life. I wish you had let me die in Mathuran."

"So, my brother, you too are losing faith in God," remarked Raj as her eyes glistened with tears of affection. "God saved you in order to make you happy. Brother mine, whatever God does, is for your good. When will you have faith?"

And of you had better stop grumb-

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ling. Go ahead, wash your face and go to bed. Tomorrow you have to leave by the early morning train for Poona," ordered Majiba as all stood up.

Sheela looked towards Uday in her helplessness and said: "Uday I shall not come. You better go alone."

"Sheelabehn, there is going to be no end of your troubles, and no alternative to your coming. It is in order to meet you that Madanlal has invited the members of the Legislature at his house. How would he feel if you did not come?" ● ● ●

In the morning Uday and Sheela left Poona accompanied by Ravi. In spite of their best efforts neither Uday nor Sheela could think of Bardoli and its affairs. What they had hoped to do enthusiastically had to be done when gripped by despair. Neither of them felt like talking. Every few minutes Sheela's eyes would be filled with tears.

At the Kirkee station, they were surprised to see Madanlal waiting for them with a request that they should get down there and not proceed to Poona. Madanlal asked Ravi to wait on the platform while he took Sheela and Uday into the waiting-room. Ravi smiled to himself: he was sure his telephone to Yashodhar had achieved what he had hoped it would.

"Solanki, Sheelabehn, I do not quite know how to say what I have to say. Yashodhar came to Poona early this morning and has been busy spreading a rumour. Please forgive me, but he says that yesterday Radharaman...."

Before Madanlal could bring himself to say anything more, Sheela fin-

ished the sentence defiantly for him: "Yes, Radharaman has turned me out of his house and I left.... Is that the story?"

"That is correct. This has been communicated to all members and if you will forgive me, they are linking your two names with the movement. Sir Sadique has himself informed all of them over the phone."

"So what?" asked Uday angrily.

"It seems to me best that you do not meet the members of the Legislature today. If you do so, the effect will be just the reverse of what you desire," said Madanlal.

"You are quite right," said Uday ironically. "Our hands are not clean enough to bear the standard of Bardoli. Is that it? We shall return to Bombay by car. You do what you can. Thank you very much for all that you are doing."

Uday came out with Sheela and went up to Ravi who looked innocently at them as though he had just come straight from Sabarmati Ashram!

"Ravi we are returning to Bombay."

"But, Bhai, why?"

"There is a reason" said Uday. "We are going."

"If you give me the permission, I shall go with Madanlal Saheb and help him. I shall return to Bombay tomorrow and report to you. I shall also make your apologies to Sir Kantilal."

Uday was so thoroughly disgusted that he readily accepted Ravi's suggestion.

And so it came about that Ravi went with Madanlal to Poona. He

conducted himself not as Uday's secretary that he was, but as an accredited representative of Sardar. He created excellent impression on Madanlal on their way to Poona.

In the evening at four o'clock when an informal meeting of some twenty members of the Legislature was held, Ravi made full use of what he had learnt from Jagjivan and his way of doing work. He adopted the humble smile of a devoted Gandhian worker, and spoke with a conscious air of speaking the truth and nothing but the truth. He declined whatever was offered to him—neither tea, nor *chevda* nor even bananas! He made everyone feel that he was Uday's colleague and not his Secretary. He emphasised the importance of the pledge, explained Bapu's objective, mentioned Sardar's determination, and gave support to Madanlal's plea for not giving in.

Discussion went on for a long time. Some members spoke insultingly of Madanlal. If Martial Law came, they said the whole district would be ruined and it was desirable to prevent the coming of the army. Ravi intervened to point out that in that case they should all be prepared to die facing the enemy.

The meeting dispersed without coming to any conclusion. After taking leave of Madanlal, Ravi called upon Sir Kantilal, a member of the Executive Council, a person of great prestige and influence. After tendering apologies on behalf of Uday and Sheela, Ravi gave him an account of what had taken place at the meeting. He also complained bitterly of the

cowardice of the members, and concluded with the remark: "There is no possibility of a settlement. Unless Government is prepared to give in, Sardar will not agree."

Sir Kantilal sighed deeply: "What is one to do if Sardar takes such an unpractical stand?"

Ravi sent a telegram to Jagjivan: "For special reasons Udaybhai had to return to Bombay. I have spoken to Sir Kantilal. Government is determined on forcing a surrender. Many members are opposed to the movement. There does not seem to be any possibility of settlement. I am coming to Bardoli, Ravi."

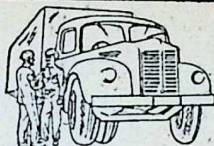
Ravi left Bombay by the night train. He was convinced that he had been successful. He recalled the troubled night he had passed less than twenty-four hours earlier, but now he felt he could afford to laugh at his worries.

He was reluctant to do so, for he did not like the idea of having to face Rajba. It was Raj who had asked: "What made you do this?" Was this question put to him? How could Raj know that he, Ravi, had telephoned to Yashodhar? And who could imagine that Yashodhar would give such a twist to the news? Raj must surely have uttered these words to some imaginary person. Thus did Ravi argue himself into believing what he wanted to believe.

Nevertheless, what was he to do about those reproachful eyes.... But were those eyes in fact reproachful? Was not his imagination deceiving him?

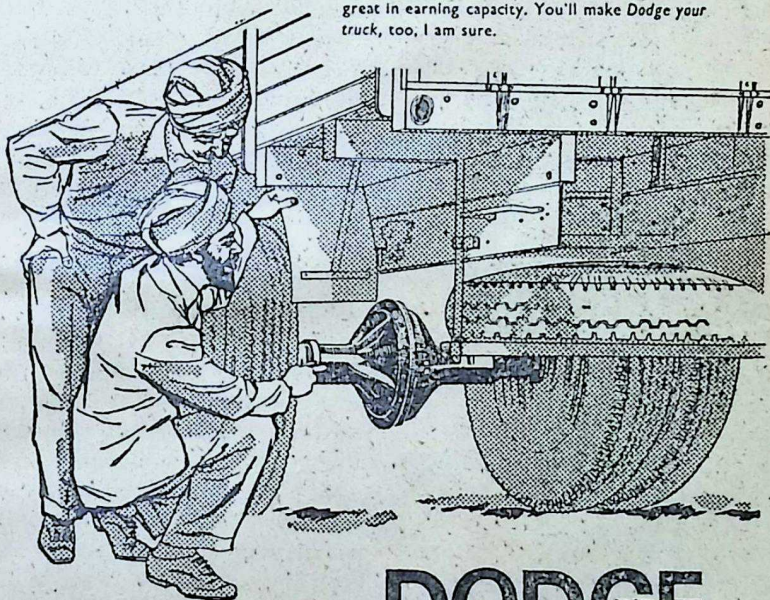
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MADHU



WHEN man lives like God, miracles are commonplace. The Princess's first impulse on coming to life thus was to embrace her husband Manjura. When she tried to do so, Manjura said: "O, lady! You can't touch me. In as much as I am born along with you just now, you have become my sister and I can no longer claim your husbandship." On hearing this the Princess wept bitterly.

"What becomes of me, Lord?" asked the danseuse next.

"Look! Yourself, your servant and the Princess are all equal to me and you become my sisters!" replied Manjura.

At this the Princess became irate. Said she: "What, what? Not only have you insulted me, but added injury to insult by classifying me, a Princess and your legally wedded wife, with a danseuse and her servant! Listen! You further went back upon all the promises of fidelity you gave me at the time of our marriage. I dare



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a-mata & the Brahmin

Manjura was left alone in the forest, the Princess having cursed him and left in a huff, and the danseuse having no further use of him.

Days passed by and Manjura in his new role as a *chandala* went through his daily routine. One day, feeling very hungry, Manjura picked the luscious-looking fruits of a nearby tree and ate them avidly; but very soon he found a *gradual* transformation coming over him. His body was shrinking and layer after layer his skin started peeling off automatically, and falling like the serpent's slough. Very soon he found himself as a babe fit to be carried in the arms. He then began doing all that a baby would do—laugh, weep and prattle.

At that time, it so happened that the Princess who had gone her own way—having been spurned by Manjura—came along. Hearing the cry of a child she goose-stepped to the place where the sound came from. After looking about, she saw the child playing alone in that wild forest. Not a soul was to be seen anywhere. An abandoned child, she thought.

Feeling attracted towards the child, she took the bright little thing in her arms and started fondling. The child prattled to her amusement and delight. She pressed it to her bosom. But when she did so, the resultant feeling in her was so unlike being motherly that she started wondering. The colour had mounted her cheeks. For a time she felt like reproaching herself for entertaining base emotions towards a child. Soon she found herself staring into the face of the young child. Her eyes broadened with some unexplained doubt. At last she took

courage and asked the child in a stern voice: "Tell me, Oh little impostor, you are not King Manjura!"

The moment she asked, the child started growing rapidly until it stood in its original form of Manjura.

"Now, you need no answer to your question, I believe," said he and continued: "I am Manjura and no impostor. To-day have I been released from the curses of the Brahmin, Kshatriya and the Vaishya. On account of those curses, I had to have you as my wife, sister and finally mother! It is all over. You can return to your home or do what you like!"

The Princess was astonished to hear those words. Asked she: "Lord! You said something about curses. Would you be so kind as to tell me all about them?"

Manjura then told her how, when he was engaged in *tapas*, a Brahmin a Kshatriya, a Vaishya and a Shudra came to him along with a woman, with a dispute and how on adjudication, they became angry and cursed him and how on account of that curse, he had to get involved in her life. He ended by saying "That nightmare is over. I shall have nothing more to do with you, hereafter. You had better get going."

On hearing the last words, the Princess let flow a torrent of tears and wailed: "Lord! Is it right to spurn me, your wedded wife, thus? Do you know that Rati, under circumstances like ours, later on lived happily with Manmatha? You know when the Love-god, overconfident of his powers aimed his flower-shafts against Lord Shiva, he got burnt to ashes. Thereafter the demo

Shanbara who was flying in the air abducted Manmatha's wife, Rati Devi, and kept her a prisoner in his harem. Unable to put up with his importunities, Rati created a fossil of her own form Mayavati for purposes of meeting the requirements of Shanbara and thus saved her own honour.

For long did she stay in Shanbara's harem, unsullied, till the end of Dwapara-yuga, when Manmatha was born to Lord Krishna and Rukmini as Pradyumna.

Knowing of the beauty of this old-prodigy, Shanbara carried him away and threw him in the ocean. A large fish swallowed the child. Soon, however, a fisherman who chanced to catch this fish, made a present of it to Shanbara and the latter gave it kindly to his wife Mayavati for cooking. But when Mayavati cut the fish, she saw the moonlike face of Pradyumna. Fascinated by it, she hid him in the harem and brought him up unknown to anyone. On growing old, Pradyumna killed Shanbara, and lived with the original of Mayavati, his own consort Rati, for long after. Don't the Puranas thus set an example to our further living together as man and wife?"

On hearing her, Manjura replied: "That's all right. But do you remember that you were the one to curse me to become a *chandala*? I do not want to court your displeasure any further!"

THE PRINCESS: Lord! I know now that you are beyond reproach. I did merely out of my innocent pique at your spurning. Is it meet that you consider it an unpardonable crime?

I am of the conviction that to whatever station one belongs, if the husband and wife are of like mind, they can lead a heavenly life irrespective of wants. I don't think our *chandalatwa* will come in the way of our happy domestic life. And you are aware that *prarabhdha* cannot be short-circuited. I am confident that with the grace of God, we can live amicably. Please do not frustrate my desire!"

So saying, the Princess fell at Manjura's feet. Manjura feeling convinced of the justness of her case, raised her and embraced her warmly. Thus reconciled, Manjura and the Princess started leading an ideal domestic life becoming their status, namely making sandals, drums, etc. out of the leather of the dead bodies of approved animals.

Readers may be reminded that Ganga-mata is relating this story to the Brahmin who went to Kashi to learn fully the complete worth of *anna-dana*.

Now, the Brahmin asked Ganga-mata: "Mother! What I don't understand is this: When Manjura was devoted to you in all his three births, beetle and the rest, and thus collected untold *punya*, why should his *tapas* become broken in the middle and why should he be subject to endless trials and tribulations?"

Ganga-mata smiled and replied: "In other words, you want me to complete the story of Manjura. You shall hear the rest of it. Of course, the evil deeds of his prior births had been responsible for the vicissitudes in his life. But I may tell you a good news.

Manjura's liberation, is at hand now, all his past *sins* having now worked themselves out. Now listen to me. That cobbler who repaired your shoes and asked you to remind him to me is no other than Rajarshi Manjura who has been working out his fate in the company of his wife, the Princess. Now, will you be so good as to call on him on your way and tell him in my words that I am getting on fine? On hearing this message, he, along with his wife, will be instantaneously emancipated. They will thus put a stop to their cycle of births and deaths. Will you do this?"

The Brahmin replied: "I consider

TO READERS

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it a privilege to carry this happy tidings, Mataji! I am greatly beholden to you, Mother, for treating me to this great, edifying, sanctifying narrative, for which I am eternally indebted to you."

Prostrating himself at the feet of Mother Ganga and taking leave of her, the Brahmin walked in the direction of the cobbler friend's hut.

[To be continued]

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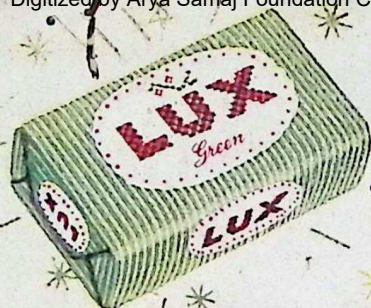
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VALE'S PORTRAIT

MADRAS

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**"FOUR
RAINBOW
COLOURS
for my LUX –
and white too!"**

says Waheeda Rehman

113652

76073

107
3.6.69

Stock Valuation-2024

76073

Compted
1998-2008

